

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 153 NUMBER 6

JUNE 1934

OUR BURDEN OF CHOICE

BY MARGARET CAREY MADEIRA

THERE is a limit beyond which free and independent thought and action cannot be carried by the average man, except at too great a cost. The development of individualism to a new climax since the turn of the century has been accompanied by consequences which indicate that the limit has been reached, that the burden of choice imposed on us by our autonomy is too heavy for many of us to bear. The vague discontent, the nervous pursuit of pleasure, the high rate of divorce, are suggestive of general moral discomfort, and the increase of mental disorder and crime which has accompanied our liberation from the bonds of custom may well be the price of our new privileges. Moreover, in the widespread tendency toward group action that has already expressed itself in Communism, Fascism, National Socialism, perhaps even in the will-to-surrender so prevalent in the America of to-day—in this tendency one is tempted to see an effort on the part of the mass of the people to rid themselves of the responsibilities of auton-

omy. 'Rugged individualism' seems recently to have lost its charm over a wide area of the earth's surface.

The very foundations of our thinking would be severely shaken if we accepted as probable the hypothesis that we are suffering from and seeking to shift the burden of choice. We should look with new eyes at our most cherished beliefs; we should be forced to reconsider assumptions that we have come to regard as axiomatic, and the consequences for many of our dogmas would be incalculable. It covers too wide a field to be susceptible of absolute proof, but I am going to set forth the reasons why to me, who am Protestant, liberal, individualistic, unorganizable, and therefore biased in its disfavor, this hypothesis seems nevertheless to furnish the most illuminating interpretation of certain aspects of our life to-day.

I

No interpretation of contemporary life, illuminating or otherwise, can be attempted without some appreciation

of the value of habit and custom as means to mental and emotional economy. It is only by realizing the degree to which man has relied on these devices, through the long period of his development, that we can appreciate the consequences of our present degree of emancipation. The importance of habit as a mechanism that relieves us of mental stress would no doubt be admitted without argument by anyone who gave the matter a moment's consideration. If every semi-automatic action that we perform in the course of the day were the result of conscious decision and deliberate effort, we should have little energy left for anything else. We are so accustomed to the blessings of our habits that we are hardly aware of them; but if one should attempt even to catalogue the parts of his acquired machinery he would find himself faced with an impossible task, so many and so various are these little devices that contribute to the smooth running of our lives.

Think, for example, of the series of complex actions you perform from the time you are called in the morning until you arrive at your office. If you had to decide whether or not you would get up, which shoe you would put on first, whether or not you would brush your teeth or say your prayers, you would probably stay in bed. In fact, if by some miracle all our habits could be destroyed without loss of our sanity, if each one of these actions that we perform without a struggle had to be preceded by attention to the situation, consideration of the pros and cons, conscious decision and effort, we should find ourselves imprisoned within a nagging round of small duties — duties which we normally perform without even noticing that we perform them. It is undoubtedly true that we consider, and probably correctly consider, the power of conscious decision as an

indication of an advanced state of mental development. It is true that we tend to be contemptuous of the man who is a 'creature of habit,' who allows himself to become so completely mechanized that he is incapable of deviating from the beaten path except at the price of exquisite mental pain. Nevertheless, we all probably agree that without the help of habit we should have no time and no energy left for those matters which seem to us worthy of conscious decision. Paradoxically, it is routine that saves us from servitude.

Willing though we are to give habit its due, we of this generation tend to consider custom an obsolete impediment to the freedom of man. We condemn it as blind and irrational, which it undoubtedly is, and in our pride of intellect we believe ourselves to be beyond and above the need of its support. The service that custom performs for the group is, however, closely analogous to the service that habit renders to the individual. In fact, to a considerable extent the two overlap, many personal habits being the outgrowth of custom. The human being is obviously a social animal. The human group is inclined to develop a pattern of behavior to which the members of the group are expected to conform, and generally do conform without doing any apparent violence to their being. Custom sets the pattern of behavior for the group to follow, if not without thought, at least without much emotional wear and tear. The pattern may be good or bad, from a biological or sociological point of view; the amazing thing is the extent to which the human being not only can but actually wants to adapt himself to it as long as the authority of the group is behind it.

In a society in which the fabric of custom has not been torn by contact with the steel blade of modern civiliza-

tion, custom not only dictates what the members of the group shall do, but even to a great extent what they shall feel — even determines the most complex emotional relationships. For instance, according to a custom that prevails among a number of widely separated primitive peoples, the marriage of the children of two brothers or two sisters is barred as incest, whereas, according to the same custom, marriage is favored between the children of a brother and a sister. To illustrate further, among many of those peoples who trace descent through the mother, the father's authority over his children is not recognized. The nearest male relative on the mother's side is charged with the bringing up of the child, and assumes not only the responsibilities but the attitude of parenthood. According to another curious custom often found among primitives, a man may not take a second wife who is not a member of the first wife's family without their special permission. They are jointly responsible for the services that a wife is normally expected to perform; and, if she has no children or dies, it is their duty and privilege to furnish from their ranks a supplementary or a second wife. One could continue almost indefinitely with such illustrations.

In fact, when one considers how easily man's emotional energy has been harnessed by custom, even in great civilizations such as that of the Chinese, when one realizes to what complete tyranny over his personal life man has adjusted himself, and still is adjusting himself, the emphasis of certain schools of modern psychology on the dangers of repression seems misplaced. Perhaps the psychologists had better look elsewhere for the source of our misery. As has already been suggested, it may lie not so much in the mass of restrictions that civilization has imposed on us as in the strain and con-

fusion entailed by our liberation. For the result of the breakdown of custom has been to throw on the individual the burden of an infinite number of conscious decisions which formerly were made for him or so weighted for him by custom that he did not have much trouble making them.

II

In the last two thousand odd years there have been long periods of stability in the Western world when, to paraphrase Wordsworth, custom has lain 'upon us with a weight, heavy as frost and deep almost as life.' There have, of course, been movements of social integration, when the hold of custom has been strengthened. On the whole, however, the tendency on this side of the planet has been toward the development of free and independent thought and action.

In the Western world, so far as I know, the first clear crystallization of thought in regard to individualism was that of Socrates. Before his time the Sophists had done their bit, undermining the traditional moral code, and the naïve faith of their fathers exercised only a faltering control on the Athenian youth of his day. To those who followed him or whom he buttonholed for the purposes of discussion, Socrates preached a new morality, founded on the assumption by the individual of the burden of choice. He taught them that the ultimate measure of all things was man's invisible soul, and that neither fate nor the gods, but we ourselves, shape our destiny. By such teaching he encouraged his listeners to look upon themselves as individual centres of thought and force rather than as atomistic and passive components of society. Such individualism was disturbing to the common people of Athens, and when they came into

power this corrupter of youth was condemned to death.¹ The teachings of Socrates, however, refined and enriched by Plato, continued to exercise a profound influence. During the so-called Hellenistic period which lies between the conquests of Alexander and the fall of the Roman Empire, Plato's mystic successors continued to emphasize the value of the 'soul' and ultimately contributed to the development of the metaphysical individualism of Christianity.

Like Socrates, Christ sought to direct his people to a new way of life. While he tried to revivify the values that were characteristic of Jewish ethics, he was contemptuous of compliance with convention for convention's sake, and demanded of his followers compliance of the heart with the will of God. His exaltation of the humble and his belief in the value, in God's eyes, of the individual human soul have been powerful forces in the development of the dignity of man, and have made indirectly an important contribution to the development of individualism.

Organized Christianity, through the medium of the Catholic Church, has continued through the centuries to emphasize the value of the individual human soul. The very structural necessities of the Church, however, have demanded the submerging of the individual in the organization and have inspired vigorous repression of individual thinking in the field of faith. In theory the Church has not been concerned with what men thought about matters not related to religion. In practice, however, she has frequently clamped down on intellectual liberty, since in almost every field

of knowledge one encounters sooner or later the assumptions of faith. The Church has also been hostile to moral individualism, and has played a dominant rôle as a conservative force by the development and maintenance of a pattern of behavior for her adherents.

Undoubtedly certain Protestant sects have striven to exact, and have succeeded temporarily in exacting, more in their requirements as to the minutiae of conduct than the Catholic Church. Undoubtedly, also, there have been periods in the Church's history when her control over conduct, especially of the privileged classes, has been amazingly lax, and in certain parts of the world, as in Mexico, she has failed tragically in her avowed mission. Nevertheless she has maintained a fair degree of control over her adherents for nineteen hundred years. Probably her most effective means of discipline has been the institution of confession, in accordance with which the penitent surrenders to the priest, in whom the authority of the Church is incarnate, the burden of choice — the responsibility of deciding what should be done to atone for past actions and of suggesting future behavior. This institution has not only provided the Church with a powerful tool for the shaping of conduct, but has no doubt also been of great value from the point of view of the mental health of the believer.

To a great extent man functioned as a member of a group in the Middle Ages. What the Church did not decide for him was largely taken care of by his caste or his guild. There seems to have been little individual autonomy; even in æsthetic activity, the individual was lost in the group, in the silence of anonymity. (It is a long way from the rôle of the mediæval artist to that of the artist of to-day, hell-bent on self-expression.) Probably many of the

¹ Like his divine counterpart of five centuries later, Socrates believed that one should render unto Cæsar those things that are Cæsar's, and he died a voluntary martyr to the laws that condemned him, submitting himself (perhaps ironically) to what he acknowledged as the common good. — AUTHOR

conditions of life in the Middle Ages were appalling as far as physical hygiene was concerned. Nevertheless the well-knit hierarchical organization of mediæval society and the limited play that it gave to individualism seem to have provided better bases for mental health than our society of to-day.

We have, of course, no dependable clinical evidence, but there seems to be ground for the belief that, except for an occasional epidemic of collective frenzy such as the convulsive dancing that was probably an aftermath of the Great Plague, the people of the Middle Ages were mentally much healthier than we. The mere fact that insanity was attributed to possession by the devil would appear to suggest that it was considered to be an exceptional and solemn phenomenon. Moreover, allusions to cases of insanity in the clinical sense of the word are, I believe, relatively rare in the texts of the Middle Ages, though the words 'mad' and 'madness' are frequently found in the indefinite and clinically neutral sense in which we often use them to-day. One must, of course, take into consideration the fact that before the spread of syphilis and alcoholism the main contributing causes of certain forms of insanity were, happily for the Middle Ages, nonexistent. However, the greater simplicity and the more leisurely rhythm of life were, no doubt, the main reasons for the relative freedom of these times from the Great Plague of to-day.

In the fourteenth century certain events combined to diminish the prestige of the Church and to promote the disintegration of custom. To some extent, no doubt, the weakening of the Church's control and of the hold of custom contributed to the rebirth of the individual which we know as the Renaissance, as a result of which man

became, in Western Europe generally, more self-conscious, more confident of his powers, more aware of his dignity as man. The Reformation was one of the varied expressions of this new dignity. By its emphasis on the individual conscience, it gave a tremendous impetus to intellectual individualism and subsequently to other forms. At first the Bible, revered as the word of God, the basis of all belief, the light for all darkness, displaced the Church as the final authority for Protestants. The substitution of one superior and exterior authority for another was, however, only temporary, for Protestantism had been born of the rebellion of individual consciences against the collective spiritual yoke, and it could not but be faithful to the individualism from which it sprang. The consciences that had defied the Catholic Church preserved their initial autonomy in the right of the individual to interpret the very scriptural authority that they had set up for themselves. The loss of a final authority resulted in the setting up of innumerable authorities and the subsequent impairment of all authority, with the inevitable assumption by the individual of the burden of choice. Even in the supremely important matter of individual salvation, where, according to Calvinistic doctrine, the decision lay with God, the individual obtained no relief from responsibility. As God generally did nothing to indicate his intentions, the believer was left entirely in the dark concerning his eternal fate. His anxious uncertainty about God's decision and the obsessing intensity with which his individual problem presented itself to him were bound to incline him to preoccupation with himself, to a brooding individualism which is reflected in the attitude of introversion so often displayed by writers of Calvinistic origin.

III

Modern rationalism had its real beginning in the second half of the seventeenth century. Not only was it in itself an expression of individualism, but by its disintegrating influence on the force of custom it prepared the way for a further individualistic expansion. Together with romanticism, it furnished the basis of the anti-clerical, anti-authoritative movement known as the Enlightenment, which, under the guidance of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the other lesser stars of the Encyclopædist galaxy, reached its climax in France toward the end of the eighteenth century. These prophets of the new dispensation opposed the authority of nature to that of dogma, the clear daylight of reason to the torch of faith. Their challenge to the Church and to secular authority echoed through Europe, was heard even in the American colonies, and culminated in the French Revolution. It may indeed be reasonable to interpret the French Revolution as a reaction to the disintegration of custom, as a mass movement to reëstablish the group on the basis of a new code which would be compelling to all. Whatever potential benefits might have been inherent in democratic solidarity, however, were counteracted by the individualistic unrest which had been excited in men's minds by the Enlightenment. This unrest continued after the disillusion of the Revolution and during the period of reaction. It is to some extent the very definition of modern romanticism which offers us the tragic, when not ludicrous, spectacle of the individual claiming for himself all the burden of choice and at the same time complaining with eloquent groans about the load that his pride imposes upon his weakness.

During the last century, the industrial revolution, the tremendous devel-

opment of science, the extension of education, the unparalleled increase of contact between peoples, the feminist movement — all have contributed to the further breakdown of fundamental custom and directly or indirectly to the development of individualism. The reaction to these influences in this new country was of course radically different from the results that they produced in the Old World.

The Puritan code certainly had a remarkable vitality, and in a large part of the country effected a superficial conformity to its standards. It was utterly alien, however, to many people of colonial stock, and to the great armies of immigrants who swarmed to our hospitable shores. Some of these groups of newcomers clung with tenacity to their traditional way of life, but it was difficult to maintain the old ways in the new country, and, generally speaking, in one or two generations the young were thoroughly 'Americanized.' That, unfortunately, was apt to mean that they wanted to get rich more than anything else, and as quickly as possible. Since we have no caste distinctions in America, except as applied to certain races which we in our inscrutable wisdom have decided to consider inferior, the only constant standard of value which has been generally recognized is that of wealth. The fact that wealth was accessible to so many in this new land made it appear to be within the reach of all, and the desire to acquire the tangible evidence of superiority has resulted in an incontinent greed for money which only reached its climax in the boom of the last decade.

The general social fluidity that has existed in America has, of course, had great advantages. No doubt much ability has come to the fore because of the elasticity of class lines, and among the greatest of this nation are men who

rose from the simplest beginnings. On the other hand, the very lack of exterior limitation has created a profound discontent and has all too often resulted in our failure to develop any pride in occupations that are considered to be humble or any sense of dignity related to the efficient performance of inconspicuous duties. The ambition of the American parent, which we have perhaps exalted beyond its deserts, has generally been to advance his children beyond himself socially as well as economically. The handing down of craft or trade from one generation to another which is usual in older societies has become less and less common in this country. This has been due in part to the decreased demand for many skills resulting from industrialization, but more still to the fact that neither a man's work nor his position in the world is, generally speaking, determined by tradition. The burden of choice as to what he should at least try to be has rested on him, and his natural desire has been to 'better himself.' At the outbreak of the World War, the people of this nation were vigorously bending their individual energies toward this end, and as a people we were considerably less integrated than we had been a hundred years before.

All war is probably to a certain degree an integrating force. Therein lie, no doubt, its fatal charm and its perennial popularity. The World War was certainly no exception. In fact, one is tempted to wonder whether it was not to a certain extent a partial reaction to individualism; whether, indeed, without such a reaction it would have been possible to compel the peoples of the Western world to make such colossal personal sacrifices. It is bewildering and profoundly disturbing to realize, as many of us have been forced to do, that in spite of the agony they endured, in spite of the horror and suffering they

witnessed, many of the most civilized and sensitive men look back on the years of the war with a kind of nostalgia, of which they are themselves ashamed — look back on those terrible years as to a time when morally they were at peace. The fact that the burden of choice had been lifted from them, that they had been liberated from their convulsive little selves, evidently created in the minds of many men a state of grim contentment. The integrating effect of war was apparent even among the civilian population. The cheerfulness with which most of us bowed to the inevitable indicates that it was a relief to us actually to deal with an inevitable. The courage and energy with which apparently soft people turned to exacting tasks suggest that it was a comfort to find life exacting.

On the other hand, the war was a violently disintegrating influence on the old order. Social inhibitions relating to sex and class and race went down before it. Many of us can remember the amazing speed with which old values melted away in the crucible of war, old barriers disappeared. Many of us found ourselves almost immediately in a new world. As long as the war lasted, it imposed its own discipline, but with the coming of peace the extent of the destruction became clear. Not only had the moral standards of civil life cracked during the war beyond repair, but millions of men came back to civilization who, except for brief intervals, had been subjected for years to a discipline wholly at variance with that given lip service by the communities to which they returned. The peace brought bitter disillusionment to those who had gone to war with the conviction of a sacred mission, whose moral justification for war had been the end to be achieved. To many of them, regardless of nationality, it seemed that all the high-sounding

words, all the talk about idealism, had meant nothing after all. The peace was damned, and the men who had survived the agony were a drug on the market. Youth turned with violent contempt from conventional morality, now discredited in their eyes. Custom had lost its authority for them, and, to an extent unparalleled in human history, the individual was left with the burden of choice.

IV

This statement would probably be disputed by those critics of modern industrial civilization whose complaints are based on their belief that life has been standardized by mechanization. Perhaps they do not see the woods for the trees. Standardization in detail we certainly have as a result of machinery, with all the loss of opportunity for creative self-expression which that implies. Our lives themselves, however, have as certainly become less and less standardized. What is more, the very machinery that has standardized the individual product has resulted in the production of an infinite variety of each product, of an infinite variety of products, and has thus increased the variety of possible experiences.

For example, if one wants to-day to buy such a simple thing as a button, one is confronted with a bewildering selection of round, square, oblong, convex, flat, concave, dull, shiny objects, having as their single common denominator the fact that they can be sewed on. Even such a humble choice involves consideration of a confusing array of alternatives, an expenditure of energy out of all proportion to the importance of the decision. Compare, if you will, this embarrassment of riches with the simplicity of choice in an unmechanized world such as that of the Mexican Indians, where one design of earring or one pattern of

blanket will suffice for a whole village, generation after generation.

The appalling number of alternatives between different wants that we may satisfy is another minor addition to our present woe. What is more, and worse, is that there is no end in sight. As long as there is profit in the creation of new wants, new wants will be created and our lives will be further confused thereby. Indeed, one still finds people to-day who are naïve enough to believe that the United States of America can be saved by the development of some great new source of comfort or pleasure comparable to the automobile in its general appeal.

As for the new experiences that mechanization has contributed, those that provide only vicarious delights, such as the movies and cheap literature, are of no mean importance. By far the most profound influence on our way of life, however, is exerted by our amazing mobility. Even a generation ago, most of the people of this country stayed in one place most of their lives. To-day the roads are swarming from sea to sea, from Canada to Mexico, and many people spend a great part of their lives trekking restlessly to and fro, with inevitable consequences as far as home life and social integration are concerned.

As a result of mechanization, then, as well as by the removal of inhibitions, the possibilities in the way of experience have been vastly increased for us. Probably we have sacrificed in intensity what we have gained in extensity; for, though our horizons have been pushed back and back, the world within them has been curiously flattened out. Too often our lives seem like blank paper on which we might write almost anything, but on which we are not strongly impelled to write anything, for the range of possibilities is too wide for selection and the choice is too free. The possibility

of fulfilling a multitude of desires has robbed many of these desires of their poignancy, and the yielding to such desires may be as often the measure of their weakness as of their strength; for, paradoxically, people often do what they think they should n't because they don't want to enough, because their desire is n't strong enough even to provoke their resistance. Hence, at least in part, the vague discontent, the nervous grasping for pleasure, the search for bigger and better sensations, which have been especially characteristic of the post-war world. As to the high rate of divorce, it would be folly to attribute so complex a phenomenon to a single cause. However, among the contributing causes is certainly the fact that the removal of the obstacles to a greater variety of experience in marriage has belittled its importance. When there is no sense of finality, marriage is no longer so brave an adventure; when change is relatively easy, people are not inclined to give all they have. Even love itself is apt to become a trivial affair, to fail to cut a channel deep enough in the territory of the heart so that the stream of emotion will be contained within the banks of that channel.

V

The briefest consideration of what choice involves should make clear what our new responsibilities are costing us in the way of wear and tear. Every conscious decision entails a certain degree of tension, varying from simple attention all the way up the scale, according to what the individual believes to be the importance of the decision. The breakdown of the social machinery results, therefore, in a constantly recurring state of tension due to the vast number of decisions that modern man has to make for himself. This, however, is only half the

story. The fact that to-day a multitude of forces play on the average man which either did not exist in his grandfather's day or from which his grandfather was mercifully protected by social inhibitions leads to a widespread lack of integration of personality. Too often for our own comfort, the whole personality is not on the side of the decision, and the result is the continuation of a state of tension after the decision has been made.

The question is whether the human nervous system can stand as much strain as is now imposed on it. The evidence appears to indicate that in the case of a large proportion of the population it cannot. The assumption certainly seems to be warranted that the increase of insanity which is peculiar to modern civilization is directly related to the increased mental and emotional strain entailed by the responsibilities that our self-determination has forced upon us. The commonest form of mental disease is dementia præcox, or schizophrenia, which actually means splitting of the mind and implies a break in the internal harmony of the personality. This type of disorder develops among introverts — that is, people who are inclined to live within the world of their own mind. They are generally intellectual, seclusive, reserved, and disinclined to action. It would seem reasonable to infer that a contributing factor to this form of insanity, perhaps the principal factor, is the burden of choice, and that the symptoms represent the mind's reaction to the uncertainties that choice involves; for the characteristic mark of dementia præcox is the withdrawal from reality, to a world where no decisions have to be made. A curious piece of corroborating evidence is the frequency with which patients suffering from dementia præcox develop the delusion that they have discovered the

solution of all the problems of the world, the unifying principle.

The much discussed 'inferiority complex,' which plays such an important part in current interpretations of both mental disease and crime, furnishes more food for thought. According to the hypothesis here advanced, there is ample ground for the development of a sense of inferiority in the members of a disintegrated society. Few men are strong enough to stand alone. Few of us are entitled on rational grounds to anything but a sense of inferiority. It is the isolation of the individual from the group, the emphasis on the individual as a separate entity, that has exaggerated the importance of the inevitable inferiority of the average man and has created the necessity in his own mind for the development of compensatory mechanisms.

Sometimes associated with the sense of inferiority, and sometimes, I believe, independent of it as a factor in delinquency, is a morbid egotism which is probably traceable to loss of the normal relationship between the individual and the group. Furthermore, the removal of inhibitions due to the breakdown of custom, and particularly to the loss of restraints that has come with the decline of family life, is a direct factor in the increase of crime that is too obvious to require further emphasis.

It should not be impossible to subject this part of the hypothesis to proof, although reliable data on many points may not be available for some years. If, however, the relationship between insanity and crime, on the one hand, and, on the other, the breakdown of custom and the development of individualism, is established, then we shall find less insanity and crime in those societies of the Western world where custom has disintegrated less swiftly than in our own; we shall find less in those groups whose faith has protected

their code of custom from destruction, as in the case of Catholics, Quakers, Orthodox Jews. We shall find more insanity and more crime among groups which have suddenly lost the code of their forefathers, such as the children of our immigrant population. We shall find a decrease of insanity and of crime in those societies that have been welded anew into a unit and have vested the group with authority. In the course of a few years there may be sufficient data to prove or disprove these assumptions.

VI

Let us now return to the group movements referred to in the first paragraph and see whether in the light of what has been said they can be interpreted as reactions to individualism. The first of these movements, the Communist Revolution, took place in October 1917, after Russia had been at war for over three years. The war had driven the Russian people to a frenzy of despair and had united a coherent and active minority in a passion of indignation against the national government. Despair, however, was nothing new in Russia. In fact, despair seems to have been a quite normal attitude of mind on the part of articulate people in pre-revolutionary Russia, and the great mass of the people were sunk in a bog of hopeless apathy. The general pessimism and sense of futility deepened after the unsuccessful revolution of 1905. The young turned frequently to suicide, or to sexual pleasures as an escape. In fact, probably the happiest people in Russia before the war were the revolutionists, in spite of imprisonment and exile, in spite of the sacrifice of all the warm delights of life. They at least knew where they were trying to go and had surrendered themselves to a cause greater than that of personal happiness.

The second group movement took

place in Italy in October 1922, four years after the termination of the war. It was preceded by a period of chaos, during which the weakness of the government became increasingly apparent. This disorganization was, no doubt, largely due to the *détente* following the war, but was further accentuated by dissatisfaction with the terms of peace, which left the Italian people with the conviction that the reward had not been commensurate with the sacrifice they had made. As in Russia, however, the foundations of the Fascist Revolution had existed before the war in a widespread sense of inferiority; together with the reaction of a small but determined minority to this state of mind. The tragedy of Caporetto had further deepened the sense of inferiority; in fact, one is tempted to wonder whether the general need of the Italian people to wipe the shameful memory from their minds may not have been in part responsible for the striking of the aggressive, virile attitude characteristic of the revolutionary movement.

In Germany, the disintegration which prepared the way for reaction was enormously speeded up after the war, when for fifteen years the nation tried unsuccessfully to function as a republic. With the collapse of the old régime, much that was noble and fine in the German character seemed to decline, with no compensating loss of what to us seem its unlovely features. In Germany also, however, there existed before the war the faith which, fanned to a bright flame, was later able to weld the German people together more closely than ever they have been welded in our time. This faith was the mystical belief in the superiority of the German people, which originated, strangely enough, in France, and had developed into a religion for many Germans during the last seventy-five years.

The common elements of these three

movements are of far greater importance than their divergencies of purpose. All three are anti-democratic and dictatorial. All three are or have been ruthless to the point of great cruelty to dissidents. All three demand a nationalistic programme of economic control, directed toward economic independence and involving, of necessity, some form of socialism. But the basic common element is the surrender of the individual to the group.

In attempting to evaluate the psychological effects of these revolutions, one's own political views are wholly irrelevant, and one's moral convictions are out of place. We are considering these revolutions from the point of view of their psychological consequences, and from that point of view alone. There can hardly be any question about the startling and profound changes they have made in the psychology of these three peoples—changes that probably could not have been made in the component individuals treated as individuals by any science known to man. By the submerging of the individual, he has been exalted.

The Russian Communist is a man made new by faith in his cause and by the surrender of his will in order to serve it. Into the new faith he has poured the mysticism that formerly united him with God; for man is at best a fragmentary creature, seeking always to be made whole, and when one means of completion fails him, he finds another. In the service of this new faith incredible miracles have been performed by a people who, a few years ago, were drifting without hope and without conviction. The average Russian citizen, with the exception of the tragic remnants of the old régime and the prosperous peasant, appears to have been swept along with the current. There are, of course, still individualists in Russia, lonely, isolated, unable to

yield, whose lives are like ineffectual trickles of water that sink swiftly into the ground and are lost, while the great river of the common life roars by.

In Italy, to-day, even the humblest laborer need no longer see himself as an insignificant inhabitant of a country whose main source of strength is its beauty. He is part and parcel of a great race, whose past he shares, whose glory is his. He has led the thundering legions; he has invaded, conquered, and ruled the greater part of Europe, and he holds his head high.

In Germany, the exaltation that has lifted the hearts of the people since the National Socialist Revolution has been heightened by the fact that this new and complete integration of the German nation has brought with it a sense of release from the humiliation of defeat and of long-continued poverty, a shifting of the blame for all past failure to non-German shoulders. The German of to-day (provided his great-great-grandmother was not a Jewess) sees himself no longer defeated, nor poor, nor humble, nor alone, but as a symbol of his race, and his self-esteem and his faith in his race are the same.

Such are the blessings of surrender, of the preference of moral comfort over liberty.

VII

It may be that, without freedom from one's self, all other freedom is vain, and that this essential freedom is better promoted under a system of government which demands self-surrender than under one such as ours that encourages individual autonomy. It seems unlikely, however, that Anglo-Saxons who have been for centuries imbued with the love of liberty will ever yield themselves as completely as have these other peoples to any faith, whether in a cause or a race or a religion. Moreover, the heterogeneity of

our population would act as a deterrent to integration on the basis either of race or of religious faith, unless that faith were more inclusive than those that now light our various ways. There are, nevertheless, certain current tendencies in this country that are definitely suggestive of a reaction to individualism and that point to the possibility of a new integration of the American people. In the field of manners and morals, there has been a decided tempering of the impatience with all restraint which our extreme individualism had fostered in the younger generation. Bad manners have ceased to be smart; grace and courtesy even have their exponents. The youth of to-day appear to be far less hysterical than the youth of ten years ago and may well be steadier than their parents. The recent orgy of spending as a means of self-expression has ended in the disillusionment of many of us who took part in it, and the greater satisfaction of a life of enforced simplicity has developed in us a far better sense of values than we ever had before.

It is, however, in the field of politics and economics that the recent changes have been most striking. Among the startling developments is the apparent willingness on the part of the great mass of the people to yield to the Federal Government almost dictatorial powers over their economic life, even at the price of liberty. With President Roosevelt's accession to power, our traditionally truculent and distrustful attitude toward Washington was supplanted by one of almost supine abandon and childlike faith, carried to such a point that even intelligent and dispassionate criticism was looked upon as high treason. This was true not only of the unfortunates who saw in the New Deal a means of relief from their private woes, but also of a large proportion of the privileged, who welcomed with

enthusiasm a leader who knew what he wanted and seemed to know how to get it. Even if the expected miracles have not materialized, even if the glory of last spring has been somewhat dimmed, there nevertheless remains behind the President a quality of support that is without precedent, and an attitude toward the Federal Government that is unparalleled.

Closely associated with the surrender to the government of economic rights which we formerly cherished is the abandonment of our belief in the efficacy of *laissez faire*. During the last century our thinking in the field of economics has been dominated by this doctrine, which harmonized not only with the immediate interests of the capitalist class, but to a considerable extent with the realities of life in a rich and new country. Supported by a few biological generalizations culled from evolutionary theory, this development of individualism has constituted a faith to which those who ruled the destinies of this fair land gave complete adherence. The needs of the 'unfit' have been met after a fashion, for, regardless of theory, we are a kindly people. Our government has on the whole, however, been operated for the successful in the interests of the successful. 'Rugged individualism' is so far out of harmony with our present-day thinking that the expression has an almost comic flavor, but we should not forget that Herbert Hoover's political and economic philosophy was fairly representative of that of the best people of this country before the implications of the depression sank into their minds.

To-day a stupendous effort is being made to base the operations of government on the needs of the whole people, even at the expense of the successful. Whether this effort is the fruit of madness or of sublime wisdom, whether the extension of the functions of govern-

ment in the interests of the weaker members of society has gone too far or not far enough, whether the economic nationalism that appears to be an inevitable part of our programme may not result in infinite complications — these are questions that only the future can answer. Clearly, however, the policies of the Federal Government are based on the conception of our society as an organism of which no part can decay without injury to the rest. Clearly, too, in the minds of a great portion of the people is the conviction that the victory over our present-day devil cannot be won by any individual or by any class alone.

In this conviction, in the enthusiasm for a great leader, there may be found the means by which a temporary integration of the American people can be effected. But that is not enough for our salvation. The depression will pass; the enthusiasm, in any event, will die. Perhaps in the deeper realization of our inevitable brotherhood, perhaps in our increased awareness of values other than material, there may lie the germ of a lasting faith by means of which the diverse peoples of this nation may be united in a common purpose.

If, moreover, the reasoning presented above is sound, — if the burden of choice imposed by the conditions of modern society is too heavy for us to bear, if we are suffering from and seeking to shift the weight of that burden, — then the implication is clear. We need a unifying faith, by means of which some part of the responsibilities that we are now carrying may be lifted from us, in the light of which our way may be made clearer before us. We need a body of convictions in harmony with our corporate welfare by which our decisions may be weighted. We need a way of life which only faith can blaze. For few of us are strong enough or wise enough to make our way alone.

NOTES ON ROOSEVELT'S AMERICA

BY MAX ASCOLI

THE immediate effect of the New Deal upon my mind is a kind of intellectual dissociation — perhaps I might call it ambivalence. I am optimistic in the synthesis, pessimistic in the analysis; I take the first step boldly and confidently, but the next one drives me into a thicket. I do not like this state of mind, I do not think it particularly admirable; I would rather be skeptical about the general outcome of the reconstruction and believe deeply in some of its achievements. Wholesale cheerfulness and retail depreciation, this sounds badly; but even the prospect of a final bankruptcy does not change this double-headed trend of mine. My incoherence is not just a kind of insurance policy which might give me a feeling of mental consolation whatever turn the events may take. It is perhaps a bit of American mentality which is, to my satisfaction, taking root in my mind — just enough to make me more attached to these people and maybe better able to understand them.

In recent times other nations have made a leap in the dark more or less voluntarily, but none, I think, has cut quite such a caper as that which characterizes the present American adventure. A revolutionary situation retains within itself the alternatives which it arose to crush, and must be intolerant lest one of these alternatives prove too strong. If Lenin falters, Kerensky or

the Tsars may come back; if a Fascist movement fails, communism or democracy may succeed. A revolution always develops to a point of absolute cleavage. Different programmes of social and economic life are brought into direct conflict. Once the fight is over, philosophers and historians will assert that the defeated party was dead before the fight began. Nevertheless, at the decisive moment, alternatives there certainly were.

The New Deal is a revolution that has been going on for several months and yet appears to have no alternatives. Many intellectuals are afraid of this disheartening void, and want to limit their vision with horse blinkers, so that they may speculate at leisure about the alternatives to the right or to the left. This American revolution is peculiar. One can even doubt whether it is a revolution at all, but it is altering the standards of wealth and morality so deeply that I do not know what else it might be called. On the other hand, to an observer from the Old World, the New Deal looks more like a mass migration through unexplored lands than like a conflict of classes or groups.

No visible limit seems to check the American effort either in the national or in the international field. The country is so vast, the wealth so great, the economic collapse so disastrous, that anything can be attempted. The feeling of self-sufficiency easily grows into arrogance, especially toward Europe.

The consciousness of disaster becomes a determination to attempt bold and unlimited experiments. The very magnitude of the leap becomes a source of excitement and pride. What other nation would dare do this? What other nation, even after wild revolutions, ever left so few of the fundamental stones unturned? Americans have always been inwardly torn between love and hatred of bigness, and now, even though their rugged individualism is menaced, they seem to be hypnotized by the enormity of the experiment which some of their fellow men have started.

Only a nation of gamblers could conceive and afford the New Deal. A revolution without alternatives, a record-breaking leap into the dark, this is something that could be undertaken only by a people accustomed to stock-market speculation in the grand manner. The Roosevelt administration is attempting a kind of socialization of the gambling mentality; the stake is the creation of a new system for the distribution of opportunities among the American people. This aim is pressed forward in the old glorious way of a nation of poker players. It is the great gamble to end gambling. Perhaps, if the experiment succeeds, the people who pass through this great trial will have strengthened their individual sense of self-reliance and will valiantly gamble again; if the experiment fails, the people will gamble as much as they ever did.

I have no authority whatsoever for judging whether the post-Turner historians and publicists are guilty of exaggeration in giving such overwhelming importance to the pioneer or frontier experience of the American people. But even if these theories are not correct as an interpretation of the past, they are a meaningful and poetical interpretation of the moral laws

which actually rule the land. I do not know how true it is that some fundamental aspects of the American character were shaped when the pioneers faced the wilderness, but I should say that the test of the wilderness is also the test which holds good for admission to a full life in this country — that is to say, a capacity to hope and to stick to one's goal. The longer the depression lasts, the harder Mr. Roosevelt and his administration work to transform the despair of the people into positive action, the more apparent these American traits are becoming. The greatest assets are still sheer will and grim determination; these help the people to keep their courage and to work buoyantly when darkness is all about them. Muddling through, and fumbling through, they hold to their path where people of other countries would have been submerged in doubt and isolation. Americans succeed so thoroughly in preserving their own particular mentality in desperate times that even the movement for planning can be changed into a plunge toward the unforeseen. They are willing to take a holiday from systematic reasoning even when there are college professors at the helm of the nation.

It is difficult to follow any of the problems that the administration is facing or bringing into the foreground without getting lost in a labyrinth. How will it be possible to reach a permanent adjustment between agricultural and industrial prices, when the industries have the burden of augmented wages and agriculture remains in its traditional form of production? If the subsidies to the farmers and the limitations of crops aim to solve this difficulty, the general public as taxpayer and as consumer will pay the bill, and the capacity to absorb agricultural products will diminish. Who is going

to bear the cross of the whole experiment? Farmers, workers, capitalists, consumers? How can the farmers reap the real benefit of the inflation through an augmented export of agricultural products, when the NRA closes foreign markets? How is it possible to cast aspersion upon the profit motive for a given period of time and then to remove it, in the same way as trade barriers are to be lowered and gold is to flow freely in the happy days of the Definite Recovery? Perhaps it will be possible to find some rock under the moving sands of these disheartening 'ifs'; but what will there be to rest on, when the nation tumbles into the abyss of a new inflation, but economic and social collapse?

And yet, there is something in the whole experiment that one cannot easily dismiss. Although analysis of the individual problems is necessary, one has the strange feeling that there is some injustice in such an analytical approach to the situation, for from certain angles all the discordant tones sound as though they blended in harmony. This country is working to remake her Constitution. Or, perhaps, not to remake, but to enlarge it, to establish the foundation of some new basic rights of the citizens on ground so firm that the usual oscillation of political parties will not shake it.

The nonpartisan technique of the official leaders of American labor can be explained by their desire to go back through the maze of American politics in order to reach Independence Hall and the Founders. Unhappily, these leaders lost their way, delayed by the courts, by the petty necessities of political bargaining, or by the rackets. Mr. Roosevelt is now striking out for the goal which the others have missed.

The experience of Europe has repeatedly shown that a political party entrusted with the defense and repre-

sentation of the workers can easily become strong enough to prevent rule by other parties, but remains too weak and inexperienced to take upon itself the full responsibility of power. The socialist parties in Europe have been one of the preponderant causes of the breakdown of democratic institutions. They were revolutionary in their programmes and words, opportunistic in practice, democratic without conviction, liberal in a very small degree. Having found themselves at the centre of the democratic alignment, they provided it with a most insecure defense when they were assaulted by the extremes or by the fears that they themselves had aroused.

President Roosevelt will deserve the gratitude of the country if he succeeds in writing social legislation into the statutes and into the constitutional tradition of the Union, exempting democratic institutions from the dubious support and weak defense of an inflated Socialist Party. For the time being, his administration is working as if it were socialistic and is trying to cement the rights of labor upon the rock of stable laws. If he succeeds, it will be almost a miracle, because even in the most highly developed industrial countries labor is becoming a minority; its alliance with the peasants and the white-collar groups proves unworkable, and employers have just begun to realize how easily it can be shackled.

Nobody really knows the ways that are going to be trodden by the administration in the pursuit of its goal, or how far they may lead. This perplexity, which is undoubtedly unpleasant, has a different character in America from what it might have in other nations. In some countries of inadequate democratic training, concentration of power almost inevitably leads to dictatorship, and dictatorship to tyranny. Other

peoples, after living long in darkness, have become convinced that no beneficent light will again reach them, or else that they will be visited by a catastrophic stroke of lightning before the darkness can be dissolved. The American people, on the contrary, bear this temporary darkness with the same charming grace and wise candor that they often show in their conversation when they quietly assert, 'I don't know.' This does not imply that they are content to remain in ignorance, but is merely a statement that about that point, at the moment, the person who speaks does not happen to be informed. But he is confident that someone knows the answer to-day, and to-morrow he himself may know the President's policy better. In any case, in the fall of this year the citizens will have a chance to express something of what they feel. The cumulative effects of ignorance on the part of a large number of individuals create some collective uneasiness, but no serious perturbation, no desperate desire for a mystical light.

This accounts somehow for the twilight of the American horizon to-day when so many secrets are kept closed in the President's mind. Still, as Mr. Morgenthau said, the sun will rise again to-morrow and the birds will sing.

The unique capacity which the American people have of plunging in the dark is only matched by their genius for accommodating themselves in the dark, like cats. Thus they had prohibition and speak-easies; they now have the Blue Eagle and chiseling, codes and rackets. This amazing capacity for bold collective adventure and for uncanny individual adjustment has left its mark on their character and created a feeling of invulnerability like that of people who jump trustingly from a burning building into the net

below. There is always the danger of breaking one's neck, but up to now the net has proved pretty well knotted.

The great experiments of legal regulation offer the best example of the collective adventure and the individual reactions. If the law prohibits something that the public needs, the underworld will run the new unlawful 'public utilities'; if the law proposes to the social groups a pattern of behavior which is inadequate or too lofty, again the activities of the underworld will register the maladjustment. The water level of official legality separates more or less arbitrarily the two types of organization for the satisfaction of social needs, and it is always difficult to forecast whether the upper or the lower level will profit from an innovation. The system of rackets and the chaos of economic life arouse the desire to face reality and to shape codes for the relations of capital, labor, and consumers, but the codes are merely proposals asking the conformity of social groups for the ratification of decisions already made; if people will not conform, the rackets grow stronger. A great humorist, a Brooklyn judge, acquitted some laundry racketeers because, he said, under the NRA they could use their talents for the greater good of society.

Between upperworld and underworld, legal rules and social practice, collective adventures and individual adjustments, Americans have found wide areas for playing and experimenting, and they seem to enjoy the sport fully. They are changeable in their programmes and consistent in their habits. By keeping distinct their personalities as direct or indirect legislators and their individual tastes, they could, until a short time ago, vote dry and drink wet; now they heartily applaud the New Deal and eventually they do a little chiseling. It is

easy for a moralist to call this attitude inconsistency or hypocrisy, but I am rather inclined to consider it a safety valve and a guarantee of a progressive and flexible democracy.

I think that in no other country of the world is it as true as here that every law is merely a proposal to the social groups. Some day, perhaps, Americans will decide that the jump from democracy to dictatorship is something that the greatest nation must not be afraid of, but, if they do, very probably they will accept a dictator just for the fun of cheating him.

On October 12 of last year, the *New York Times* published the news of serious troubles at the headquarters of the Khaki Shirts of America. 'Commander General' Art J. Smith was planning a march on Washington from Philadelphia, and he talked of millions of followers, but at the last moment he vanished with the 'war chest.' The police said that the movement was just 'a shirt-selling racket.' The Philadelphia cop who offered this definition must be no less great a man than the Brooklyn judge. Such a neat, sharp judgment fills me with admiration, as the proof of great moral health.

The transformation of individual interests into collective passions and of collective passions into political ideals is freely accepted in European countries, and anyone who takes the stump in politics draws some benefit from it. In this country there are many obstacles in the way of that fermentation made by the working of passions on rascality which forms the necessary leaven of every political ideal. This does not mean that rascality here is comparatively less than in other countries, but merely that it is so raw as to make it rather difficult for moral elements to absorb it. The general assumption of the profit motive sharpens

the wits of the people and allows them to make judgments according to the nature of the protagonist in relation to well-defined types; their sense of humor is even more developed than their credulity, great as this is; and although any clever demagogue may attain some early success in his own social group or region, it is difficult for him to reach upper groups or wider areas. Thus social or territorial distance counterbalances the gullibility of his neighbors. Many a kingfish has been knocked down at the doors of a great metropolis, and many a city boss knows how difficult it is to spread his influence among the farmers.

This reminds me of the way my friends in the Middle West and in the South described the character of many Klan leaders: 'People of the promoter type.' To all who know the familiar connotation of the word 'promoter,' this definition is full of meaning. One sees at once the engaging personality, the high-pressure sale of memberships and promises, the enthusiasm of believers, the flight, the last loyal friends who do not give up their faith. From the screen, the suave face of William Powell offers a visual idea of how a crooked promoter looks and acts. The Americans are at times a little uneasy in handling ideas, and yet, when it comes to judging people, what is shadowy in their mentality entirely melts away, thanks to the sharp outline of some patterns of behavior which are well defined in their minds.

If the New Deal brings some lasting achievements, this country will possibly keep going with pragmatic philosophies for another couple of generations. It is a rather disturbing thought. For years and years the fundamental beliefs of the nation will be represented by such formulas as, 'Let us try; something must be done; do not bother

about principles.' The worship of facts and of fact-finding systems will only be paralleled by the facility with which the facts of yesterday are forgotten and the systems changed. The basic laws of the country will be left at the mercy of inspired interpreters of emergencies, and the defense of freedom will be left to constitutional superstition and prejudice. This seems a rather high price for recovery. To seek victory by team action, if it is applied indiscriminately, appears as dangerous as to seek it by paying homage to different gods in order to find out which is the most miraculous.

The good luck of the American people may save the country from collapse as well as from perpetual pragmatism. If the country lives long enough on the verge of disaster, and if the final escape proves to be a narrow one, recovery may be accompanied by a lasting fear of the system, or lack of system, through which it was brought about. There is a pathetic quality in this latest urge of pragmatism to explore the borders of the area where democracy and national life are still possible, as there is a pathetic quality about some of the intellectuals recruited by the administration. With deep seriousness and funereal grace they attempt to mould facts with sour principles and climb in different directions toward the hills of recovery, where practical politicians lie in wait for expiatory lambs.

Since the end of the last century, artists all over the world have suffered from a deep dissatisfaction with the old forms of expression. Cézanne, Stravinski, Joyce, are among the outstanding leaders of this æsthetic revival; hundreds of artists have contributed to the daring work of demolition and reconstruction. Each form of art has been considered as a world in itself, as a road through which æsthetic emotion

might be reached in its totality. Any contaminating relationship between forms of art or between art and philosophic thinking, dear as it was to the romantic era, was pitilessly eradicated. The accepted tradition of artistic patterns was voluntarily broken. Every obvious representation or stereotyped emotion was denied for the sake of discovering the new limits and the new intimate forms of artistic expression, and the artist learned how to face his own world bravely without the help of what Verlaine called *littérature*.

This gigantic cycle is far from being completed now, but when it was in its fullest swing, before the war, a group of men caught the movement in the air, discarded the process of painful elaboration of its formulas, and with admirable ease created slogans, organization, and ballyhoo. They were called the futurists, and the Italian Marinetti was their leader. For years they rampaged through the world, keeping themselves in the limelight with fine showmanship, arrogance, and resourcefulness in shocking the public. So great was their victory that every serious person, working for the renewal of his own field of art, came to be called a futurist and a follower of Marinetti.

Now that the futurist hurricane is past, it is easy to see that, among important works of modern art, not a single one was created by Marinetti or by his disciples. They appear to have been able publicity seekers who exploited and wasted certain ideas that were to find expression in a more mature form. One concludes now that, by the confusion which they engendered, they retarded more than they stimulated the development of modern art. To the many difficulties which confront a modern artist they added the obstacles which come from a vague and all-embracing name.

Now, in his field of politics, President

Roosevelt is not one of the people who are bewildered and thwarted by glamorous labels. This is a tremendous merit, even if it is proved that his unconcern comes from a pragmatic dislike for principles. The political futurists of Europe have seen in the sky faint signs of a complete social renewal, and they have been quick in giving to them the most hasty and thunderous expression. To bring into legal formulation the relations between employers and employees, consumers and producers, producers and producers, to assert the constitutional right of every man to a minimum standard of living, to rearrange the distribution of chances and opportunities, to organize new areas of self-government for economic or occupational groups, to create new intermediary organs between the citizens and the state — these and many more are the problems that the organization of the New State must face. The political futurists of Europe have painted their scenery with fragments taken from different projects of the New State, and, trying to preëempt the field where modern society has to be built, they have erected there their cardboard Luna Park. So thoroughly have they impressed the imagination of the people that to approach the problems they have botched is a sure way of being labeled as their follower.

Of this Mr. Roosevelt is not afraid. This courage of his is an invaluable quality, and one can never be too emphatic about it in view of its possible effects on modern civilization. The haphazard way in which some of the American experiments are conducted, the insouciance with which some perhaps unnecessary dangers are faced — these cannot belittle the fact that for the first time in history a nation is putting her existence at stake in order to handle the problems of economic democracy, and that a complete land re-

demption and a gigantic programme of construction are begun in the very field where the European dictators have pitched their tents and displayed their regimented crowds.

It is indeed a desperate business to be a prophet. Against the predictions of Marx, the communist revolution took place in a country where industrial organization was still in its infancy; now the greatest attempt at social and economic reconstruction on reform lines is taking place in a country where social and economic legislation has been hampered by the staunchest conservatism. It is interesting, too, to remember that this is the same nation which, in Marx's prophecy, was destined to be the first to reach the communistic upheaval through the fullest achievement of industrial development.

Many things, then, seem to help Americans in their effort — their vices and inveterate habits no less than their virtues. They are clever at muddling through, ready to make jumps in the dark; they have a special genius for doing enormous work in a limited time and for utilizing as zones of free experimentation the gaps between different political and social organizations. They find freedom for experimenting in the zones between law and practice, between state and federal government, between the writing of the statutes by the legislatures or by Congress and the test of them by the Supreme Court. The hardest part of the Roosevelt experiment has been between two sessions of Congress. People are so accustomed to work under pressure that I think the greatest administrators in Washington would not know what to do if they had complete powers for an indefinite period of time.

Thus the greatest experiment in building the New State is going on in the nation which has the most plastic political and social structure, the rich-

est equipment in alarm and defense mechanisms. At times one has the feeling of losing one's mind; but the work is serious, and Mr. Roosevelt, thank God, is not a Marinetti.

Some people say that the old times are gone forever, that the trend is more and more to the left. To-day, they say, we have control of business, to-morrow we shall have socialization. It is always difficult for me to understand these so-called laws of political necessity, which conceive history as bound to a few patterns evolved from events in other countries. I venture to hold that the Roosevelt administration marks a turning point in the history of the nation, but I should like to be more sure that hereafter the way will be straight and that the old-fashioned Republican leadership will not come back. If the farmers persist in their discontent (and I do not see how they can be contented), it seems to me that it will not be difficult to strengthen the old link between farmers and plutocracy which is the glorious foundation of the G.O.P.

This is a strange country. The boldness of the experiment as well as its psychological repercussions on individuals has brought back strange shadows of the past; some learned magicians tried to call up a new leadership, and the spirit so exorcised speaks sometimes with an accent strangely reminding one of Andrew Jackson. Some theoreticians and some enlightened politicians designed the NRA machinery, and the ruler of this machinery happened to be a General, picturesque and dynamic as an Indian fighter. Many liberals now repeat the Coolidge argument that if only 10 per cent of exports are dropped this country will become a self-supporting economic empire; and the present foreign policy is such that even the Senators who fought the Versailles treaty could scarcely have dreamt of

anything more disentangling. It was amazing to see the United States recognizing Russia just at the moment when it was withdrawing recognition from all other nations.

Yes, this is a strange country. Monetary problems have such importance that every great nation has had to deal with either devaluation or revaluation, but here the radical demands of some leaders and the complicated dilatory policy of the administration gave the impression that the dollar crisis was the attack of an old gout, which afflicted and hindered the good runner in his dash to recovery. When the monetary situation reached the front page, political debate was again after the old American pattern of a conflict between debtor and creditor, small and big employer, banker and farmer. The other groups destined eventually to suffer the burden of inflation were left out of the picture. The people who hoped that the New Deal was to produce a political realignment in European terms of left and right must have been amazed to see as the first result a realignment in terms of McKinley and Bryan. It is like the ring of a familiar bell. Remember that we are in America: that this country may commit terrible blunders and face frightful dangers, but that it is still mystically united in choosing fundamental issues for political clashes and tests for different policies. Remember, above all, that during the battle one party usually takes the other's programme or clears the way for its adoption.

Some people have called this the pendular principle of American politics. Borrowing from Morris Cohen, one would perhaps do better to call it American political polarity, represented by such contrasts as McKinley and Bryan, Wilson and Harding, Coolidge and Hearst. It may be that other forces will enter the political arena and

break this extremely American and untranslatable polarity which has till now been dominant; but still I think that these new forces, like workers and consumers, will have a long way to go before reaching political articulation, if they ever do. One may answer that it is now possible to see in Washington some exceptionally able custodians of the two absentees, especially of the workers. Yet even these two forces are introduced in court by their custodians with borrowed names, the workers appearing to be consumers and the consumers unorganized or retired workers.

But, many people say, the greatest swing to the left in the European sense will be forced by the federal government itself through increasing control of economic activity, and later on through direct socialization. About this also I have grave doubts. With due respect for Mr. Hoover, I venture to say that this is scarcely a country of pure individualism, whether rugged or smooth, but rather one of social individualism. Social groups in America display such strength in self-defense as to hamper the attempt of individuals to reach the full development of personality and the attempt of the state to direct the minute actions of individuals. In other words, the individuals get both the definition and the limitation of their personality out of the fact of being admitted to or barred from certain social groups, and no great room is left to the care of society at large. Before being sure that this country is marching toward state socialism, I expect to see the most drastic federal regulations tested by the social groups. I have the feeling that even the test by a die-hard Supreme Court will seem a trifle in comparison.

Others are even more excited by the American scene than the followers of mechanistic liberalism. These people

are waiting for a revolution, they want a revolution; they are the theorists of the reversible revolution. Hammering syllogisms, roaring 'Either — or, either — or,' they sarcastically and superciliously reject every administrative or legislative measure as petty bourgeois, halfway, Kerensky; they look for the unavoidable catastrophe and consistently await the stream of events at the unavoidable crossroad. For the moment, they seem to be more anxious about the dramatic climax at the crossroad than about the decision to turn either to the right or to the left, which, they say, will be made once and forever. Meanwhile, in the expectation of that thrilling moment, they are elated with satisfaction at being as yet unpledged. Obviously the great majority of these people are professional intellectuals. They belong to the crowd of well-informed and somehow influential persons who know everything that is going to happen, and the many things that would have happened if not prevented by a mere chance.

Three groups, I think, can be recognized among the theorists of the reversible revolution. The first is composed of innocent and melancholic people who would be opposed to either of the possible solutions that may prove successful. They would like to destroy their whole life in order to enjoy saying 'Did n't I tell you?'

The people of the second group, on the contrary, would accept either of the two revolutionary régimes, if firmly established. From their talk it is rather difficult to guess which tendency they would prefer; their sentences are elusive, their arguments hardened by data, cases, and facts. Concentration of capital, centralization of control, federal regulation — these metallic phrases are most frequent in their mouths; it is childish, they say, to fight against the stream of things. The

Marxian critique is carefully handled by them as a double-edged knife; it is useful either for emphasizing the function and the precarious situation of the leading economic groups, or for destroying these groups. They are the aspirant *fonctionnaires* of the new régime, whatever it may be. Their ideals are as high as their knowledge of facts is smashing; they are inspired by the philosophy of service and by anxiety for the welfare of the people.

The men of the third group have neither sentimental prejudices nor personal interests; they are the diminutive Neroes who would like to set fire to Rome for the fun of it. They maintain personal relations with opposing groups, they convey the news and stimulate the battle; like technical consultants to the professional fighters, they have a fondness for a beautiful struggle, and they use paradoxes, hard-boiled statements, sophisticated and confused ideas, as lighted matches to be thrown in the air to start the conflagration.

The people of these three groups view political activity and political thinking as a gamble with history, in which they try to foresee the numbers that are going to be drawn in the next political lottery, and they are undoubtedly clever in trying to reduce the lottery to a choice between two numbers. It never occurs to them that politics may also mean convictions rooted within the personality and so strongly felt that even the prospect of remaining for a lifelong period in a hopeless minority does not cause dismay. Yet no political creed ever triumphed without having strengthened itself in Utopia for so long a time that it seemed almost endless.

Being very practical and matter-of-fact, the theorists of the reversible revolution have in their mouths all the time the Marxian terminology, no

matter how remote their acquaintance with Marx's philosophy. Indeed, I wonder why Marxian patterns have not long been popular in this country in every class of the population. Perhaps it was because of the traditional fear of looking red; maybe it was because historical materialism, since Hamilton and Madison, has been so indigenous here that there was no need of importing the European brand of it, tainted with unpalatable Hegelianism. Using the Marxian style, one can talk business and revolution at the same time, and it is hard to decide whether this Marxism is the language of the sons of business men or the password admitting groups of newcomers to American business civilization.

The intellectuals have a pathetic desire to escape the puritanical rules of pragmatic philosophy, such as loyalty to the inductive system, fanaticism for so-called facts, the birth control of ideas; and they relish in the Marxian philosophy the voluptuousness of the *a priori*, the deliberately partisan interpretation of reality, the monogamy with one idea, or at least with one scheme. And they can reach such thrilling heights as to declare Mr. Justice Brandeis a reactionary and the period of reforms gone forever. For there is no alternative between 'either' and 'or.'

'Do you think that we have democracy in this country?' The repetition of this question, with variants, annoys me. I do not believe that it is strictly necessary, in order to have some sort of democracy or liberalism, for many men to be real democrats or liberals. I think it is possible to conceive a liberal structure in which society is free from the professional liberal: the smaller the number of priests in any religion, the better. There is no man, however liberal, who in certain mo-

ments may not become a menace to liberalism, and no boss, however tyrannical, who in certain moments may not be forced to defend a liberal position. To-day one of the greatest guarantees of freedom in America is that the men who are in power and who find themselves at times in dictatorial positions lack the nerve and dishonesty of dictators. Some of the men who are against the administration may have both dishonesty and nerve, but they are now obliged to defend a liberal position. Liberty has always saved herself by such tricks.

The liberal equilibrium in America is scarcely embodied in men, although there are a few of them who do help to maintain it. It is better guaranteed by conditions or attitudes deeply rooted in the structure of society. If I were obliged to choose the dominant one of these attitudes, I should choose the volatility of the people. This creates a savage system of using and eliminating men; the method consists in inflating and inflating them until they are blown up. This is cruel, but if freedom were not accompanied by some cruelty, how could it be human?

With its blunders, its dangers, its contradictions, its cruelties, the American social and political adventure offers to a foreigner a most impressive and vivifying experience. There is no greater suffering than that which comes from being uprooted from the

history of one's own country and reduced to accepting ready-to-wear facts and ideas. Some men in Europe have invented this torture for their fellow citizens. Here everybody feels that he is a contemporary and a partner of this society; he is hustled by its problems, drawn into the turmoil of its contradictions, steered by its obscure impulses. Maybe some radical changes will occur, maybe nothing will occur. This society has the greatest capacity for reform, this society has the greatest force of resistance. Some months ago Heywood Broun wrote that General Johnson is a 'honey'; a few weeks later he wrote that General Johnson is a bluff.

Again, one faces uncertainty, not the security of a child who is sustained by brace bands; one faces the unknown, shoulder to shoulder with other fellows who seem to enjoy it. In trying every day to understand how many different and contradictory things are possible, to explain how well balanced is the background of this moving world, the capacity for thinking repressed for years begins to find itself again; one feels that he is a man and that a wide rough country is open to him. Maybe nothing is open but a moral or material wilderness. Tomorrow we may have a runaway inflation. The myth of opportunities is a lie. Who cares? America is something that still exists.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MEN

BY PRINGLE BARRET

I

THE emancipation of woman is an accomplished fact, but man is still plodding along in his traditional grooves. He has never thought of woman as woman — that is, a thinking, feeling creature entirely separate from himself. He continues to think of her as mother, wife, daughter, Good Woman, Bad Woman — always woman in relation to him, never woman as statesman, lawyer, doctor, financier, entirely dissociated from him. He is still living under the delusion that men are somehow superior to women, which leads him personally to the necessity of endeavoring to appear so. It gets him in no end of trouble, is rather a nuisance to everybody, and is on the whole palpably unfair. Is n't it time he was emancipated from this obsession and given a chance to lead his own life?

We are all to blame. We cherish masculine pride as though it were the tenderest of plants. Indeed, it often is, for it is frequently pride in something of which the man himself has the very gravest doubts. Mrs. Blank, who has two children, recently gave up a splendid position. I asked her why. She explained that she had been making more money than her husband; it had hurt his pride and was creating an unhappy situation at home. She discharged her two excellent servants, undertook the housework, which she detested and performed in the most abominable fashion, withdrew her chil-

dren from private schools. The family income had been cut more than half. In order to make both ends meet she had to economize in every possible way, all because of this idiotic notion about masculine superiority. The idea has no foundation in reality, but the situations to which it gives rise are real enough and difficult in the extreme, perhaps most difficult of all for the man.

He himself has serious doubts about his superiority. Witness his reiteration of it, his self-conscious attitude toward it. He is haunted from birth to death by the fear of somehow failing to 'be a man.' On the face of it such fear is preposterous. In point of fact, he *is* a man, and cannot possibly be anything else. Man and woman are biological terms, like deer and doe, cock and hen, bull and cow. Nobody would dream of exhorting a bull to be a bull. Any attempt to distinguish between a he-bull and just a bull reduces the whole idea to the absolute absurdity which in reality it is.

Not very long ago I asked a young and extremely intelligent engineer from the West if he liked the poetry of T. S. Eliot. He stated flatly that he had never read a line of poetry in his life. At my astonished 'Why?' he smiled and answered, 'I am a he-man.' This train of reasoning may seem obscure at first thought, but on consideration it becomes apparent and logical.* A 'he-

man' can take no chances with his virility; he must protect it from enervating influences.

Comic as this is, it is also tragic because so real and so familiar. I have seen men afraid to drink a cup of tea in the afternoon, afraid to be gentle and kind, afraid almost to be polite. The type is all too common. Men afraid of their wives, afraid to be interested in their own children, afraid of themselves — afraid of life. They are tragic figures, driven by the necessity of proving themselves 'men.' The necessity of proof indicates the existence of doubt, from which they should be emancipated.

There was a time when a woman might hesitate to do something because it was considered unwomanly. When I was in college a good deal of talk went on about whether women should smoke. In those days it was against the college rules, and two girls caught doing it were promptly suspended. We felt strongly about it and wasted any amount of time explaining to one another why the authorities were right or wrong to take such action; finally we were given questionnaires to fill out so that the consensus of student opinion might be formulated. Most of the arguments against smoking were: 'Not the sort of thing a lady does'; 'Not in keeping with womanhood'; 'Unwomanly.' The opinion of the majority, however, was favorable to smoking, and I remember the remark of a young instructor in reply to the opposing arguments. She said, 'But I *am* a woman and I like to smoke.'

Her remark is significant because it contains the formula for the psychological emancipation of woman. It disposes once and for all of the bugaboo of 'womanliness.' 'But I *am* a woman and I want a career of my own'; 'But I *am* a woman and I want to vote.'

It is the unanswerable argument because it is in complete accord with reality: it puts the horse before the cart. Nowadays if you should ask a woman to do this or that because it was womanly you would certainly be met with astonishment and probably with derision, albeit good-humored. It is this kind of emancipation that I urge for men. I look forward to the day when I shall hear some bright little boy say simply and without defiance, 'But I *am* a boy and I like to play with dolls.'

II

When my small daughter came into the world, my husband and I received among the congratulations the following note. It came from a relative who has suffered all his life from the fear of masculine inadequacy and has been making what protest he could against the affliction of 'superiority.'

'When I first heard the news,' he wrote, 'I thought it was a boy, but your father has written me that it is only a girl after all. It is too bad, especially since it is your first, but I know you will make the best of it and next time perhaps you will have a boy. I know a man who had four girls before he ever got a boy, but he finally got one, so don't give up hope.'

I think he meant to be humorous, and perhaps he was, in that curious man-on-the-defensive way familiar to us all. But there is no denying the fact that at the present stage of our social order it is considered far more desirable to have a boy baby than a girl baby. There is no room for dispute about it, however differently a few individuals scattered here and there may feel. Somehow, in and for itself, an infant boy is much more valuable and much more to be desired than an infant girl.

From the point of view of the infant, it makes an appalling difference, of course, whether it comes into the world acclaimed with pride and joy or simply accepted with a second-best welcome. We all know people who should have been Henry or Paul but turned out to be Henrietta or Pauline. Their families have made the best of their being born females instead of males, and they must make the best of it too. After all, that is not so difficult. It may be unpleasant to realize that you started off quite wrong, but there is undeniable satisfaction in the knowledge that if you but move a finger toward accomplishment it will be an overwhelming surprise to everybody.

What really is difficult is the situation of many a boy — to start ahead of the game and then gradually wake up to the fact that somehow or other everybody expects him to stay ahead. It becomes intolerable when he realizes deep down in his inmost being that he has n't the ghost of a chance. The boy's superiority is proclaimed at birth, and the rest of his life he is under the responsibility of living up to it, even though he may not have the ability to do so. It is much easier to be able to say with the girl, 'They don't expect anything of me. Would n't it astonish them if I really did something!' than to have to say with the boy, 'They insist on my being superior to half the rest of the world. How in heaven's name can I do it?'

By definition, then, the boy is superior at the outset of his life. When he goes from infancy into boyhood he accepts that definition as in the nature of things and does not bother his head particularly one way or the other. He simply basks in the sun of his good fortune, has things more or less his own way, and thoroughly enjoys himself. But very early indeed we find him driven to assert over and over

again his masculine superiority, and we begin to suspect that already the seed of doubt has taken root somewhere in the nebulous world of his subconscious being. One afternoon when I arrived at the nursery school which my daughter attends she was not quite dressed — she had yet to put on her shoes. A four-year-old fellow student offered to help her, but since she has a certain independence, and will not be interfered with, she flatly refused all aid from any source whatever. He was a polite little fellow and accepted his dismissal, but he turned to me and said, 'She can't do it, you know. She is just a girl.' Of course, in reality he was saying, 'See how superior I am and how comparatively helpless she is.' Already at the age of four he was beginning to feel the weight of manly responsibility and was voicing his protest of superiority. I wish to point out that his remark bore no relation to fact, for even before he finished it the shoes were actually on. His response to the situation, as I hope to make clear later, was identical with that of hundreds of grown men who find themselves in a similar position.

As the boy continues to grow and advance in school the doubt becomes active and troublesome. The fact that he is the male of the species does not solve his arithmetic problems. He comes upon the astonishing truth that the girls in the class can solve them with an ease and accuracy equal to if not surpassing his own. Wherein does his superiority lie? Not in scholarship, for what is true of arithmetic is also true of spelling, reading, composition, and so on. In social charm, the ability to get on well with others? But here again the girls equal or excel. In spiritual depth or imaginative vision? Again no. In physical prowess? Ah, there indeed he *is* superior. There,

then, must be his happy home. He is stronger than girls; he can fight. Maybe he can lick a fellow as big as he is. Thereto he bends his energies.

Perhaps the boy's leanings are toward scholarship or the arts, and he has a natural repugnance toward the exercise of brute force; that is true of many boys. But, should he pursue his interest in scholarship, he is under a double obligation: first, he must surpass the girls; second, he must exhibit physical power in order to offset any possible suspicion as to his virility. In the first, incentive is considerably reduced because, if he works hard and does surpass the girls, there is no particular glory in it; everybody expected him to do that anyway. With many a boy the obligation becomes too heavy to be borne, and he refuses altogether to compete. He stoutly declares that he is not interested in 'all that book stuff.' He feels himself forced into athletic pursuits because there he can demonstrate without too great difficulty or risk that superiority which everybody seems to take for granted, while he himself secretly entertains serious doubts of it. He is condemned, in other words, to live a lie. He must pretend that he has no interest in the activities that he likes best and must be enthusiastic about those in which he has no interest. If anyone questions this statement, he can find ample proof any day in the public schools of America.

A young friend of mine in preparatory school had been doing very well in football. I congratulated him. On an impulse, which I know perfectly well he regretted later, he told me that he hated football and wished from the bottom of his heart that he did not have to play.

'If you feel that way about it,' I asked, 'why on earth do you do it?

What do you mean when you say you have to?'

'Well, it makes a man of you,' he answered.

During the World War the same argument was often advanced by young enlisted men. Whatever happened, they said, if they survived it would certainly make men of them. Great indeed must be the doubt and the anxiety that find expression here!

The adolescent boy enjoys all sorts of privileges that are not accorded his sisters. Why? Solely because he is a male. He has a latchkey of his own. He comes and goes as he pleases. He can stay out late at night. He can choose the kind of work he wants to do, provided only he chooses a so-called man's job. That, of course, is very important. The young son of an acquaintance of mine has shown definite talent for music. His father is considerably disturbed and has positively forbidden the boy to take lessons on the violin. He'll be damned, he says, if any son of his is going to turn into one of those long-haired fiddler fellows. It is impossible to reason with him about it. He *knows* what he is doing.

The young man in his teens is keenly aware of the privileges accorded him and of the fact that his sisters do not have them. He knows it is because he is a male and somehow superior, but in masculine superiority he has increasingly less confidence. He feels uncomfortable because everybody expects it of him, and is sullen, defiant, and embarrassed by the burden of it. It torments him, but there is no escape from it, for he must never give himself away, never admit his doubts to a single soul—not even to himself. So he joins the other fellows at the corner drug store, where they bolster up one another's courage by telling smutty jokes and making smart-Aleck remarks about the girls who pass.

III

If we do not feel adequate to meet the demands life makes upon us, we must at all events *appear* to feel so. We try to convince others in the forlorn hope that thereby we may convince ourselves. One common and entirely futile method is the attempt to lift ourselves by lowering others. We all do it. We criticize Mrs. Smith's hat, because our own is not particularly becoming. The fact is that Mrs. Smith has better taste in hats than we have. Some obscure process of subconscious reasoning makes us imagine that by questioning the taste of Mrs. Smith we can confirm our own. It is a method constantly resorted to by man in his predicament.

Frequent expression of it is found within the bonds of matrimony. It makes an indifferent attempt to disguise itself as humor, but the disguise is very thin. Mr. and Mrs. Jones go about a great deal. You will not be long in their company before Mr. Jones makes a remark about Mrs. Jones's tendency toward criticism. He begins by telling a story and ends by saying in a jocular manner, 'Just wait until I get home and I'll catch it,' and then he laughs, rather loudly. Or he may say, 'My wife will rake me over the coals for that,' or, 'Well, she's always giving me hell about something.' He varies the wording from time to time, but the jocular manner and the exaggerated laugh are fairly constant. He admittedly does this to be humorous, sprightly, and entertaining. But whom does it amuse? His wife is embarrassed, other people are bored, and he alone enjoys whatever humor there is. It is an interesting phenomenon that something which embarrasses Mrs. Jones and bores the assembled company is so excruciatingly funny to Mr. Jones that he cannot refrain from

saying it over and over again. The psychologists tell us that one function of humor is release. Perhaps it temporarily eases the load that Mr. Jones carries within his breast if he can call attention to the frailties, real or imaginary, of someone else — namely, Mrs. Jones. Yet we cannot lift ourselves, even ever so little, by lowering someone else. It is psychologically an impossibility.

Sometimes the lowering process is not accompanied by anything remotely connected with humor, however thinly disguised. A man must feel superior to his wife. If he fears there are no grounds for feeling so, he may concentrate on trying to make her seem as inferior as possible. Mr. Brown belongs to this type. His ideal of a wife is a good cook. His imagination carries him no further than wife, the servant. Mrs. Brown must cook and clean for him, mend his clothes, darn his socks, wait on him in every conceivable way, — do everything, in short, that a regular servant would do, — if she is to be what Mr. Brown considers a good wife. If he is fortunate and makes money and competent servants are hired, she has no longer any very strong *raison d'être* so far as he is concerned. Often she does not understand what has happened and goes restlessly from one beauty parlor to another in a frantic effort to regain Mr. Brown's love, which she fears she has lost. Obviously she has never had it — because he had none to give. His capacity for it was buried alive in him years ago. He has no conception of the meaning of love between man and woman. Everything in his life, himself included, has been sacrificed to the demon of masculine superiority. You can find Mr. and Mrs. Brown along with the Joneses in the telephone book of practically every town and city in the country.

Another kind of attempt to appear superior is shown by a friend of mine who comes home for meals at any hour that happens to suit his fancy. Moreover, he wants the meal to be ready when he gets there; in fact, he insists upon it. He says in all frankness that nothing annoys him so much as having to wait for a meal. His time is valuable and he cannot afford to wait. He says so himself. In order to be perfectly sure that he will not have to wait, he has bamboozled the members of his family into being in the dining room, at the table, when he enters the front door. No time is wasted in front-hall greetings. He enjoys his meal and somehow finds an hour or so afterward to look over his paper, smoke his pipe, and take a few cat naps. I have often wondered how they manage in that household; whether they sit on after one meal in momentary anticipation of the next, perhaps making bets with one another as to when the next will be, or whether they divide the day into watches and take turns at the window, ready to signal the others to spring into their seats the moment the man's figure appears at the corner of the street. They must have worked out some system, for they live together in apparent harmony and peace.

The reasoning here is a little difficult. Just why the family waiting in the dining room should be a symbol of superiority is somewhat hard to comprehend. It has to do, I think, with the power of authority. Put simply, it is this: 'You must do thus and so, not for any real reason; in fact, you probably have a good reason not to. But you must do it anyway because I say so and I have the authority.'

A man *must* feel superior. If he does not, he reacts in all kinds of ways to compensate for his feeling of inadequacy, to voice his protest of superiority. Sometimes he drinks; sometimes

he becomes hard and cruel; sometimes he throws himself into his work with such fierce intensity you wonder he does not die of the strain. Or he may try to get a feeling of superiority by refusing point-blank to be put to the test. He avoids doing anything at all. For instance, he does not marry. He becomes a confirmed and somewhat petulant bachelor, or he falls in love with one girl after another, proposes, is accepted, and then wriggles out of the engagement and begins all over again. You will know him by his willingness to explain and justify his amorous misadventures and by his self-pity. He is continually being disillusioned and continually going back for fresh disillusionment. Again, he may concentrate on avoiding work. No sooner does he get a job than he realizes how absolutely unsuited it is to him and how entirely unsuited he is to it. It invariably turns out to be not the kind of work he wanted after all. By a process of perpetually moving from one job to another he successfully dodges the measuring rod of work. Sometimes he marries, and his difficulties increase. His wife is likely to have a full-time job just trying to make him carry on. Somehow, by hook or crook, she must produce in him a feeling of adequacy. Many wives make it their business to keep up a rather flimsy make-believe by all sorts of tricks and contrivances to prevent their husbands from collapsing altogether.

Here and there a man actually is inferior to his wife. She is cleverer than he and more capable, better adjusted to life, more adaptable. He is inclined to react to that situation in one or more of the various ways already mentioned. The simple and thoroughly mature point of view such a man almost never achieves. Seldom indeed can he say, 'There are probably plenty of people in the world superior to me,

many of them women. In some ways my wife may be. What of it? I am myself, and being oneself is job enough for anyone. I shall concentrate on that and not bother about those who are superior or inferior to me. What earthly difference does it make?’

It is commonly supposed that woman really wishes her man to be superior to her; conversely, that she enjoys, even desires, a position of inferiority herself. There is evidence to support this belief. Many a woman seems to accept and foster the notion of masculine superiority. For one thing, it is a convenient and easy way for her to escape her own responsibilities as a mature human being, and certainly there are plenty of maladjusted women in the world. But here we are not primarily concerned with the psychological evasions and inconsistencies of women. They have been adequately and exhaustively dealt with in any number of books, good, bad, and indifferent. Moreover, if woman really had a fundamental desire to be inferior to man, she would never have tried to emancipate herself at all. Being entirely satisfied with an inferior position, she would have felt no urge toward equal rights.

Whether man is in sober truth superior or inferior to woman is a question in which I have no interest whatever. Competition between the sexes seems to me a childish pastime and wholly beside the point. It is all very well to compete with one another as human beings; it is quite idle to compete as man and woman.

IV

When and why did man begin to be on the defensive about his relative importance? It is an open question, I suppose, and one guess is as good as another. Perhaps it goes back to primitive times, when the instinct for

race preservation was strong and active, and the belief in spontaneous generation gave rise to the notion that woman alone possessed the power of reproducing humankind. Man naturally felt left out, and, since the instinct was strong, it inevitably put him on the defensive. Certainly he must have tried to compensate for his feeling of unimportance, and he may have done it by some such unconscious reasoning as this: ‘Very well. We will give woman the sole power of reproduction, since we cannot as a matter of fact do anything else. She already has it. We will also give her all that has to do with that province. But everything else we will take ourselves.’ Very natural reasoning. Something rather sporting about it, too. If man had been able to leave it at that, perhaps things would have been all right for everybody. But his feeling of being left out and his consequent jealousy drove him one step further, and he has reiterated down through the ages that his province was the more important and that he himself was superior. The compulsion to take that last step was a dead give-away. People who really know themselves to be superior have no need to call attention to the fact; when we run across those who are constantly emphasizing it we have good reason to suspect them of feeling inadequate about something.

If man’s feeling of inadequacy does go back to primitive times, when there was sound reason for it, it has survived as a kind of psychological vermiform appendix — which ought to be removed as speedily as possible. I once mentioned something of this kind to a friend of mine. She replied, ‘Oh, but you would n’t take away his masculine superiority, would you? I think we should be careful not to do that. Where would he be without it?’ I am afraid she was a somewhat cynical

woman with little faith in her fellow creature, man. Where would he be without it, indeed! He would be in a much stronger and more comfortable position than he is now. I believe she did not consciously realize, in saying that a man's sense of superiority must not be taken away from him, that she was recognizing what an unstable foundation it rested upon. How else could it be taken away? Man has no genuine faith in it himself and rebels against the position in which it places him. So would anyone. Whatever reason he may have had for being on the defensive in the past, assuredly there is no reason for it now.

V

What is more splendid than the free spirit of a human being, simple, natural, unafraid, unhampered by the necessity of fulfilling impossible obligations imposed arbitrarily by the stupidity of society? It is a rare phenomenon. Adulthood has been defined as the ability to face reality. But man is seriously handicapped in his growth toward that maturity. Society will not permit him to grow up. He is born into an unreal situation, condemned to live in it, and not allowed to face the fact of his individuality or to find his place in the sun comfortably and on equal terms with the rest of humanity.

Now and then a very exceptional man can rise above it. There was one such man who had a famous mother, who married a distinguished woman, and who had one child, a very promising daughter. He was a charming and delightful man, but, so far as I know, no

one ever considered him in any way remarkable or ahead of his time. My estimate of him is based on the following circumstance. He attended a reception given for his wife. During conversation with a young person who had remarked upon the brilliance of his womenfolk he said, 'Yes, when I was a child I was known as the son of my mother; now that I am a man, I am known as the husband of my wife; in all probability I shall go to my grave as the father of my daughter. No other honor has ever been vouchsafed to me, but on the whole I have had a rather active life.' There was no spleen in the remark; humor, if you like, but genuine humor. He was a very remarkable man.

Let us have done with this nonsense about 'being a man'! Men contributed in no mean way to the emancipation of women, — it was they who gave women the vote, — and surely women should help men in their difficulties now, help them to get rid of their unnecessary burden of superiority. Turn about is fair play, and it is only right that women should do all in their power to foster the emancipation of man. We are not so different after all. Personally, I do not know a single girl or woman who has not a good share of frogs and snails and puppy-dog tails in her make-up, nor one man or boy who cannot lay claim to at least a touch of sugar and spice and all things nice. Our differences begin and end with biology, and if by some freak of evolution those differences were suddenly taken away from us, we should stand revealed as identical twins. Who could then point to us and say with certainty, 'This one is Woman; that one, Man'?

LOST: THE GENTLE READER

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I

It is one of the most upsetting moments of life when one discovers that some taste, habit, or standard of judgment which one has trusted for years and supposed to be universal is not really universal at all, but is merely a personal eccentricity. For example, you have grown accustomed to a certain kind of hat which you consider both rakish and practical. If the question were raised, you would take your oath that, within a week, you had seen a dozen well-dressed men wearing precisely that sort of headgear. But when you go to a hatter's to renew your stock the clerks all stare at you in dull incomprehension. Finally some feeble old man is haled from the rear of the shop to admit that he knows what you have in mind, but to add, without interest, 'We no longer have any call for that style.' A canvass of other shops produces the same result, until slowly you are faced by two sombre conclusions: either you have always been more or less of a crank where hats were concerned, or else the swift passage of time has left you behind — an outmoded buck, a pathetic survival.

This is very much the state of mind in which I find myself to-day as I turn the pages of our magazines, saunter through the bookshops, or glance at the lists of new publications. For many years I fondly believed that my taste in reading matter, while not necessarily universal, was at least shared by

a considerable body of agreeable men and women. Now I gaze around me in increasing bewilderment as I ask, Is it possible that I am the only living American who still likes *quiet* stories? In my own person do I represent the entire surviving public for amiable, leisurely novels about amiable, leisurely people, doing amiable, leisurely things? Am I, in short, the last incarnation of that once courted and ubiquitous individual, 'the gentle reader'?

II

Originally, I suppose, this adjective 'gentle' was used in a sense quite different from that which it later acquired. It carried the same idea that appears in the words 'gentility' and 'gentry.' Thus, when an author of the eighteenth century addressed his 'gentle readers,' it was with the slightly sardonic flourish with which he might have said, 'My lords and masters.' But for a hundred years or more I am sure that the term 'gentle reader' has had very nearly the meaning in which I am using it here. One thinks of a gentle reader as one might think of a gentle horse or a gentle breeze. Even to-day the half-forgotten phrase would probably call up to most minds the same set of images — of a bookish, timid old parson fussing harmlessly around the shelves of his library, of a sturdy, middle-aged country gentle-

woman with sun hat and garden shears, or possibly of a twittering, timorous maiden of the 1840's seated in a boudoir decorated in the manner of a lace-paper valentine.

The justice of these images I am willing to admit. Offhand, they would probably be my own, but the true race of gentle readers — whether at present it is extinct or is merely submerged — was once not at all confined to such types as these. I have known a grizzled old colonel of the regular army who, when off duty, was a gentle reader of the gentlest kind. I have known small boys and girls who were gentle readers. In fact, at the age of ten I was one myself. Old-time lawyers, almost to a man, were gentle readers, and so were many old-time physicians. One of the few unformed examples of the gentle reader that I know to-day is night telegraph operator at a lonely railroad station in upper New York. In appearance he is a great, burly man, and during the daytime he ekes out his income by making screen doors, but his taste in reading, if not his range, would be practically identical with that of William Dean Howells. On the other hand, I have known old ladies over eighty who were anything but gentle readers, and plenty of maidens in boudoirs who had no patience with any of the tenets of the gentle reader's faith.

III

No, gentle readers cannot be distinguished from ungente, precipitous, or ordinary readers by any lines of age, occupation, or class. The difference lies wholly in the kinds of books toward which their hands naturally stray and the kinds of pleasure which they seek in reading. An ordinary reader sits up at night to 'finish' a book. A gentle reader becomes so much a part of his book that he dreads the moment when it will

be finished. An ordinary reader would think you mad if you suggested that he read the same book twice. A gentle reader, if he loves a book, loves it more and more on the second, the fifth, or the twentieth reading. An ordinary reader approaches a story in the attitude in which he would approach a peep show or a street fight. All he wants to know is what it is 'about' and how it 'comes out,' and if the author does n't tell him *pronto* there is no more author. A gentle reader, on the contrary, approaches a story in the attitude in which he would approach a week-end in the country. It is the little things that delight him, not the big ones — the tang of the mountain air, so to speak, the first sound of a cowbell on a twilight hillside, the scent of new soap on the guest-room washstand.

An ordinary reader likes fuss and motion in his stories, turmoil and anguish. He likes to see characters get into trouble and then get out again. In popular stories he likes to have people break into fisticuffs on the least provocation or throw each other off rafts into rivers. In stories of a more literary type he likes prolonged suffering — infidelity, loss of fortune, or the slow decay of a fine old family.

On the other hand, a gentle reader hates trouble in his books as he hates it in life. He loves not only happy endings but happy beginnings and happy incidents all the way through. He takes the position that if he were to spend a real week-end in the country his enjoyment would not be increased by a host who met him at the station with the announcement, 'Bob, I'm sorry to have to tell you, but I have decided to kill both the children.' His sense of rest and relaxation would not be heightened by finding, when he went to his room, that his bag had been rifled. It would actively embarrass him at dinner to perceive that his

hostess was in love with the butler and it would not at all be his idea of climax to receive a telegram on Monday morning stating that his affairs were being investigated by the governors of the stock exchange. Yet to some writers and to some readers that would apparently be an ideal week-end.

It is, however, on the points of recognition and plausibility that gentle readers and other readers most definitely split. The ordinary reader likes to find in books things that he has never seen or heard of before, and if the author says that they are possible he is willing to let it go at that. A gentle reader, on the contrary, best likes a book when it touches on things with which he himself is familiar, when he can constantly check and compare it with his own experience. It was, perhaps, wrong to say that the gentle reader will not accept trouble and excitement in his stories. It is more correct to say that he mistrusts or resents them unless they are offset and mitigated by the kindly compensations or the bumbling absurdities which he has observed to be outstanding factors in ordinary life. Above all, a gentle reader loves anticlimax, a thing most readers abominate and abhor.

To illustrate: here is a simple passage in a style that would be agreeable to the ordinary reader of popular fiction: —

Wilkinson and I turned into the darkened roadway and progressed for about half a mile. Overhead the great trees shut out even the faint, remaining starlight and on the horizon heat lightning flickered from time to time. Unconsciously we found ourselves drawing closer and closer together, although not a word had been spoken. Suddenly I felt Wilkinson's fingers on my arm and with our hearts in our mouths we both stopped. Ahead of us, in the darkness, loomed a strange shape. Without a sound Wilkinson pulled me under a furze bush and as we dropped together I felt the cold steel of his automatic brush by my hand.

Here is the same passage in a style that would attract an ordinary reader of more 'literary' type: —

Wilkinson and I turned into the darkened roadway and progressed in silence for about half a mile. Overhead the great trees shut out even the faint, remaining starlight and on the horizon heat lightning flickered from time to time. Unconsciously we found ourselves drawing closer and closer together, although not a word had been spoken. Suddenly I felt Wilkinson's fingers on my arm and with our hearts in our mouths we both stopped. Ahead of us, in the darkness, loomed a strange shape. I saw it. I swear to Heaven that I saw it. And I knew that Wilkinson had seen it, else he would not have grasped my arm. Yet I also knew that I *had n't* seen it. I knew that Wilkinson had n't seen it. Each of us knew that the other had both seen it and not seen it. With a poor stab at casualness Wilkinson lighted a cigarette. To this hour I can see the deep lines in his face as, for a moment, they showed in the flare of the match. 'Rotten night,' he said, curtly.

And finally here is the same passage as a gentle reader would like to have it: —

Wilkinson and I turned into the darkened roadway and progressed in silence for about half a mile. Overhead the great trees shut out even the faint, remaining starlight and on the horizon heat lightning flickered from time to time. Unconsciously we found ourselves drawing closer and closer together, although not a word had been spoken. Suddenly I felt Wilkinson's fingers on my arm and with our hearts in our mouths we both stopped. Ahead of us in the darkness loomed a strange shape. Convulsively Wilkinson drew me to the side of the road, then abruptly I heard him snicker. 'It's Miss Dalrymple's cow!'

IV

From these brief summaries and samples it can be seen that the gentle reader makes no great demands either on the talents of the author or on the

temerity of the publisher. He would seem to be a very easy person to satisfy. But somebody, apparently, has decided that he no longer exists, or that, if he does exist, he must not be encouraged. As Gentle Reader No. 1, the last of the race, I still look hopefully in the magazines every month and in the publishers' lists every spring and fall. Occasionally I think that I am about to be rewarded. I find a story which starts out splendidly in the grand old style. All the familiar properties are present, — the friendly village, the agreeable people, the dash of humor, the smiling landscape, — but all too soon I see signs that I know and fear. A smooth stranger enters the village and I know that he is going to rob the bank. Father comes home with a tired look on his face and I know that the business is going to fail. Mary begins to get petulant with John and I know that I have a story of 'domestic readjustment' on my hands.

Even when some misguided author actually does write a story for the gentle reader, the publisher makes every effort to see that it never reaches him. 'For heaven's sake!' he exclaims, as he rushes to his publicity man. 'Here is a story with no plot or action, no deaths, and no sex. Cover it up, before anyone finds it out.' So the publicity man takes the simple little story and writes this announcement: —

SHE was a woman torn and seared by the taut-wire existence of an overstrained civilization. HE was a man dulled and beaten by the intrigues and tangles of business life. In *The Potato Patch*, by J. Leslie Jones, read how they faced this situation and found ultimate ecstasy on the broad bosom of Mother Earth.

And with that announcement he successfully scares off from the story the only readers who could possibly enjoy it.

But matters were not always thus. Up to about fifteen years ago the gentle reader was a person of recognized importance, and a flourishing industry existed to supply his needs. To name books for others is almost as dangerous a business as recommending servants, but I think that I am on safe ground when I say that if all the gentle readers of the past half century were asked to vote for their favorite volume the winner would probably be *Huckleberry Finn*. That story has all the elements that most delight a gentle reader — casualness, humor, naturalness, vivid descriptions, and, most of all, a magnificent leisure. To be sure, there are adventures, but even Huck himself states that they were not half as important as the simple days and nights of just drifting down the river. There are even crooks, — 'The King' and 'The Duke,' — but they are such ineffectual slobes of crooks that nobody minds.

Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner were, of course, authors laureate of the gentle-reader period, and, although it might not occur to many fellow members of the tribe, I have always considered *David Harum* a gentle-reader book. To my mind it still remains the best picture in fiction of modern rural America, with a light and shade, a pure naturalness, that keep it miles above the many 'hick' and 'character' stories that have succeeded it.

The fiction and half fiction of 'David Grayson' and Walter Prichard Eaton belong to the latter end of the gentle-reader period, and, to step aside for a moment in true gentle-reader fashion, it may be practically taken for granted that any book illustrated by Thomas Fogarty is a gentle-reader book. Outside of America, the works of Jerome K. Jerome and the Irish hunting stories of Somerville and Ross belong preëminently in the gentle-reader class, but

with these names, plucked out of memory utterly at random, I have only hinted at the great mass of stories which, year after year and quite as a matter of course, were once produced for the benefit of the gentle reader. Any true member of the fraternity could instantly match them with a list of his own.

Is there any small boy to-day who has read *Phaeton Rogers*, by Ros-siter Johnson, or *The Story of a Bad Boy* — Thomas Bailey Aldrich's, not Peck's? Is there any adult who remembers *Her Ladyship's Elephant* or the works of 'J. P. Mowbray' or *The Cruise of — The Cruise of —* Well, anyway, it was by Arthur Colton. As the actual last Roman of them all I would name Zephine Humphrey. Her *Winterwise*, which I have read not less than fourteen times, appeared, I believe, as late as 1927.

The fact that in so many cases I remember the name of the author but not of the story is highly significant, because in one other particular the gentle reader differs from the ordinary reader — he likes to feel the presence of the author. Most readers resent the presence of the author. They are impatient at his soliloquies, they skip all his 'asides.' They like to feel that their books were produced by magic by an unknown hand. To the gentle reader, however, one of the chief values of a book is a constant sense of the author in the background, provided, naturally, that he is an agreeable and companionable chap. 'Companionable' would, in fact, be the best one-word description of a gentle-reader book.

V

Now in cold fact, of course, I have no real belief that gentle readers are extinct or have even greatly altered their tastes. Such a conservative and slow-

moving lot of people could not be dislodged by every changing fashion. Then what are they doing and why is their influence no longer visible in American fiction?

To these questions a 'student of the times,' one of those persons who observe 'trends' and 'tendencies,' would have a ready answer. 'My dear man,' he would say, 'are you unaware of the fact that we have been through the greatest war in history and that at present the whole world is sorely tried and upset? You personally may wish to hide your head in the sand, like the ostrich, and read pleasant little pastorals of a bygone age, but most readers are made of sterner stuff. Knowing that literature should reflect its age, they find that a grim, writhing world is best reflected in a grim, writhing literature.'

At many times and in many ways I have heard this argument, but it seems to me to display an amazingly flattering idea of the spirit in which the average person sits down with a book after supper. It is like saying that a man who was going through a long siege with ulcerated teeth could no longer be contented outside the dentist's chair — that he would go there and sit for the fun of it after hours. And if this theory is true of gentle readers, why is it true of no other class of readers? It is not noticeable that the state of continental Europe has had any effect on the consumption of ranch romances or that the depression of the dollar has checked the flood of sex literature.

The student of the times would also probably say that the gentle reader of to-day is reading other things than fiction — namely, the biographies, memoirs, travel diaries, and historical sketches, the sudden popularity of which has been one of the wonders of the modern publishing world. With

this statement I would entirely agree. That is exactly what the gentle reader *is* doing, but I would only partially accept the belief that he is doing it in order to 'keep in touch with the world.' I believe that a more potent reason lies in the fact that in such books he has found the maturity, the restraint, and the mental congeniality that he no longer finds in any class of American fiction. And this is due, I believe, to one of those odd developments which can be easily recognized after they are over but are not at all visible while they are in progress.

VI

In all the foregoing it will have been apparent that the person whom I have affectionately called 'the gentle reader' is really, in most respects, no one but the conservative, upper-middle-class reader. I use the latter term not in any social or economic sense, but to designate the person whose culture and tastes are somewhat above the appeal of purely popular stories but who is not fiercely 'modern' or 'literary.' I mean the person who is still reminiscently fond of Longfellow, yet would not balk at a few pages of Henry James.

Until about thirty years ago there was no such gap between popular and other literature as exists to-day. Readers did not defiantly class themselves as either 'highbrow' or 'lowbrow.' They were simply readers. Writers also regarded themselves as members of a single craft. To be sure, there had always been a claptrap, backstairs sort of fiction which intelligent readers regarded with scorn or a smile and to which hack writers contributed with their tongues frankly in their cheeks, but even this class of fiction aped the airs and manners of good writing. It was merely literature in a soiled silk

dress. Above this very low level all writers were moved by the same general aspirations and went about their work in much the same way. All of them secretly wanted to be great writers and a few of them ultimately were. Others attained an immense popularity without notable merit, but in both cases the spirit of approach was the same. Writers of both classes wrote as well as they could, and fate made the decision as to the category into which they should fall.

In the early years of this century, however, there was an increasing tendency to draw a sharp line between popular and academic fiction, as different arts practised with different aims, and curiously it was not the academicians but the followers of popular fiction who insisted on drawing the line. For, with the age of 'best sellers' and the growth of great popular magazines, the popular authors became distinctly top dog. They did not want to be confused with their somewhat musty and usually impecunious brothers of the older cloth. It was widely regarded as a more vigorous and laudable ambition to write for the many than for the few. And unquestionably it was more profitable. Readers also fell into the same general attitude, and when the terms 'highbrow' and 'lowbrow' were coined it was the latter which carried with it a ring of pride.

For some time this state of affairs did not make any real difference, because what was then called 'popular' fiction was merely what had been called 'general' fiction ten or fifteen years before. It included all sorts of stories except the most *précieux* or abstruse, and some of the popular writers were also the best writers of their time. Popular readers were also assumed to be all readers below the definitely literary class, and, to return to our original point, some of the best gentle-

reader stories of their day appeared in popular magazines.

Unhappily this early heyday did not long continue, and at the opening of the 1920's it was distinctly noticeable that frankly popular fiction was narrowing its lines. For, after all, a huge general public must contain many persons who are not readers by nature or habit and who can be kept as readers only as long as their curiosity or emotions are aroused. To accomplish this end the 'plot and action story' was apparently the most successful device. With greater and greater conviction popular fiction clung to it all through the 1920's, and, although there are now some slight signs of wavering, it will probably continue to be the mainstay of popular fiction until the spectacular success of some other form of story upsets its dominance.

The plot and action story is not necessarily a mystery or adventure tale. It may be a village love story, it may deal with real or pseudo international society, or it may be pure farce. It must, however, follow with some faithfulness a fixed form of writing. It should have a spirited or, possibly, bizarre opening to capture attention. It should then pose some situation or difficulty which one or more of the characters must solve. The action must advance with greater and greater intensity to a strongly marked climax, and, if possible, the story should end with an epigrammatic or whip-snap last line. Above all, the story must proceed by actual events, not by dialogue or by the thoughts and impressions of the characters. Charm and atmosphere may exist incidentally, but must be quickly stepped on if they give signs of holding up the action.

Whether or not it is true that a popular audience will accept no form of story except this is a question that has

been argued over and over again by writers, editors, and publishers. The stage, the radio, and even the movies are already giving some evidence that it is not true, but I have no desire to continue the argument here. I merely wish to point out that the plot and action story is directly hostile to all those qualities in which the gentle reader most delights. It has no room for the studied inconsequence, the whimsical byplay, and the tapering, inconclusive endings which he believes to be a reflection of life. Especially such a reader misses the cultivation of atmosphere for its own sake and lingering, affectionate descriptions of nature or of human beings of his own kind. In brief, the more firmly popular fiction became cemented to the plot and action story, the more steadily did it lose the interest of the gentle reader.

As might be expected, these conditions in popular fiction have not gone unchallenged, but unfortunately the revolt has been of a kind that has left the gentle or middle-class reader worse off than before. Ever since the days just after the war, the 'younger generation' writers, the modernists, the realists, and the intellectuals, as they have been variously called, have been hammering fiercely both at popular fiction and at what has remained of conservative writing of the older style, but, with the usual zeal of rebels, they have gone as far in one direction as popular fiction has gone in the other. The gentle reader finds as little to attract him in what seem to him to be the heavily mannered or ugly, brusque styles of the new writers, their exotic subjects, and their general preoccupation with sordidness and sex, as he finds in the plot and action story. If it is difficult for him to be convinced of the reality of Two-Gun Pete of the Bar X Ranch, it is equally difficult for him to believe that all of Europe and

most of America are living continually in sin.

In other words, the gap in America between purely popular and purely serious fiction has been steadily widening for fifteen years and the gentle or upper-middle-class readers have fallen squarely into the gap. They are the only readers to whom nobody, today, is paying any attention. Popular fiction, no doubt, regards them as numerically insignificant, and the new school of writers would dismiss them with one word — stodgy. The result is that they have turned to explorations in Brazil and the *Life of Savonarola*.

VII

And is this situation to go on unchanged? I certainly do not know. It may be that I have overestimated the number of gentle readers or the strength of their natural convictions, but I do not think so. There were too

many of them everywhere, only a few years ago.

It is highly possible that American writers and American publishers may eventually discover that they have made the same mistake that was made during the boom days by American industrialists and American financiers — that in the race for huge markets and new consumers they have forgotten the small but intensely loyal group that was their natural, basic consumer class. For, whatever else the gentle reader may be, he is always loyal, and no matter what happens, through prosperity and depression, he is always a reader. He needs no spur or inducement to pick up a book, and, in the salesman's phrase, he is a natural repeater. Furthermore, probably more steadily than readers of any other class, he has the willingness and ability to buy. But he is not buying now because, in fiction at least, no one is producing his kind of books.

ON THE LAST FRONTIER

BY CHARLES ADAM JONES

I

ALMOST as far back as I can remember, the frontier cast its spell over my imagination. When I was a lad of fourteen, my parents moved from Georgia, where I had been born, to Kansas City, Missouri, which at that time was a town of little more than 32,000 people on the outer fringe of civilization. It pleased me greatly to be so near the real West, of which I had read many exciting stories in the dime novels of the period. In 1874, John G. McCoy published his book, *The Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest*. It was not in any sense a literary classic, and its illustrations were woodcuts as crude as any ever printed, but to an adolescent boy it was a thrilling volume, for it gave a true picture of life on the prairies. From the day I read it I nursed but one ambition — a hope that some day I myself might have a chance to go out to the frontier.

The opportunity came early in 1878, when Dave Mastin purchased the old T-Heart Ranch in southeastern Colorado, on Carrizo Creek, a tributary of the Dry Cimarron in near-by New Mexico. One of his first moves was to buy several carloads of shorthorn bulls from the neighborhood of Smithville, Missouri. He agreed that I, together with Josh Proctor, my cousin, George Jones, and another boy of about our age, could go to the ranch with these bulls and remain there to

try to become a cowboy at a wage of fifteen dollars a month. Being then barely seventeen years old, I was delirious with excitement, feeling that I was at last about to play a man's part in the world. I had read of the big six-shooters that every self-respecting frontiersman carried in his belt, and determined to equip myself with one. Straining my purse to the limit, I bought a long-framed 41-calibre gun which seemed to me a young cannon. I had never before seen anything larger than a 38, and I intended to show the Westerners what a real gun was. Later, when I caught sight of their 44's and 45's, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and my gun was never flashed.

The bulls were loaded at the stockyards, and a space was boarded off in the end of one car for five ponies that were to go with us. Among them was my own pony, Buckskin, which I had used for riding to school. He had been raised on the prairies, and was now going back. Mr. Mastin took me aside and told me he wanted me to take charge of the cattle and see that they were safely landed at Las Animas, Colorado, where some cow hands from the ranch would meet us; we boys were then to help in the drive to the ranch, some eighty miles south of that place. He said he wanted me to realize the responsibility. I think he told the same story to each of the others, and cer-

tainly his little stratagem had its effect. Every time the train stopped we were out of the caboose with our prod poles to make sure none of the bulls got down.

It was understood that the stock would be unloaded at either Hutchinson or Nickerson, where the Santa Fe maintained yards for feeding and watering in transit. But before we reached Hutchinson the conductor informed us that the yards were undergoing repairs and that it would be impossible to unload there; something was also wrong at Nickerson. There was no use trying to communicate with Mastin — in those days telephones were unknown, and we realized he could do nothing anyway. The cattle, however, must soon have food and water, and we finally decided to stop off at Great Bend.

At that point there was no regular force to do anything, but we managed to get the cattle out of the cars and into the pens — only to find that the pens had no water in them. The Arkansas River was near by, but we were warned that it was full of quicksands which often swallowed up the stock that came there to drink. We went up to town and bought some heavy whips, hoping that we could keep the bulls from standing in one place long enough to bog down beyond recovery; but by this time they were maddened by thirst and, once out of the gates, they broke in a run for the water, where, in spite of all we could do, they stood belly deep until they had drunk their fill. I was in torture, feeling certain that we should lose some of them, but eventually they all floundered out and were easily penned up again, and we soon had plenty of hay for them. We were as hungry as the bulls, and I shall never forget the breakfast of ham and eggs, and then more ham and eggs, which we obtained at a shanty called 'Traveler's Rest.'

All that day strange, rough-looking men sauntered over to the pens and lingered about; I knew later that they had merely come to look at the stock, but my lively imagination pictured them as cattle thieves such as I had read about, and I feared that when night fell they would settle down to business and make off with our bulls. Since there were no locks on the gates to the pens, I stood guard all night while my companions slept. I was weighed down with the sense of my responsibility, but nothing happened. A freight train was due to come through and pick us up at five-twenty in the morning, so about three o'clock I woke up the other boys and we got busy herding the cattle back into the cars. We had no time to spare, but were ready when the train arrived. I was worn out, and had little chance to rest in the crowded caboose.

II

We reached Las Animas, our destination, early on a certain Sunday morning. The sun was glorious in a clear sky, and as I stepped out and took my first deep breath of the pure, invigorating air of Colorado my whole body tingled with a sense of perfect well-being. Moreover, when I realized that it was Sunday and that I did not have to go to church either that day or any other so far as I could see into the future, I felt utterly free, the complete master of myself. This was a boy's natural reaction against the excessively rigid control to which I had hitherto been subjected. For many years thereafter I had no opportunity to go to church even had I wanted to, for my subsequent life on the plains, and later in the mountains, was conditioned and limited by all the circumstances of that rough, frontier country. These circumstances were

summed up in a ribald saying, current in those days: 'No church beyond Great Bend — no God beyond Pueblo.'

Las Animas was near old Fort Bent, the first and most famous of the frontier forts, which by that time had been renamed Fort Lyon. This outpost was the spearhead of campaigns against the Indians, and it played a major part in the subjugation of the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, and other tribes in that region. We arrived to find no sign of the cowboys from the T-Heart Ranch who were supposed to meet us. Communication was very slow in those days and the message had evidently been delayed in reaching them. We were told that there was good grass about two miles from town, as well as water 'in the ditch,' so we herded the bulls out there, holding them with the mounts we had brought along. Without going into details concerning the adventures and mishaps which followed this unexpected turn of events, suffice it to say that two days later four of the world's softest tenderfeet struck out for the ranch eighty miles away, driving the bulls before them. The next morning, to our enormous relief, the cowboys from the ranch met us and took full charge.

Henceforth all was lovely. With the burden of responsibility lifted from our shoulders, we became boys again and enjoyed to the full every strange new scene and each trivial episode. The country abounded in game. There were many antelopes, as well as deer, bears, and mountain lions. The last buffalo seen in those parts had been killed the preceding fall — shot by John Darby from the door of the log cabin which was our ranch headquarters. On rising one morning, he looked out and saw a lone buffalo bull standing on the bank of Carrizo Creek, and dropped him in his tracks with a long rifle shot. Our curiosity

was mightily aroused by his bones, which still remained. About the ranch, rattlesnakes, centipedes, and tarantulas were plentiful, but the cowboys seemed to fear them less than the skunks, every one of which was looked upon as a potential 'hydrophobia skunk,' whose bite results in rabies of the most virulent type. Few men were ever known to have been bitten, but all lived in perpetual dread that they might be.

Our food was of the coarsest, consisting chiefly of sowbelly, hot biscuits, and coffee, with an occasional taste of fresh beef when a calf was killed. There was also a keg of fermented 'lick,' the universal cowboy name for syrup. At rare intervals we had beans, and even less frequently potatoes. Strange as it may seem, no attempt was ever made to raise vegetables on the ranch, it being considered beneath the dignity of cowpunchers to wield a hoe. They would endure hardship without murmur and never quit on any job, however difficult, so long as they were mounted, but the moment they left the saddle they seemed to become suddenly and completely emasculated. Strange, too, was the fact that we had very little milk. Sometimes we would bring in some of the half-wild cows from the range and attempt to milk them, but it was hardly worth the effort. The hind legs of each cow had to be securely tied before she could be approached with a tin cup for a milking vessel, and then, after wrestling and fighting with her, one was lucky if he got as much as a pint of milk, for the cattle had no feed except range grass. This circumstance helps explain the wit of one wag who said of the plains country, 'Out there they have more rivers and less water, more cows and less milk, you can look further and see less, than anywhere else on earth.'

III

In those days there were no fences on the plains, and cowmen cared little about the ownership of land — except that around water holes. Without fences to keep the herds separate, the only means of identification were the brands on the cattle. At that time the ranchers allowed their hands to run private brands of their own — a practice which was subject to vast abuse and was later stopped. For it was the common custom to regard a maverick (an animal without marks or brands) as the legitimate prize of the first man who roped it and put his own brand upon it — but he must already possess at least a few cattle of his own to justify the claim. Thus a cow hand who had, say, ten head of cattle in his own right felt no compunctions about appropriating a maverick, even though the presumption was strong that it had been dropped by one of the cows among the ranch owner's thousands. There was a law on the books of Colorado saying that if a maverick was found in a round-up the foreman thereof should sell it to the highest bidder for the benefit of the county school fund, but no one had ever heard of such a sale taking place, and it was the deadest statute in existence.

The Far West always had more than its share of eccentrics. One reason for this was that there were so few people scattered throughout that vast territory. Human beings are gregarious animals, and when they are cut off from their fellow men for long stretches of time or are forced to endure the companionship of just a few familiars it is no wonder that many of them become a little 'queer.' The loneliest occupation I know anything about is sheep herding, which compels a man to remain in utter isolation for days and weeks on end. Not far from the

T-Heart Ranch, as distances go in that part of the world, there was a sheep camp occupied by one man. He lived in a sort of cave under a projecting rock; it was more like an animal lair than a human habitation. At long-spaced intervals he would ride over to the ranch just to hear the sound of a human voice, then return and 'den up' until his loneliness again became insupportable.

An eccentric of another kind was an outlaw of the Cimarron country who 'got religion' after running amuck for years. In his time he had rustled many a calf, but now he felt the call to preach and nothing would do but he must confess his sins. He began by going to an old man named Wilcox, telling him that at such and such a time he had made off with two of his steer calves. Of course he expected Wilcox to forgive him the debt and cheer him on his exalted way, but the old fellow said: 'Well, Ferd, that year steer calves were worth about twenty dollars, so, counting interest, you owe me about fifty dollars.' The new-fledged evangelist paid up, but we heard of no more confessions.

Time meant nothing on the ranch; frequently we did not know what day of the week it was, and sometimes even the month was a matter of uncertainty. It made no difference. We lived in a little world of our own, so completely out of touch with any other that great events could take place without our knowledge. One summer day, for example, we were working cattle when, about mid-afternoon, peculiar shadows fell over the earth, continuing to deepen until we were left in total darkness. He who has never experienced a total eclipse of the sun without warning cannot understand the mingled feelings of awe and apprehension which the event may inspire. Even the cattle seemed to be

affected. We started for the ranch house, but before we arrived the shadows had passed and the bright sunshine returned. We were so mystified, however, that we did not go back to work that day. I learned later that it was the eclipse of July 29, 1878, of which people in the cities and towns had doubtless been forewarned, even to the minute.

IV

The old Santa Fe Trail passed within about fifteen miles of the ranch, and it was clearly defined by a broad, winding strip of sunflowers, which for some reason had sprung up wherever the ground had been broken by wagon traffic. On one occasion I made a trip to town over the trail on horseback. I was quite alone, and it took me the greater part of two days. During the whole time I saw no other soul and no habitation except the old abandoned place at Shell Canyon, where there was an alkali water seep and where 'Old Man' Shell had been killed. I had intended to spend the night there, but abandoned places are more desolate than the bare prairies and I went on to Alkali Hole.

On the return trip I had an experience which came near proving serious. At the livery stable in town I had renewed acquaintance with a man named Williams who had once been at the ranch. He told me he had a bunch of horses to take down into New Mexico and suggested that I help him drive them along the trail, since he was going my way as far as Peeled Pine Canyon. It was such a lonely trip that I gladly agreed, so we drove the horses all day and made camp together that night. Next morning we separated, he cutting across country for the Cimarron region.

It was some time later when I learned that the horses had been

stolen, and that Williams was trailed, caught, and hanged the day after we parted. Had the posse overtaken us a day earlier, I should probably have shared the same fate. In those days horse stealing was considered a greater crime than murder, and it is doubtful whether I could have convinced the outraged pursuers that my connection with Williams was purely accidental. There had been nothing about his actions to make me suspicious, and his possession of the horses seemed natural enough, since he was known throughout the ranch country as a horse trader. I doubt whether he himself realized the jeopardy he was putting me in.

Overhasty vigilantes had been known to make mistakes, for their tactics were to act first and ask questions afterward. I heard about one instance when they got the wrong man and discovered it before his body was quite cold. On such occasions etiquette required that the newly made widow be apprised of what had happened, with due explanations and apologies; so the posse rode up to the ranch house of their victim, and the spokesman, hat in hand, set matters right by saying, 'Well, madam, the joke's on us!'

I remained on the T-Heart Ranch until September 1878, when I was approaching my eighteenth birthday. During this period I had developed physically and had enjoyed life immensely, but I began to see that I could never hope to become rich on my wages of fifteen dollars a month. When word came out of the mountains to the westward that a second Leadville was developing in the San Juan country, where men were in great demand at three dollars and a half a day, I determined to go there — and did. I tried my hand at mining, and eventually bought and edited a newspaper, the *Dolores News*, in the boom town of Rico, Colorado. Later still I re-

turned to Kansas City, where for many years I was associated with one of the large packing houses until, unexpectedly, a new opening sent me back to my first love — the cattle country.

V

It was in 1907 that E. P. and S. A. Swenson of New York, together with some associates, purchased the Spur Ranch in the southern Panhandle of Texas, and installed me as manager to take charge of it. The ranch comprised 673 square miles of land in one body, covering substantial parts of four counties — Dickens, Kent, Garza, and Crosby. On it ranged 25,000 head of cattle, with some sixty cowboys to work them and several hundred horses to mount the outfit.

The manager's residence at ranch headquarters was a comfortable, one-story building called the 'White House,' constructed of lumber hauled from historic old Fort Griffin in 1884. Here I established myself in August, and was joined two months later by my wife.

My first job was to acquire first-hand knowledge of the land itself, and in general to acquaint myself with the cow outfits and with the details of ranch operation. I wanted also to meet the few settlers within our territory, as well as our neighbors along the approximately two hundred miles of boundary fence. Since there were few roads in those days, and no automobiles, all my rounds had to be made on horseback. It was a horseback job anyway.

The Spur Ranch, so named because the outline of a spur was its brand, lay partly on the Llano Estacado, or staked plains, but chiefly in the rolling country below 'The Caprock,' — generally known locally as 'The Cap,' — the precipitous dividing line between the plains and the breaks. It is a region

of comparatively high altitudes, ranging from around 2000 feet at our southern line to about 2600 at the northern line. The climate runs to extremes in both directions. In summer the temperature may rise as high as 116 degrees, but since it is very dry there is no enervating effect, and heat prostrations and sunstrokes are absolutely unknown. Because of the altitude, the nights are cool. In winter, zero weather is not unusual, and I have known the mercury to fall to 17 below.

When we first went there, we were pretty effectually cut off from the rest of the world. It was about ninety miles to the nearest railroad. We had a telephone line of a sort, precariously attached to fence posts, mesquite trees, or anything that afforded a little elevation, and it was maintained in some fashion by each ranch between us and Seymour, more than one hundred miles away. To make a call over the line was always a gamble, with heavy odds against success. We could not ring straight through, but had to get help as we stepped along. First we had to call Dickens, a small town at the edge of the ranch, then Dickens would ring the Pitchforks, the Pitchforks would ring Guthrie, Guthrie would ring the Scab 8^s, the Scab 8^s would ring Benjamin, Benjamin would ring Seymour.

To complete the links in this chain was a great undertaking, often requiring hours, and once it was accomplished the chances were that we could neither hear nor make ourselves heard. Some wag has said that if you ring a number in a city you get nobody; in the country you ring a number and get everybody. So it was with us, and it helped tremendously. The hunger for bits of news or gossip was appeased whenever an opportunity presented itself, and at every phone along the line willing ears and voices relayed our messages stage by stage. Such was

our method of communication under the most favorable circumstances. We could not use the telephone at all in wet weather, or even when there was a trace of moisture in the air. The lightest rain would ground the current somewhere at the thousands of contacts with damp fence posts.

VI

The management of the ranch was extremely interesting to me. It was like going back home. Range practices, I discovered, were unchanged; the round-ups, the roping, branding, earmarking, and castrating of cattle, were just the same as they had always been, and always will be. Cow hands, whatever else their disadvantages, are safe from the competition of machinery.

As I have said, we had some sixty cow hands to look after the ranch, and they were as fine a bunch of men as one could hope to know. The territory over which they ranged measured about forty miles from east to west between boundary fences; from north to south the distance was about twenty-five miles in the east pasture block and about eighteen in the west pasture block — making the total of 673 square miles. This figure always seemed to me to give a better idea of the extent of the ranch than to say that it comprised 437,000 acres.

To look after the affairs of this great cattle empire, most of the cowboys lived in the saddle by day and at night camped out under the stars wherever they happened to be. We also had eight permanent camps at which the few married men were stationed. Each of these had to live in the area assigned to him, where he was a sort of divisional overseer whose responsibility it was to keep informed of the conditions within his jurisdiction as to grass, water, fences, and so forth,

and to report to headquarters any need for action. Matrimony was discouraged among the cowboys because domestic ties interfered seriously with range work. In fact, it was generally understood that marriage meant farewell to the pay roll of Spur Ranch. This was a little hard on Cupid, but it was best for the cows. Occasionally one of the boys would have a girl on the waiting list and would file with me a request for the first vacant camp job.

The real frontiersman — and the cowboys at Spur ran true to type — was naturally, and almost without exception, an illiterate man, brought up in a region where he had had no chance to attend school. But what he lacked in book learning was more than compensated for by his rugged, unspoiled nature. He was open, frank, fearless, and his very speech revealed the man, for he never hid his real meaning behind specious words.

There is no more characteristic picture of the early cattle life of the West before ranges were fenced than that of the line riders. They worked out from the permanent camps, and their job was to turn back drifting cattle in an effort to keep them on their own proper range. This called for great hardihood in winter when the bitter northers were blowing and the temperature might drop far below zero. In the sections where mesquite grew, the cattle would penetrate deep into the thickets and hardly know the storm was raging. The protection of the thickets is of immense value at a time when range cattle are at their thinnest and weakest. But up in the plains section there is no mesquite. Here, as the cowboys say, 'there is nothing except a barbed-wire fence to tangle the wind.' Picture the line rider of the plains as he tries to hold back cattle that are drifting south under the resistless force of a norther.

Half frozen, he turns into his lonely camp at the end of an exhausting day's work, knowing that by morning his cattle, driven by the fierce blasts that are tattering his tepee-tent, will be miles below the line. But he has done what he could and shivers in his blankets until morning, when his work must be resumed.

Such a life would kill most men, but not these; instead, it has developed a hardy type of manhood unequalled anywhere. The Texas cattleman of the early days is now generally retired from his work with rope and spur, but you will find him still hugging the frontier, so far as its fast-vanishing lines will allow, with a fine home in some small but thriving town. He may be a banker or merchant in his chosen place, where he pridefully watches his children take advantage of the educational opportunities which were denied him. Often his name is cut in stone over the entrance to the best building in town. He does not seek the cities, or if he does he soon deserts them, for he must keep in touch with his old *compadres* of the range. Still wearing his broad-brimmed white hat, bronzed of skin, clear of eye, with muscles of steel, and rich red blood flowing through his veins, he keeps his youth till death overtakes him. Originally he may not have 'known much but cow,' and he probably spelled that with a *k*, but his strong native intelligence, matured by years of hardship amid the exigencies of frontier life, overbalanced his want of the superficial educational graces and made him the same dominant factor in the business affairs of the New West that he was on the range under the old conditions.

VII

When my wife joined me at the Spur Ranch, it was the first time in her life

that she had been separated from our two sons, around whom her activities had hitherto centred. Her ever-present desire to be helping somebody now found new outlets in various ways among our cowboys, as well as among the few other people who lived in and around that great, undeveloped body of land. Her knowledge of medicine and first aid was considerable, and was often drawn upon when injuries or sickness afflicted our community. In emergencies she always found reserve strength to equal the need, and more than once her skill was responsible for saving a life.

Her splendid influence for good made itself universally felt at our first Christmas on the ranch. Usually Christmas on a cow ranch is just an occasion for slackening all restraints, an annual festival at which nearly everybody gets drunk. Before our coming, Spur Ranch had had a long, unbroken record of fidelity to this custom. There was little giving or receiving of presents, no exchange of good will except that represented by friendly invitations to 'have another.' As our first Christmas at Spur approached, my wife decided that she would try to inaugurate a more wholesome custom. To this end she enlisted the help of the cowboys in getting a fine tree out of the cedar breaks to serve as the rallying point for the festivities. The big commissary was cleared out and given over to the occasion. After the tree was set in place she took charge, allowing no one to enter except her helpers. From home she had brought with her a quantity of Christmas-tree decorations; they would have looked pretty anywhere, and were absolutely gorgeous in that remote spot. It was arranged that all the people from the home ranch and from the camps were to come in for the party, and gifts were provided for every cowboy as

well as for all the children. Since cowboys are, at heart, just grown-up children, these preparations succeeded in exciting curiosity and the Christmas spirit to high pitch.

On Christmas Eve my wife was almost heartbroken to discover that the usual signs of liquor were beginning to appear. One of our top hands, who had probably never known a sober Christmas since childhood, was rapidly becoming 'organized.' He was a fine fellow, ordinarily very gentlemanly, and particularly fond of my wife. So she went to him and confided diplomatically that she noticed some of the boys were drinking, and if it continued it would spoil Christmas entirely. She told him she knew he could influence them more than anybody else, and she was going to depend on him to check the drinking. His devotion to her would never allow him, drunk or sober, to deny any request she made, so in his most courtly manner, though a bit thickly, he said, 'Mrs. Jones, I'll fix it. If any of the boys get too drunk, we just won't let 'em go in.'

'But, Dave,' she remonstrated, 'that is not the idea. I want you to see to it that they stay sober for my sake, so they can come and enjoy it. I am going to keep track, and if any boy is not there I'll know he is drunk.'

This appeal to the old bellwether of the bottle did the trick. He not only stopped his own drinking, but worked so faithfully among the rest that every man was able to sit up and enjoy the biggest Christmas of his life. The dance which followed the distribution of gifts was free from the sordid drunkenness to which all had been accustomed on such occasions. One of the women said afterward, 'This is the first Christmas the Spur Ranch ever saw when every man was not drunk.'

My wife was especially successful in winning the affection of the old pioneers, both men and women. I have often thought that the average city woman would have been as cordially hated as she was loved, but my wife was always adaptable and her natural kindness was her passport into the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. She had been conspicuously kind and helpful to one young woman whose path through life had been peculiarly difficult. When this woman's son lay seriously ill and in need of a delicate operation, my wife raised a fund to send him to Dallas, where the operation was successfully performed. Years later, when my wife died, I received innumerable expressions of sympathy, but none more touching than the following tribute from this mother. I quote from it because it illuminates the character of my wife better, perhaps, than anything I can add. It appeared in the *Dickens County Times*, a Spur newspaper, on August 27, 1931.

Mrs. C. A. Jones was a friend to the friendless. She did not care for praise. I can see her now, holding a tiny blue-eyed curly-headed baby boy — my own. My, how she loved children. Twelve years later that same baby lay bruised and helpless, and then she stood one day by his mother and with great tenderness said, 'Minnie, God will lead us through, some way.' And He did. Then the call she made from her friends and mine, and the boy was made well. What is love? 'If I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not love —' she said. . . .

All of us have placed flowers at some time in our lives upon the graves of loved ones, with memories too rare to talk about. The flowers will wither, die, and crumble, and are gone. But the memory of Mrs. Jones will live in my life always. She loved, lifted, gave — and forgot the gift.

MINNIE LEWIS

(To be continued)

SATURDAY

BY GLADYS L. SCHMITT

I

It was in the snow, at the top of those mountains which he had seen only in pictures, but whose name he knew. They were the Tyrolean Alps. At their feet the countryside spread, covered with expanses of crocus, bluebell, and hyacinth; but the top was even more beautiful — it bloomed everlastingly with iridescent snow under a sky which was burningly blue. Such blueness was possible nowhere but in the eyes of the Madonna. The heat of the sun scorched him and made his head golden. Yet in spite of the sun it was impossible to feel any dampness or languor, for the air enclosed him like the hallowing breath of a god; and only dryness and exaltation could exist in that air.

He was standing on the highest peak. Only the miraculous bird whose wings were lined with violet, and the holy antelope whose hoofs scarce skimmed the snow, had been there before him. He had come alone, but he did not mind his loneliness. He stopped to triumph, rather than to rest, leaning one elbow in a crevice, stretching against the rock, and planting his feet in the snow. He was dressed like a modern angel in white wool. His loose jacket and his breeches were soft and only a little less luminous than the side of the mountain. They fell in smooth folds around his lithe spare body. The sun had browned his face and arms and bleached his waving hair to an alloy of silver and gold. His eyes were blue, like

the sky, and that troubled him a little, for they had always been gray. But nothing troubled him much — he was so unearthly beautiful.

As he stood with one elbow leaning in the crevice, he remembered that the woman was somewhere in the chalet, on the opposite peak. He did not want her in the chalet; he wanted her in the snow and the sun. But that was simple: you merely called her imperiously, and she came out of the shadow and let down her flaming knot of hair. White flesh and brown flesh, they would be undivided on the snow. So he decided to set out toward her, and that too was a simple thing. He braced himself on both his elbows, pointed his feet downward, shoved hard against the crevice, and sailed like a wind, like a gull, like an angel over the shimmering white. It was something between skiing and flying, yet he wore neither skis nor wings. The air vibrated around him like an aura, and there was a singing in his thighs.

As the singing rose, the motion through the air hastened. Now he came to a jutting crag on the side of the cliff. It stretched against nothing but blueness. He took it easily, bent forward, joined his fingertips above his head, parted them, swinging his arms like pinions at his sides, and sailed into blue space. The exaltation merged into ecstasy. He watched himself sailing, for there were two of him in the dream:

the one who acted and the one who looked on. The one who looked on was a high sense of sight capable of recording everything from the broadest sweep of sky cut by the glittering peaks to the most minute iris which the sun begot on a drop of snow. But the one who acted was the glory. He stood back and stared at himself with breathless pleasure, for he was exalted and beautiful. His arms stretched like wings against the sky, and the wind of speed rippled down the white cloth which covered them. He cried out sharply, and heard himself cry out, and thought, 'At last my voice is free.' But the cry awakened him. He found himself in the gray morning, in the companionless room, under the low roof.

And what was he? He was a nothing, an English instructor whose pupils jiggled keys while he lectured, a man with a nagging sinus pain between his eyes, a student whose dissertation was never finished but lay forever in closely written sheets among the quaint and useless books — a nothing who had dreamed something remarkable and could not even remember his dream. He lifted his hand to stop the progress of the sinus pain which seemed to force the bones of his forehead outward. The hand which he lifted was thin, nervous, and gray. He felt a sense of hopeless loss, as though some precious thing, a ring, a piece of fine pottery, or a book, had slipped from his fingers into a dull river. Then, wishing to stave off the day a little longer, he went back to sleep.

II

On this day, which was Saturday, a holiday when other men ate lunches at grills and met their girls in town and sat holding hands in the darkness of moving-picture houses, he went to the doctor's. He always arrived at one-thirty, cold with hunger because he did

not dare to eat lunch. The pain of the sinus treatment always nauseated him, and he found it safer to eat nothing at all. Afterward, at three o'clock, when the pain had begun to dull a little, he regularly went to visit Emma and Katherine, his cousins, ladies verging on the fifties, virginal, well read, and makers of small sandwiches and strong tea. He had always found their living room (a place of aqueous light fallen through scrim curtains, of more solid light on chintz chairs, and of romantic light gathered in the fine tracery of the ancient tea set) a haven for him and for his pain. Once, sinking into the deepest chair, with a cup of tea in his hands, he had told them certain lines which came into his mind every time he entered their sunlit quietness: —

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly
please.

They had not answered him. It would have been obvious, even blatant to have answered him, and they were never obvious. They never made an open reference to his pain. Still they respected it, walking in their pale woolen dresses softly across the floor, remarking that tea *should* be served early of a Saturday afternoon, saying, 'I think, Emma, that the primroses are suffering from too much sun,' or, 'Katherine, for heaven's sake shut the window. That radio across the street gives me a splitting headache.' How kindly the afternoons went by there. How earnestly they asked him just what *he* could make out of Archibald MacLeish. How affectionate the cat was, how amber the tea.

Usually, when he set out for the doctor's office, he stopped at a candy shop to buy a half-pound box of apricot paste or sugared almonds (his salary would permit only half a pound, but they tied it up nicely with red raffia ribbon) for

Emma and Katherine. On days like this day (March icicles in the sun held coagulate the first, the virginal essence of spring) he could honor the hour with extravagance and find enough stray nickels and dimes for six street-corner daffodils. Yet, when he passed the vendors whose baskets showed their golden fillings against the snow, an uneasiness was in him. He thought with wonder as he walked toward the office that to-day he wanted to buy neither apricot paste nor almonds nor daffodils. Something cold and white and gold strove for life-in-remembrance at the back of his brain. He discovered that he had no intention of visiting Emma and Katherine. He walked more quickly than usual. The coldness which had always dulled him because of the hunger and the fear of the pain was dispelled by the mood and the motion. Actual warmth, steady and manly, coursed through his veins and made vital his chest and thighs. There was a singing in his thighs — a muted singing. He stopped before the window of a haberdashery where pongee pajamas were. That dream — Lord! — in that dream he had dreamed something really indecent about Miss Dorn.

He stared at the pongee pajamas and remembered Miss Dorn. She sat in the Dean's office, behind the typewriter; and sometimes she sang to herself. She wore soft woolen stuff, plaid, clinging, gray and dark blue, out of which her neck came, looking so round and warm. She was tall; there was something of the ancient Celt about her; around her were the names of legendary queens, Deirdre and Maave. And then there was her hair — positively orange. In a braid — yes, he had looked once when she had been leaning over the files — that braid went all the way around her head. And he had dreamed something unquestionably indecent about Miss Dorn.

A far clock dropped the chime of the half hour straight down like a crystal fruit through the March air. 'Damn,' he thought, 'damn!' Now he would be late. Now the woman-with-the-hat-with-hard-green-berries would be ahead of him, she and her sensitive throat, and he would have to wait. Yet the fruit of the clock dropping through the air had been delightful. He smiled as he walked the last block of vendors and sun-washed faces, as he entered the dignity of the Arcade, as he rose in the hushed, ominous elevators and walked down the colonnade of marble and iodoform.

III

The doctor, he thought, taking his place in the row of brown chairs, was a very nice man. He was a nice man with good taste; he kept *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker* on his table and hung drawings from Holbein on his walls. The woman-with-the-hat was there already, and so was the woman-with-the-baby-who-drooled. But he did not mind them too much. He sat in his grave pressed suit with his grave pressed trouser leg crossed, the crease extending before him with mathematical precision. After he had exhausted the possibilities of the crease, he turned to the drawing by Holbein. He had looked at that drawing fifty times before, with coldness and hunger in him, and with his stomach tightened by fear of the pain and his eyes blurred by the outward pressure forever pushing against his forehead. But now the picture was suddenly peeled of all those things which the days had wrapped around it; it was naked and exalted by March sun passing through white blinds; and the young girl who stared seriously from it (drawn in red against ivory paper) had a round womanly neck like the neck of Miss Dorn who worked in the office of the Dean.

The woman-with-the-hat arose to the discreet 'Next' and was gone behind the heavy door. About Miss Dorn, now. What about Miss Dorn? She worked in that place until three on Saturdays. It would be possible; it had been done before — taxi drivers and shop girls, polo players and débutantes, publishers and authors. You merely went up to the Dean's office at three. You merely said, 'Miss Dorn, I wonder if you'd have tea with me this afternoon.' And she (who had once turned on him a pair of hazel eyes, wide and full of eager kindness) would not refuse. The young girl drawn in red against pale ivory stared at him with serious gentleness. He rested his temple against the tips of his fingers and thought of womankind, Eve and the Madonna, and Deirdre and Miss Dorn, all with breasts to vanquish and to lean upon. For he was suddenly tired, and the woman-with-the-hat was staying long. She came out with watery eyes and went away, and the woman-with-the-baby-who-drooled took her place. Now he was alone in the sunlit office. Sun on the white cover of the February *Vanity Fair*; sun on snow; there had been something in the dream about sun on snow.

Suddenly it flashed upon him, disembodied from the images in which it had taken place, the bright heroism of that dream. What he had been then he could not say, but he knew that he had been exalted. He had been lifted out of the world of futile lectures, curious books, grave neckties, swerving probes, iodoform and silence, and he had been set in a high place. The winds of that place still moved across his brow.

He knew two things clearly: he must never be again that which he had been before, and he must take Miss Dorn to tea. These things were urgent and were concerned with the salvation of his soul. They had something to do

with the chasteness of wind and snow. He heard vague sounds behind the door. Very soon she-with-the-baby would come out, and it would be his turn to be mutilated and humiliated. Well, that was his burden which his destiny had set upon him; and he would endure it (he straightened his shoulders) like — really like a man.

He measured the force of the pain and decided that he could endure it. Besides, there was no doubt about it, the doctor was a very nice man. When the one-with-the-baby was gone, he rose with a springing step and approached the inner office as Mucius approached the fire. 'Good afternoon!' he said to the doctor, who looked wise and lean and exalted in his white coat. He delighted in the doctor. The doctor was a man of taste and dry beauty. If any hands were to violate the dignity of his flesh, then he thanked God who had given him over into these lean brown ones.

'How's the nose?' said the doctor. He thought as he took off his coat and loosened his collar that there was something disgusting about the word 'nose.' It sounded as if it had meant, most considerably and politely, to sound like 'rose,' and then had been seized with a whimsical devil and had stuck out its tongue and said 'Nya-nya-nya!' at you. Anyway, noses themselves were nothing gracious. And his own nose, torn by the probe, swollen by the disease! 'New suit?' said the doctor. 'No. Only an old one cleaned and pressed.' He sat down squarely in the leather-and-enamel chair whose every curve was familiar to his body.

Usually at this point he looked at the ceiling. He was sickened by the machinations, the opening of the vial and the steeping of the cotton on the probe, and he had taught himself to stare at the bare flatness above him. Now he found all that cowardly and

scarcely worthy of one who had been set in a high place. He looked at the vial, and he thought of Miss Dorn, and he looked at the probe. His whole body tightened, his teeth clamped together, his hands clasped the enameled arms, and his stomach drew up within him. The doctor bent over him. Really, the doctor was a very nice man. He put his hand under the set chin and tilted it upward. 'Oh, now, take it easy,' he said, suspending the probe. 'No sense in stiffening up like that, my lad. Relax, relax. It is n't as bad as all that, you know.' The act of relaxation was impossible. The best that he could manage was a tremulous and humiliating sigh.

There was nothing noble about it. It was the same nasty, disintegrating, damning pain. The probe swerved up into his head — up, he thought, into his brain. The usual moan, which he in the exalted place wished to smother, broke from the tightened cords of his throat, louder than ever. A dissolving pinkish mist quivered before him. 'What the devil —' he said, revolting against nausea and the world. 'I'm sorry,' said the doctor. Really, he was a remarkably kind man. 'That damned membrane is swollen out of God's grace, and you *had* to jerk and rip it up again. Sit still, sit still. Wait, I'll get you a bit of water.' He drank the water with the quick gulps of hysteria. The vial sat maliciously on the tray. He cursed the stuff that was in it; his throat was sick with the taste of it.

He put on his coat and readjusted his tie before the small square of mirror. The pain had made him dizzy; he could scarcely stand. 'What's your hurry?' said the doctor, putting the probe into the sterilizer. 'Don't go rushing off before you're thoroughly integrated. There's nobody waiting. We might have a ten minutes' chat, you and I.'

But he went on pulling at the knot in his necktie. 'No,' he said, 'no, really, I have to hurry. You see, I'm having tea — with a young lady — this afternoon.'

IV

He stood in the street of vendors and going faces, bewildered by the light and the pain. He did not know exactly what to do. The element of space was contracted by the pink mist, and the element of time was a confusion. What time did she leave the office on Saturdays? He was n't sure; he thought that she might leave at about three. If he walked, he would get there too late; if he took a cab, he would be much too early. He admitted, with a sense of Mucius drawing his hand from the fire, that he could not endure the street car. The jangling wheels, the rocking motion, the pressure of many bodies around him, would intensify the nausea and the headache. He thought that he would walk about for a while, look into shop windows, think, wait until he was 'thoroughly integrated,' and then take a cab. Really, he could not afford a cab. The cab plus the price of the tea would entirely disrupt his budget. Anyway, he could not concern himself with his budget; it was too difficult merely navigating through the Saturday afternoon crowd. The pink mist had cleared, but the pain dissolved all images at the edges. All images seemed to him soluble things which melted off into the atmosphere. As for the pain, the more he walked, the more it tormented him. Even the name of Miss Dorn, which he actually repeated now with his lips, was no talisman against the pain.

He found himself grasping back after those things which had given him pleasure before the probe had swerved upward into his brain. 'Snow,' he thought, 'there was the snow.' But now the snow glistened in his tormented

eyes as did the daffodils; it was impossible to look at either the daffodils or the snow. He recalled forcibly the young woman by Holbein, whose throat had been round against the ivory paper, but everything in that office sickened him. Only the quiet plaid of Miss Dorn's dress could reach him through this evil hour. He stopped at the florist's window and leaned against the pane.

There he stood for some ten minutes, staring at the square space of the show window, never staring beyond it, staring only at the Persian violets on their glazed stems, and desiring Miss Dorn's breast, to be leaned upon. He allowed his forehead to rest against the glass, which had been warmed by the electric lights within. For a minute which, because of its quietness and perfection, seemed an eternity, he rested his forehead there, and the warmth rose out of the glass, out of the womanly breasts of Maave and Deirdre and Eve, and comforted him and relieved the pain. Before him the Persian violets bloomed, and his mind was at peace.

He was roused from this minute by the sense of eyes looking at him, eyes seeing him steadily through the grayed shining of the glass. He looked up. The eyes were shadowy and kind. For a minute he thought that it was a dream; for beyond himself, the glass, and the Persian violets, with her hand considering a pot of primroses, Miss Dorn stood. For of course she was not

at work; she had her holiday like the others; this was Saturday afternoon. Her coat was open because of the tropical warmth of these places where orchids and ferns are. Above it her throat rose just as he had remembered it. Her mouth — soft, Celtic mouth — was curved upward with a smile. She knew him and nodded to him, and kept her hand poised for a long time above the primroses. He too nodded, and put the thought of the hand held over the lacy blossoms into his mind, to be remembered: to be remembered when you waken in the morning; to be remembered when somebody whistles a funeral march behind you on the campus; to be remembered when a long look comes into the eyes of your landlady because you have asked for a hot-water bottle.

It was the more like a dream because the shining glass stretched between them, and the small room beyond the glass was rich with flowers, spread its flowers, like those of a mediæval tapestry, behind her bright head whose small hat could not cover all of the redness of her hair. He nodded again, and turned away, carrying with him the thought of the hand and the smile and the lacy flowers.

He did not stay in town much longer. At three o'clock he stood on the clean mat before the door of Emma and Katherine, with silent thighs and with an unusually large bouquet of daffodils held precisely between his gray hands.

ADVENTURES OF A DOCUMENT

The Strange Sequel to the Kaiser Interview

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

I

LAST month in these pages I presented William Bayard Hale's historically famous 'lost' interview with the German Emperor, the text of which had never before been made public. Those who read it will remember that in the short space of two hours His Imperial Majesty had talked so freely, so indiscreetly, that if his words had been immediately given to the world, as he intended they should be, they could not have failed to embroil him in the gravest of difficulties with France, England, and Japan, as well as with his own people. Fortunately for William II, the interview was *not* published; by the narrowest of margins, even the relatively harmless version approved by the Foreign Office was suppressed on the eve of publication. And of course its suppression, after it had been widely announced by the *Century Magazine*, could only deepen the mystery which enshrouded it.

For twenty-five years this international mystery has remained unexplained. The story of what happened to Hale's record of the interview, and of how it was at last brought to light, is almost as dramatic as was the text of the document itself. Only now is it possible to piece its strands together.

Certain dates in the year 1908 furnish the immediate guides. One will remember that Hale had his interview

with the Emperor in July. Immediately afterward he wrote his article and dispatched it to the German Foreign Office. In early August it was returned to him with the most important parts deleted and with authorization to publish what was left. This emasculated version was then accepted by the *Century Magazine* and announced for its December issue, which would be on the stands in November.

Meanwhile other events had occurred which were to upset all these careful arrangements.

In the autumn of 1907 the German Emperor had paid a visit to King Edward VII which assumed much importance because of the strained relations then prevailing between the two countries. While staying at Highcliffe Castle, the Emperor had carried on several conversations with English friends on the topic of Anglo-German difficulties. One of these friends, a Major Wortley, had written down the Emperor's statements, which were intended to express friendship for England. Several months later he sent the Emperor a transcript of these, asking permission — in the interest of better relations between the two peoples — to publish them.

The Emperor paid little or no attention to the manuscript, but passed it on to his Chancellor, Prince Bülow, re-

questing him to delete any matter that might better be withheld from the public ear. What happened then, no one knows to this day. Prince Bülow states in his memoirs that he was so busy he never read the manuscript, but passed it along to his subordinates, who failed to make the necessary deletions. Since the Foreign Office raised no objections, the manuscript was published in the London *Daily Telegraph* — on October 28, 1908.

Overnight it became a sensation of the first order. It was meant to be 'friendly' to England, but it started off with the words: 'You English are mad, mad as March hares. What has come over you that you are so completely given over to suspicions quite unworthy of a great nation?' Then, in a long tirade, the Emperor tried to prove how sympathetic to England he had always been — carefully adding that his own people did not share his feelings. He referred to secret diplomacy on the part of France and Russia which had been aimed against England. He explained that during the Boer War he had worked out, with his General Staff, a plan of campaign for the British army which he had sent to Queen Victoria, and which showed some striking similarities to the plan later adopted by Lord Roberts to win the war. Finally, he spoke ominously about possible joint operations of the British and German navies in Eastern waters — obviously meaning against Japan.

It was a ruinous document. In less than two thousand words the Emperor had succeeded in embroiling himself with all his great neighbors, invading their domestic affairs, attacking their diplomacy, or patronizing their military leadership. The press of England, France, Russia, and Japan rose in one gigantic chorus of abuse.

In Germany, the liberal and progressive newspapers were almost equally

indignant. With a shock the nation realized that a ruler who gave such free rein to his tongue could be a deadly menace. He could knock down with a phrase the whole structure which cautious diplomacy had built up through generations. Throughout the country there was a movement for the immediate curbing and silencing of the Emperor. In radical quarters his abdication was demanded.

In consternation at the furor which his 'friendly' words had stirred up, the Emperor retired to a Bavarian hunting lodge to await the domestic crisis which was sure to come to a head when the Reichstag convened, in a fortnight. On November 10, Prince Bülow answered the bitter interpellations raised on the floor of the chamber by a speech announcing a new stand on the part of the government: —

'The knowledge that the publication has not produced the desired result in England, and has aroused excitement and painful regret in Germany, will lead him [the Emperor] henceforth to observe even in private conversation the reserve which is essential to the unity of our policy and the authority of the Crown. If it were otherwise, neither I nor my successors could carry our burden. For the mistake I accept full responsibility. The officials in the Foreign Office trusted that I had read the document, as I read most things. I at once offered to resign, and the hardest resolve in my life was to remain at the Kaiser's wish. We must not, however, turn a misfortune into a catastrophe. The mischief is not so great that it cannot be made good. But no one must forget the warning that we have all received.'

II

Thus the decision to muzzle the Emperor was publicly announced on November 10, but the new policy had

been laid down and swiftly acted upon immediately after the *Daily Telegraph* published its interview. The storm provoked by that event had no sooner broken than the ministers suddenly remembered that another interview with the Emperor was shortly to be published. Panic struck them. Baron von dem Bussche assured the Chancellor that he had deleted all the dangerous matter in Hale's manuscript. But might there not be a chance that something had been overlooked? And, even if the interview were largely harmless, would it not be highly inadvisable under the present circumstances to allow any more imperial statements of any sort to appear in print?

There was not much time to deliberate. It was November 1; the Hale article was known to be scheduled for the December issue of the *Century Magazine*; it might at that moment be printed and on the point of distribution. Only immediate intervention could stop it. A second international crisis following on the heels of the first might well prove disastrous.

So, four days after the appearance of the *Daily Telegraph* interview, Hale received this cable: 'Please stop article in *Century*. Letter follows. Signed, Bussche.'

Hale rushed over to the offices of the Century Company in New York, only to be told that it was too late to stop the article. The December issue was already on the presses, and the sixteen-page form containing the interview, under the title 'An Evening with the German Emperor,' was at that moment being run off.

He cabled back early on November 3: 'I learn December *Century* substantially all printed. Publication arrangements completed. Article announced everywhere. Editors regretfully declare recall out of the question. My infinite regrets.'

And the big presses of the De Vinne printing plant continued to roll out by the thousand 'An Evening with the German Emperor.'

But within a few hours a cable came back from Berlin: 'Publication now will do much harm. Stop it by all possible means. Signed, Bussche.'

Half an hour later came another: 'Personal and private. Publication of anything attributed to Emperor regarded here as extremely undesirable at this time.' It was signed by David J. Hill, the American Ambassador to Germany.

This was no longer a request — it was practically a command from the German Government, with a supporting summons from the American plenipotentiary. Immediately Hale went back to the Century Company, to lay before its officers the seriousness of the situation and to see if something could not be done — if not in one way, then in another.

The *Century*, of course, had bought and paid for the interview; it had invested a sum of money in advertising and printing it; to take out the article would be to destroy one of the most valuable editorial features the magazine had ever obtained in its long history. The publishing staff met in conference, and listened to a forceful plea made by the German Consul-General. Finally the trustees of the company met, deliberated, and decided to carry out the wishes of the German Government.

The president of the Century Company, Mr. Frank H. Scott, and the editors of the magazine, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, were men of the highest professional standards; had they been journalists of another kind, there can be no doubt that the interview would have been published in spite of all protests. These men realized that, when

so great an embarrassment to a foreign ruler was at stake, all thoughts of their own profits or prestige must be put aside.

The presses, then, were to be stopped immediately, and every single copy of the article put under lock and key. But how could they carry out such a difficult task without being discovered? If so much as one proof sheet should escape their vigilance, all would be lost: the interview would surely be pirated somewhere in the daily press.

It was November 4 — the national election day. This meant, luckily, that the printing plant was deserted. The coast was clear for the officers of the Century Company, together with those of the De Vinne Company, to supervise their work in safety.

Robert Underwood Johnson, in his *Remembered Yesterdays*, a book of memoirs published fifteen years after the event, tells the story of the procedure. The first move was to assemble all the proof sheets from the various departments and destroy them. There were first galley proofs, revise and corrected proofs, and the final foundry proofs. All spoiled sheets had to be collected from around the pressroom. The plates had to be removed from the presses and locked up in the vault.

But the biggest job was the disposal of the printed and folded sheets — or 'signatures,' as the printer calls them. The whole edition of the December *Century* ran to more than 100,000 copies. Though the presses had been stopped before the full run had been completed, enough had been printed to make it a tremendous problem to dispose of them. The thousands of signatures had to be hurriedly lifted out, boxed, and trucked off to a warehouse.

After this, still another step had to be taken. The English edition of the *Century*, which had to be dispatched before the regular edition, was already lying in its crates on a North River

pier. Here it proved especially lucky that the day was not one of normal business. A representative of the company was able to have those crates removed to the warehouse without attracting attention.

The physical problem of removing the interview from the December issue of the magazine was now accomplished. But that did not end the matter. Advance notices of Hale's article had appeared in the press, and the *Century* had succeeded in arousing intense interest in it. Its absence from the forthcoming issue would be dramatically apparent. Some public statement would have to be made; but how should it be worded? It would be impossible to say that the German Government had requested the suppression of the interview. The only way out seemed to be to place everything on the shoulders of the author — to make it seem that he had sought to recall the article for reasons of his own. This formula was finally agreed upon: —

Circumstances which have arisen since the writing of my article, 'An Evening with the German Emperor,' prompt me to ask you to permit me to withdraw it from publication.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

NEW YORK, November 5, 1908

It was admirably evasive, but it was not too pleasant for Hale, since it cast aspersions on his good name as a journalist and left room for suspicion that he had tried to sell a 'fake.' At the same time he returned the \$1000 which the magazine had paid him for the article.

III

On November 7 the press got the story. In just three days the German Reichstag was to meet, and every editor and statesman was appraising the chances that, in view of the general bitterness against the Emperor,

the session might result in important changes in the German governmental system: that imperial power might be curbed, and that the ministers might be made responsible to the legislature and the people, rather than to the Crown. Into this atmosphere of suspense the news that Hale's interview with the Emperor had been suppressed fell like a bombshell. It was first-page news all over the world.

The effect might have been foreseen. No one believed the authorities when they said that the Hale article was merely of a general and nonpolitical nature. Everyone was convinced that more 'blazing indiscretions' of the Emperor had been stopped in the nick of time. Although the German Foreign Office denied having brought any pressure whatsoever to bear on the Century Company, it became increasingly clear that it had.

Alas for the German diplomats! They created ten times the sensation, and ten times the trouble for the Emperor, by stopping the article than would have been caused if they had let it run. No doubt they were right in believing that the original interview contained so much political dynamite that, had it exploded into print at that critical moment, it might even have blasted William II from his throne. But they themselves had carefully expunged the really dangerous parts of the interview. It was the virtually harmless *Century* text that now became the centre of international excitement fantastically out of proportion to its importance.

On November 10, when the Reichstag convened, Chancellor Bülow had to answer the interpellations challenging the Emperor's recent conduct. His statement, from which I have already quoted, was reassuring. And a week later the Emperor publicly humbled himself by promising that hence-

forth he would express his political views only after consulting with his government. American papers hailed 'the end of autocracy' in Germany; the statesmen of the world breathed relief.

Right away, however, another startling development occurred. A German Socialist weekly, by no means willing to drop the issue, charged that Berlin had paid the Century Company and William Bayard Hale \$50,000 to suppress the interview. Both publisher and author indignantly denied the charge through the press of both nations. But the suspicion, once aroused, lingered on, and years afterward the insinuation was still made that the *Century* and Hale had both profited mightily from the incident. In all this there was no truth whatever. Several months later, however, the Century Company *was* reimbursed by the German Government with a sum slightly over \$2000, but this just covered the actual cost of printing and withdrawing the article.

After this, most of the chances for sensation seemed to be exhausted. Hale himself maintained a complete silence about the text of his interview, and it looked as if the whole matter would become another obscure, unsolved mystery.

IV

What, then, was the excitement of newspaper readers on the morning of November 20 to find the *New York American* appearing with the feature, 'The Kaiser's Suppressed Interview'? It was plastered all over the front page of the section; the text ran across the entire spread, set in eight-column measure, with photographs of the Emperor and Hale. The text, however, could hardly be said to justify the promise of the headline. It was only some four hundred words long, and contained not a single direct quotation

from the Emperor. It was a synopsis, stating that the Emperor had discussed with Hale the 'Yellow Peril,' the prospective downfall of the British Empire, the chances of a German-American agreement in respect to China, and the coming struggle between America and Japan. The synopsis went into no detail on these points.

So the whole furor started over again.

Hale repudiated the synopsis, calling it 'the invention of some wandering mind.' He was right in asserting publicly that it did not cover the statements made in the suppressed *Century* article. But, inwardly, he was seriously disturbed. The synopsis did cover several of the points which the Emperor had elaborated in his conversation with Hale, and which had been deleted from the article, in all secrecy, by the German Foreign Office!

Where did the *American* reporter get this outline of material — sketchy and vague though it was — which not even the *Century* editors had ever seen? Hale undertook an intensive bit of detective work among the newspapers, but he never found out. The only description he had ever sent anyone of what the Emperor had told him was in a short letter written to Mr. W. C. Reick, then managing editor of the *New York Times*, the paper for which Hale had been working. With that letter the *American* synopsis tallied almost perfectly. Of course Mr. Reick himself had never breathed a word of what was in the letter, but it seemed evident to Hale that someone must somehow have managed to get a look at it.

The *American's* thunderbolt roared and rattled through the newspapers of Europe. The very vagueness of its synopsis gave rise to the wildest speculations. And then —

The very next morning the *New York World* was covering its front page

with — the Kaiser Interview! It began, 'The *World* is able to-day to present the first absolutely accurate and authentic synopsis of the now world-celebrated interview granted by Kaiser Wilhelm to William Bayard Hale.'

The *World* version was completely different from that which had appeared in the *American*. It was a gorgeous piece of presentation. As 'background,' it explained that the Emperor had been drinking heavily; his first statement to Hale, which he made 'in a rage,' was: '[King] Edward has been hounding me for two years and he has got to stop it.' So it went; the Emperor was represented as ranting on and on, saying that he held France in the palm of his hand, that he hoped the European war would come soon rather than late, and that Germany was making her Zeppelins ready for the fight.

This time Hale was much stronger in his repudiation. He dismissed the thing as 'pure fabrication from beginning to end.' A reporter had shown him a proof of it before publication, on which he had marked, 'This is all wrong. W. B. H.' The *World's* photographic studio had changed the position of Hale's words so as to make it appear that they applied only to one passage of the text, and had printed a facsimile of the whole proof the next day, brazenly calling it 'The Kaiser Story As Edited by Dr. Hale'!

Immediately a violent war broke out between all the big New York newspapers. The *Times*, on the twenty-fourth, carried long leading stories representing the *World* synopsis as an outrageous fake, and attempting to discredit the *American* synopsis. The same day the *World* carried a spectacular follow-up story headlined 'Europe Deeply Moved by the *World's* Report of Kaiser Interview.' And then, in a sequence of special editorials, the *American* hit back. It called the

Times a 'stagnant' and 'mendacious' sheet that was bitter because it had missed the greatest scoop of the time; it denounced the *World* for printing a 'steal' and a 'fake.'

Next day the *Times* had more stories to the effect that both versions were spurious. But the *World* continued to boom its 'first absolutely authentic' version until, on November 30, it finally broke down and confessed that the whole thing was a pure fraud. It apologized to the German Government, and, by some curious twist of argument, placed the blame on Hale — for which the *American*, next morning, gave it a mighty trouncing.

So, in the end, the rôle which the newspapers had played in unearthing the interview was discredited. The Berlin and London Foreign Offices seemed completely unnerved by the newspaper thrills and their conflicting 'exposures.' Public meetings were held in many American cities denouncing 'yellow journalism,' and citing the Hale incident as a major case in point.

V

Christmas came, and at long last the whole matter quieted down. With the beginning of the new year, it had lost the further attention of the press.

No one even took note when the German cruiser *Bremen*, while she was in port some months later, very quietly picked up what appeared to be a consignment of boxes which had been transferred from a warehouse to the German line piers in Hoboken. With the boxes below decks, she steamed out to sea and shaped a course for the Caribbean.

Afterward, the commander of the *Bremen* reported the sequel to Mr. Johnson of the *Century*, and he in turn sent Hale a cryptic note reading, 'If you fall in with any of the German

officers of the *Bremen*, you will be amused at the way the final disposition of those bombs was accomplished.' Hale soon learned.

Several days after the *Bremen* was out of sight of land, the boxes were brought up on deck and, one by one, thrown overboard into the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The cruiser, long and rakish, steamed on. But suddenly, as her commander looked back over her wake, he saw that the boxes were not sinking at all. What if one of them should be picked up and opened! In alarm, he put the ship about and sent out boats to gather them all up and bring them back aboard. The boat crews worked long under the tropical sun until the order was carried out.

The commander reasoned that, if they would not sink, the only thing to do was to burn them. So the boxes were carried down into the ship's boiler rooms. The stokers were sent up on deck for an unexpected rest, and a dozen Imperial German officers, stripped to the waist, smashed open the boxes and fed the thousands of copies of 'An Evening with the German Emperor, by William Bayard Hale,' bundle by bundle, into the roaring boiler fires.

That was the end of the 'Kaiser Interview.'

But it was not the end of attempts to bring it to light. The mystery went on from year to year, bobbing up in the most unexpected quarters. Soon after the war broke out, someone suddenly remembered that, while no copy of the interview was anywhere to be found, the plates from which it had been printed were still locked up in the De Vinne plant, where they had been since 1908. In his memoirs, Robert Underwood Johnson relates that the president of the Century Company had a rough proof pulled from the plates. This was sent to the German Am-

bassador in Washington, Count von Bernstorff, with a letter asking whether his government would still object to the publication of the interview. Bernstorff is said to have become violently disturbed over the possibility, and to have persuaded the Century Company into turning the plates over to him so that he might himself supervise their destruction.

With that act, all physical survivals of the interview were regarded as extinguished. The Century Company, acting in good faith, had not retained a single copy of the many thousands it had printed. There were rumors that one copy of the *Century* text had found its way into the archives of the State Department, but a long search failed to discover it.

It had also been said that Theodore Roosevelt possessed a copy; but in 1917, after the United States had entered the war, he issued a statement to the press urging that whoever held the interview should at last release it for purposes of war propaganda. Sums as high as \$15,000 were offered for the *Century* text; several supposed 'synopses' were actually published during the following years, but the text itself was not brought to light. After the war, however, an editor of the *Century* admitted that one single printed copy of the interview had been rescued when the others were destroyed. He would not reveal who had it.

That printed copy was in the possession of Hale, who had retained ownership of the interview and refused all offers for it.

VI

Something may now be added about the later history of this mysterious document and the reason for delaying its publication until the present moment.

Hale believed that not even the war could allow him to break the promise

which he had made to the German Government ten years before. With the passing of the imperial order, however, the matter stood differently. But William Bayard Hale died soon after, during the time when interest in pre-war Europe was just beginning to revive. After his death his family hoped to publish the interview; but at so late a date the expurgated *Century* text no longer seemed very exciting. A curious historical document it still was, but the Foreign Office censor had robbed it of much of its value when he deleted the passages which most clearly revealed the mind and character of the Emperor.

That any first-hand notes or earlier versions of the interview might still exist, not even Hale's widow — who had become his wife some time after the incident — suspected. Hale had left in her possession several trunks full of manuscripts, clippings, pamphlets, and miscellaneous documents; but the labor of sorting them and putting them in order seemed so vast that it was always postponed. It was not until 1933 that a thorough search through this mass of material, accumulated through three decades of a highly active life, was carried out by his wife and elder son.

Reaching the bottom of a dusty, old-fashioned hat trunk that was stuffed with papers on many subjects, the searchers came upon what was nothing else than an ancient laundry bag, crudely marked in red crayon, 'Events of 1908.' The bag disgorged mountains of clippings dealing with the suppression of the *Century* interview. And finally there emerged, in a torn folder, what seemed to be the autograph manuscript of the *Century* article. Imagine their amazement, however, when they read it and found passages, and indeed whole pages of material, which were not in the *Century* article!

These pages gave, either directly or

indirectly, the Emperor's words on crucial political matters, and all of them had been crossed through with long canceling pencil marks. In some instances there were penciled notations in the margin, such as 'The point is too ticklish.' An effort was made to identify the authorship of these comments; and, finally, after a bundle of letters and cables from the German Foreign Office was discovered in the same old laundry bag, it became clear that the hand which had censored the text and jotted down the reasons for it was that of Baron von dem Bussche, Chief of the Bureau for English-Speaking Nations. Here, then, was the original form of the interview, with all the expurgations still visible.

But then came still another surprise. From underneath the whole heap there turned up a typed script of ten pages, signed 'W.B.H., July 1908.' It consisted of nothing but direct and vivid quotations of the Emperor. It was made up of statements which, it now appeared, were of such a nature that Hale had not dared to put them into his finished manuscript except as vague indirect discourse, if at all. As for the *Century* text, it had done no more than hint at a few of the topics covered.

What the searchers had found was the almost verbatim notes which Hale had recorded immediately after leaving the Emperor that night in Bergen. To be more specific, in this typed form they were those notes which Hale had considered too indiscreet for transcription into the article, and had kept strictly for himself. The other notes on points fully covered in the article he had apparently disposed of. With a start the searchers realized that what they had in their hands — unearthed after a quarter of a century, during which no one, not even the Foreign Office, had ever seen it — was the real heart of the 'Kaiser Interview.'

These were the notes covering the Emperor's discussion of the delicate Far-Eastern question which I quoted in full in Section II of the document published last month.

VII

Probably the only man who heard from Hale's lips the full substance of what the Emperor had said was Theodore Roosevelt. Directly after Hale's return from Europe, in August 1908, the President invited him out to his Sagamore Hill estate on Long Island, where he was vacationing during his last summer in office. They spent several hours there walking and talking; and of the conversation Hale made careful notes. These also came to light in the old hat trunk.

The President was off on one of those expansive monologues so characteristic of him, and Hale found it difficult to get in a word. So he employed the strategy of repeating to the President the high compliments the German Emperor had paid him. This swung his attention. Roosevelt had thought rather coolly of the Emperor before, but under this bombardment of bouquets he became interested.

'Well now,' he said, 'that's really not so bad. He really sees that in me, does he?'

He wanted to know more about what the Emperor had said; there were more compliments.

'He's really thoughtful, is n't he?' Roosevelt exclaimed. 'It may be that the Kaiser is a great man.'

When Hale related how the Emperor had criticized his aristocratic English friends for denouncing Roosevelt as 'that monster in the White House,' the President remarked: 'Yes, these people abroad — I know just how they feel. I know how the rulers over there feel. They understand me,

and they don't understand me. They understand my language. It is the language of gentlemen everywhere. But they don't understand my sentiments on some things. They don't see how it is possible for me, of aristocratic origin, to be so very democratic.

'Also, their diplomacy and mine are not founded on the same principle. Some of them don't understand, for instance, that I mean most when I say very little, and say it simply. I do not follow the diplomacy of Bismarck, I follow the diplomacy of Lincoln.'

The conversation went back to the interview and the personality of the Emperor. Into Roosevelt's mind there came an idea which soon grew into a resolution, and which he was finally to carry out. 'What you tell me about the Kaiser,' he said, 'makes me think that, after all, I should like to see him. He is about the only European sovereign whom I should care to see. He and Clemenceau — Clemenceau is a great man. King Edward, no! I don't like that man. One of the reasons why I have put by the thought of going to Europe has been because I don't want to see the King of England. He is a burned-out voluptuary, and I have no use for him.'

Hale reported in detail the Emperor's views of the Asiatic question, ending with his suggestion of an alliance between the United States and Germany to guarantee the territorial integrity of China against Japan. After some consideration of this, Roosevelt replied: 'Yes, I know that his whole policy does seem dominated by his fear of the Yellow Race. But he has so many other complications in Europe, and I don't propose to go into an alliance in which all the burden and risk might fall on me.'

'If I went into anything of that kind, I would stick to it. I don't believe in a move of that kind merely by way of

bluff. I never play a game of bluff. Now, as for the Kaiser, he might be intent above all things on this alliance at the present moment, but something might happen — something might happen at any moment that would open for him the chance of a rapprochement with England. And in that event I'm not at all sure that he would n't hasten to the arms of his Uncle Edward, and leave me high and dry with a very grim foe across the Pacific to face alone.

'Why, you know, the Germans have been wooing us for six or seven years at least — ever since I came in.' The President suddenly became very secretive. 'Would n't it make a sensation if I were to allow the contents of a certain communication to me from the Kaiser to become known, though! When, during our own troubles with Japan, I was considering the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific, I had a communication from the Kaiser offering to place the German fleet at my disposal if I sent our fleet around the Cape, and offering furthermore to bind himself to send an army corps to America for our defense the day that hostilities with Japan broke out. What do you think of that?'

The conversation, as noted down by Hale, ran along in general comment on the points the Emperor had made in the interview, until at length the President had obtained a complete idea of everything the Emperor had said.

'I hardly know,' Roosevelt concluded, 'what to think of the Kaiser's talking to you in this fashion. He goes ahead so fast. As you know, I have had to call his bluff once or twice myself. They say I am impulsive, but my impulsiveness is nothing compared to this. Sometimes I think he was talking through his hat. Bill' — and these were the President's words — 'Bill is a thought jumpy.'

ADDRESS TO THE LIVING

YOUNG men and men with eyes alive and quick,
With health and passion in the way you walk:
Women with hands delighting now in furs
To touch, now polished wood: women who talk
Aware of webs that whirl from mind to mind:
Women and men for whom the air is clear,
And time a wave at crest: women and men
Whose honor is the blood: I greet you here.

Remember here, count now with me your luck.
Outdoors the night leans hard against the house,
The dead lie dreamless and historical,
But here such ample revelations rouse
That darkness topples backward; here the hand
Touches a corner of the flying page
Wherefrom we learn to make our peace with time,
To go with no rebellion toward old age.

We are the living, on this keel of earth,
Who hail the convoy stars across the night,
Or feed joy's bird, and stroke his folded wing,
Then fling him flying toward the stream of light.
We are the living; daylight in our eyes;
Earth under heel; and in the mouth a word;
Fire in the fingers; question in the mind;
And round the throat a slowly tightening cord.

Now give heart's onward habit brave intent:
Hammer the golden day until it lies
A glimmering plate to heap with memory;
Salute the arriving moment with your eyes.
It brings extravagant and famous gifts:
Trees: they grow up in green and florid grace,
As darker downward grow the boughs of root;
The wind: a sprawling, towering sea in space;

And light, light: on the upper side of earth
It lies, and on the under side of cloud;
We are the living, who in light between
Go forth at morning blest and golden-browed,
And on our shoulders wear the afternoon;
Light is the last fact and the first that falls
On mortal eyes, and while they stare at time,
Light is a calendar on outdoor walls;

People: I watch them walking in the street,
The crippled ones, the lonely ones, the loud,
The deft and delicate, the old and tame,
The ardent ones, the evil, the abrupt and proud;
And books: they give a room a thousand doors;
Color: it is an infinite map unrolled
For exploration, where the traveling eye
Adventures more than memory can hold,

Where misty weather blows to blue and clean
Over its charted boundaries and shores.
Remember color, bid the moment stay,
Touching the gaudy leaf to make it yours;
Touch frosty iron; crumple the written sheet;
In darkness find the stair rail's friendly wood;
Here where you held another hand now say,
'This was the one I loved, and here we stood.'

But think of pain that, offering no remorse,
No hate, stabs you, and stays to stab again.
Living, we risk that wound, for pain goes armed,
The sword two-edged with self and fellow men.
And pain's more cunning weapons reach the mind,
Putting a scar on wisdom, though it heal:
We risk the jeer of treachery; the blur
Of shrewdness on a mouth; the violent seal

Of sudden hatred stamped upon a face;
And bruising fear; and the harsh rack of mind
At waste, at promise withered into truth,
At narrow caution, shabby and unkind.
Then think no pain but these can threaten us.
We chose to live by living: take them both,
All sharp delight, and danger with its blade.
The mind will have such hardy grace in growth,

Learning to parry life and plunder it,
That more than this the living will not need.
Who but a ghost would gaze on bright and dark,
And shut his ghostly heart, and give no heed?
We live, we are elected now by time,
Few out of many not yet come to birth
And many dead, to use the daylight now,
To stand up under the sun upon the earth.

Then break the silence with a voice of praise;
Open the door that opens toward the sky;
Press mind and body hard against the world,
Before we fall asleep, before we die.

JOHN A. HOLMES

CASTAWAY

From MED to MUM. IV

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

[AT three o'clock in the morning of September 15, 1933, the *Pro Patria* was wrecked on the uninhabited coral island of Timoe. Aboard her was James Norman Hall, having just come from Pitcairn Island, where he had visited the descendants of the *Bounty's* mutineers. Thus it was on the return voyage that the catastrophe occurred, three hundred miles from Pitcairn and nine hundred from Tahiti. Fortunately the schooner lodged firmly on a reef, so that the passengers and crew had time to save themselves. When the sun came up next morning the shipwrecked company was assembled on the shore, where, through surf and clouds of spray, they could see the *Pro Patria* lying at a crazy angle, her topmasts swaying to and fro whenever a sea struck her. — EDITOR]

I

THE distance from the outer to the lagoon beach was not more than one hundred yards. The soil was of coarse coral gravel, and there were large areas, particularly along the outer beach, covered with nothing but sun-blackened coral fragments, covered in turn by luxuriant masses of *gnapata*, a wide-spreading, shrub-like vine that seems to want no better nourishment than what it finds in such places. Wading through this, I came to higher

ground shaded with groves of pandanus and *miki-miki* trees and a few scattered coconut palms. A little beyond stretched the lagoon, bordered by a wide beach of yellow sand, smooth and untrodden, and crossed by long shadows.

A more peaceful sight, after a night of shipwreck, could not be dreamed of or wished for. The lagoon, I estimated, was about three miles long by two wide, and I could count fourteen small islands threaded around it. These oases in mid-ocean have all the beauty of those in mid-desert, but one needs music to describe them. Chopin, if ever he had seen a coral island such as Timoe, would have carried it away with him in manuscript, but it is useless for me to make the attempt.

To see it was enough, remembering what I had felt and thought at about three-five that morning: to see the boobies perched in the trees and the bosun birds nesting under them, and small fledglings, all white fluff, looking at the world, as I did, with fresh eyes. Occasionally one of the older birds would waddle out to the beach, make a clumsy start, and skim away across the lagoon, anything but clumsily. Through the cloud bank retiring to the westward I caught an occasional glimpse of Manga Reva, twenty-five miles away, and the peak of Mount Duff, where I had sat, eight days before, looking over at Timoe and wishing that I might

visit the island. Sometimes wishes *are* horses — wild sea horses.

I seated myself under a pandanus tree, so thoroughly content to be still extant that for a considerable time I mused upon that indubitable fact, wanting no other subject for reflection.

A globed cluster of pandanus nuts lay on the sand beside me, with half a dozen hermit crabs feeding on them. It was interesting to watch the feeding process. Clinging to the cluster, upside-down or right-side-up, a crab would pinch the nut with one of its claws, fraying the smooth skin of it into threads. It would then thrust the claw back toward its mouth, and as it did so a tiny pair of knobbed hands at the end of long arms would be thrown down to take what was offered with the abrupt, expert motion of a catcher receiving a low ball. The action was so swift that it was impossible to see what the hands received, but it appeared to be nothing but a dab of juice.

There is a difference of about a metre and a half in the tides at Timoe. When I returned to the outer beach it was low tide, and the reef we had waded across in the night was bare save for scattered pools among the rocks. Some of the seas were now breaking a little beyond the schooner, although the larger ones still hit her full force. The standing rigging was hanging slack, and the masts looked wobbly indeed, but they stood.

Before the day was over we had gotten off flour and rice, cases of tinned food, — beef, milk, jam, fruit, and the like, — and some cases of ship's biscuits. We also landed some one-hundred-gallon drums and siphoned water into them by means of a piece of rubber hose. Nearly all of our personal belongings were saved. My few books, which I had kept in a rack above my bunk, were still as dry as some of the articles in the MED to MUM volume.

I was glad indeed to have them again, particularly Wordsworth's *Poems*, a volume that had traveled with me for more than twenty years, and the copy of Barrow's *Bounty*, bought in Paris in 1916. Standing, or rather braced on the slanting floor of the tiny cabin I had occupied all the way from Tahiti, I glanced into this latter volume, some of whose pages bore grease stains seventeen years old, transferred from the Anzani engines of Blériot monoplanes at the Buc *École d'Aviation*. What a kaleidoscope of pictures and emotions the well-thumbed pages evoked! They were spongy with memories, and yet, not to the point of saturation. As though they had been so many bound cards of blotting paper, they were absorbing others even as I stood there. 'Twenty years hence,' I mused, 'if I survive the vicissitudes of the future as successfully as I have those of the past, they will give off a yet more intricate odor of associations. And forty years hence, when doubtless I shall be as dead as I expected to be early this morning, this old volume may still be extant. Perhaps some idler in a second-hand bookshop will take it up from among the others on the ten-cent counter, and so learn for the first time of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian and the mutiny on the *Bounty*; but he will never know what layers upon layers of another man's memories are smeared on the margins and dusted transparently over the pages of text.'

These reflections passed through my mind more rapidly, of course, than I have been able to set them down here. For all the fact that the sea was much calmer, an occasional thudding blow which made the *Pro Patria* rock and showered her decks with spray convinced me that the ledge of Timoe's outer reef offered no suitable place in which to sort over one's memories. Therefore I wrapped my books in a

large piece of oilcloth cut from the cabin table, preparatory to going ashore. Mr. Miller looked in at that moment.

'How long do you think she will hold together?' I asked.

'For three or four days, at least,' he replied; 'and longer if the sea goes down. She's solidly wedged and not chafing much. We must watch the masts, though.'

He was stuffing loose articles into copra bags, passing them out to men on deck, who passed them on to others on the reef. There were thirty-two men in our company, eight on the schooner and the others ashore, and the work of salvage went forward rapidly during the hours of low tide. One group acted as porters across the reef, and another carried things across the island to the lagoon beach where the camp was to be made.

II

The wheel was still leaning crazily over toward the binnacle, but the sight was pathetic, now, rather than shocking; there had been time to accustom one's self to the *Pro Patria's* status as a wreck. The top of the wheel box lay where it had been jammed when the rudder was smashed. I had skidded against the steering gear the night before and smeared myself with grease, most of which was transferred to the starboard rail where I hung on while the schooner was bashing against the reef. The prints of my fingers were still plainly visible there, which rather surprised me, considering the lustres that seemed to have passed since I had clung there.

It was interesting to see how the schooner lay. She was eight or ten yards from the outer edge of the reef. As the broken water sucked back between the combers, I had some vivid glimpses of the wall of the reef falling almost perpendicularly into the depths.

A brief examination fully satisfied my curiosity, and the active ghost of my feeling at 3.10 A.M. haunted me speedily ashore. The others followed a few moments later, for the tide was flowing again; but before leaving, Mr. Miller had run up the French flag. 'She shall wear that as long as the sea will let her,' he said; and she did.

By the evening of the third day a well-trodden path led across the island to the lagoon beach. Along this had been carried well-nigh everything portable that the schooner had contained. The foresail, mainsail, and deck awning made three fine tents, and in one of them was a store of supplies sufficient to have kept us in comfort for a considerable time. We sat down to meals even better than those we had enjoyed at sea, for we had at hand an inexhaustible supply of fish, lobsters, *pahuas*, and other sea food. Even I could spear fish at Timoe; as for our Polynesian sailors, two or three of them could secure in half an hour more than enough for the whole company. We at once prepared a Maori oven, of course, and Terii, the cook, made a bread-baking oven by digging a square hole in the ground, lining the bottom with stones, and the sides as well as the bottom with tin cut from ship's-biscuit containers. The bread that came from this primitive oven reminded me, by its fragrance, its crisp brown crust, and its delicious flavor, of the good homemade bread of boyhood; and there was butter to spread on it — excellent New Zealand butter, out of tins.

The heavy rains had left many pools of fresh water among the rocks along the outer beaches; we used these for bathing and washing our clothes, and later we discovered and cleared out an ancient well containing water only slightly brackish.

The days that followed were as pleasant as any I have ever spent. We

were cut off from the world, for the time being, at least, as completely as Fletcher Christian and the *Bounty* folk had been on Pitcairn. Manga Reva was only twenty-five miles away, but the wind had veered round to the south-west, and we could not leave Timoe until it hauled into the east again. Meanwhile the other ship's boat had been salvaged and brought into the lagoon by a narrow channel between two of the islands.

Once the camp was established, there was little work for spare hands, but I spent none of my abundant leisure in reading. Uninhabited islands are supposed to be places to which one goes to read books; or, if one does not actually go, a choice is made of the one or the ten books to be taken if one were to go. My Timoe experience inclines me to think that none should be taken. It may very well be that the desert places where books are most essential are those teeming with humanity, where one sees such a deal of misery and injustice and indifference to the welfare of others. Certainly, on Timoe, I had no desire to read — no desire for distraction other than that furnished by the island itself. I became increasingly convinced that I had found the best of halfway stations on the voyage toward the experiment in solitude, and made plans against the day when I might, perhaps, return alone. The place is solitary enough, but with Manga Reva within view, on clear days, one would have a comforting sense of the presence there of others, even though they could not be reached. Then, the apprenticeship having been served, one could go on to Tematangi, or perhaps to Ducie, three hundred miles beyond and west of Pitcairn, for the bath, pure and cold, of solitude at its best — or worst.

Timoe was once inhabited, but it was long ago, and at no time could there have been more than a handful of peo-

ple. Their number, probably, did not greatly exceed that of the *Pro Patria*'s company. The island was discovered by Captain Wilson, in the *Duff*, and I remembered that Captain Beechey had passed that way in 1825, after leaving Pitcairn, and had counted thirty or forty naked savages along the beach. From the masthead of the *Blossom* he could overlook the island, but he saw no signs of cultivated lands and no trees save the pandanus. The surf was too high at the time of his visit to permit a landing to be made, and as he sailed past he wondered how its inhabitants managed to live on so poor a place. Along the outer beaches he observed what appeared to be stone huts, which he rightly surmised were not dwellings but places of interment for the dead. These rude memorial structures still stand on Timoe, or most of them do. They are formed of coral slabs piled up to a height of five or six feet and about as many in diameter. Most of them are cylindrical in shape. Some of them have fallen down, but I found others with scarcely a slab misplaced, and I could easily follow an ancient pathway across those desolate wastes, made of similar flat coral slabs.

III

While we waited for the wind to change, one of the ship's boats was made ready for the voyage to Manga Reva. The spar to which it had been lashed on the davits did service as a mast, and a small square sail was cut from a piece of the deck awning. When the boat was ready we shifted our camp to an island about three miles distant at the leeward end of the lagoon and nearest to Manga Reva, sailing down with the other boat in tow and rowing back for another load of supplies.

On September 20 the wind came back

into its usual quarter, and on the twenty-first one boat was hauled across the reef for the voyage to Manga Reva. Fifteen of us were to go in her and send a cutter back from Manga Reva to fetch the others.

The day had promised to be fair, but shortly after sunrise clouds blew up from the east and the wind freshened considerably. However, we were on the lee side of the island and there was little surf on the reef. The second boat was used for loading, and Mr. Miller, knowing that the Manga Revans had little food to spare for hungry strangers, decided that we must carry with us as many of our salvaged supplies as possible. By the time the boat was ready for her human freight she was well down in the water. With the fifteen of us on board, I could span with thumb and forefinger the space between the gunwale and the water line, amidships. Captain Bligh's launch, in which he made the voyage to Timor, had an inch or two more freeboard with her load of eighteen men. They also had farther to go — some 3550 miles farther.

I could imagine that departure, late in the evening, from Tofoa — Norton, the quartermaster, who had tried to save the launch's grapnel, lying dead on the beach, battered past human semblance by the savages, and most of the men in the launch badly hurt by the showers of stones the natives had hurled at them. A solemn moment that must have been, when, safely out of the cove and beyond pursuit by the savages, the launch was headed westward across a sea as little known then as it is well known now. They had twenty-eight gallons of water, one hundred and fifty pounds of ship's bread, twenty pounds of salt pork, three bottles of wine, five quarts of rum, a few coconuts, and some breadfruit that had been trampled into a muddy paste in the confusion and excitement of their

narrow escape from the misnamed Friendly Islanders. They had four cutlasses to defend themselves with. They had no chart — nothing save Captain Bligh's recollection of latitudes and longitudes of the scattered, little-known archipelagoes of the western Pacific; and they knew that they could expect no help until they reached Timor, in the Dutch East Indies, more than twelve hundred leagues distant.

Thus were they forlornly equipped, but they had the courage of desperate men, and the leadership of one whose resourcefulness, firmness of character, and skill as a navigator were to carry them all safely to their destination after the most remarkable open-boat voyage that white men have ever made.

I was thinking of the *Bounty's* launch as our little square sail bellied out to the following wind and Timoe was dropping away astern. What a trifle, a less-than-nothing, our voyage was, compared with Bligh's! And yet, twenty-five miles of sea can be as rough, on a given day, as thirty-six hundred miles of it, and a small, heavily laden boat, whether bound for Manga Reva or Timor, can take only so much water over her gunwales. Captain Bligh could have had no rougher sea on some of his anxious days than we found awaiting us beyond the lee of Timoe. The wind did not wholly explain it, nor that of the previous three or four days. We decided that there must have been a considerable blow beyond horizons to the eastward, and that the strong swell was running counter to an equally strong current. Small and confused mountain ranges — so they looked to us — pursued a course oblique to our own, and as we met them they managed to scrape off a considerable part of their snowy summits along our gunwales.

Two wells through the cargo had

been arranged for bailing purposes. I sat at the after one, provided with half a coconut shell for gathering up the finer débris from the mountain peaks, and with a three-gallon can for the heavier segments. There was little respite during the next six hours, and I gained an excellent, first-hand knowledge of the exacting and tedious nature of the task which had occupied Bligh's men during a period of forty-one days. One throws out a scoopful of water, which seems such a significant amount as one lifts the can to toss it over the side, and so ridiculously small as it plops into the vast reservoir of the sea. During the second or two that one's back is turned, over the weather side comes more, often twice or half a dozen times the amount just tossed out; and the conviction grows that the whole of the Pacific means to get itself shifted in this manner across the battens of a twenty-foot boat.

Matuku, the *Pro Patria's* boatswain, stood at the steering oar. There are no better boat steerers than the seamen of eastern Polynesia, accustomed to crossing the reefs of the Low Islands, and Matuku was a worthy representative of his class; but he was not accustomed to a whaleboat under sail, and a square sail at that, and a little time was needed for him to get the hang of her behavior under those conditions. Once he had, most of the mountain ranges foamed under rather than over us.

IV

It seems to have been ordered by Chance that the open-boat voyage of fifteen of the *Pro Patria's* company was to be a replica in miniature of that of the *Bounty's* launch. We, too, were rained upon — not day after day and night after night, for weeks, but minute after minute for a time sufficient to wet us as thoroughly as skin and

clothing may be wetted. And the fresh wind, blowing against our bodies, caused the rapid evaporation of moisture which had so often chilled theirs to the bone. We, too, sat in cramped positions, and, save for the fortunate bailers, were unable to change them.

For two hours we saw nothing of Manga Reva, the island being hidden by clouds. There had been a little talk upon first leaving Timoe; then everyone fell silent, awed, perhaps, by the sea which made our boat seem so tiny, particularly when it slid steeply down into the troughs, when the sail would hang limp for a few seconds, filling altogether too suddenly for our liking as we rose to the crest of the next sea. I tried to imagine what my feeling would be, granted that we had a voyage of a thousand miles before us, to say nothing of thirty-six hundred miles, and if Manga Reva were peopled with hostile savages and we knew that we must pass it without daring to halt for rest and other refreshment. In this way I seemed to gain a vivid sense of the hopelessness, the utter weariness, the *Bounty's* people must have felt, and of the all but superhuman courage and power of endurance of some of their number.

We left Timoe at nine-thirty, and toward noon we began to catch glimpses of Mount Duff through the cloud rack. Three hours later, turning my head after a brisk period of bailing, I found that we were within a mile of Kamaka, a small rocky island that stands at the entrance to the southwest pass into Manga Reva lagoon. What a relief it was to enter that calm, reef-protected sea! And what relief, raised to the thousandth power of our own, must Bligh's men have felt, in the early hours of the morning of June 14, 1789, when they passed beyond the promontories of Coupang Bay, so peaceful in the light of the waning

moon, and Captain Bligh, pointing ahead to the dark mass of the fort, remarked, quietly: 'There it lies, my lads. Yonder is the Dutch settlement.' Thus, often, are the great, the truly heroic achievements in human history brought quietly and obscurely to their conclusion.

Few English seamen, I imagine, have been the cause of more heated controversies than was Captain Bligh during his lifetime. It is difficult at this distance to get a clear picture of him, but, after reading every scrap of information I have been able to lay hands on, my belief is that his disciplinary measures at sea were no more severe than those of many other ships' captains of his day — no more so, in fact, than those of Captain Cook, whom most of us consider to have been a humane and forbearing commander. But there is this distinction to be made between them: Bligh was harsh and Cook was stern. The punishments inflicted by Bligh were often the result of his outbursts of ungovernable temper. Furthermore, he had not an atom of tact, and he lacked Cook's ability, which must have been like that of Lord Nelson, to endear himself to his men; to punish them, — only when they deserved punishment, — retaining at the same time their liking and respect. No shadow of excuse can be found for Bligh in his treatment of his officers. He reviled and humiliated them in the presence of the seamen, and was so unjust in his treatment that anyone, having read the complete records of the mutiny, would agree, I think, that he had only himself to blame for the melancholy ending of the breadfruit voyage.

But one quite forgets his defects of character in thinking of the open-boat voyage. There he was superb — a man in ten thousand. How many seamen has England produced — or France, or

Spain, or Holland, or Germany, or the U. S. A. — who could have done what he did?

V

The people of Manga Reva were, in a sense, as surprised at our arrival as the Dutch had been at the sight of the *Bounty's* launch. They had been expecting our return for a week past, but it was the *Pro Patria* they had thought to see threading its way among the shoals to the inner bay. Having seen the little boat from afar, all the two hundred inhabitants of Riketea had gathered on the wharf, and standing in the forefront was Monsieur T——, the Administrator. I could see him peering toward us, his hands on his knees; then he would straighten up and turn to those nearest him, as though for confirmation of what he saw. Presently his arms began to wave and his shoulders heave. The eloquence of his gestures carried far, and revealed him passing from the early dawn of puzzled astonishment to the mid-morning of growing enlightenment, to the high noon of conviction, dismay, and chagrin. He had expected to return with us to Tahiti for a long-awaited holiday, and his final arms-folded posture as we drew near the wharf said as plainly as though the words had been written in letters three feet high across the sheer face of Mount Duff: '*Je suis f—u encore!*' Months earlier, it seems, Monsieur T—— was awaiting another schooner in which he expected to go to Tahiti. That vessel had been wrecked as well, before reaching him!

Despite his natural disappointment, he was kindness itself to us. He took us at once to his house, for hot coffee laced with cognac, followed shortly by an excellent dinner. Our bellies needed no gentle nursing toward the accommodation of food, as was the case with Bligh's men, and we ate heartily.

The native Manga Revans are as kind-hearted as their Administrator. The company in the *Bounty's* launch, who deserved so much more, could have fared no better at the hands of the Dutch than we are faring here. The last of the *Pro Patria's* company have now arrived from Timoe, and we are accommodated at various houses scattered through the village. In my own case, I have a dwelling to myself. The family owning it bundled out of it and bundled me in. All that I required was a small room, or a screened-off corner of the verandah. What I have is the entire verandah and four rooms behind it, with a separate kitchen still farther back. Manga Revan hospitality is offered as lavishly as it is ungrudgingly.

Monsieur T— has given us the run of his splendid library, of more than seven thousand volumes, and it was there that I discovered a copy of Moerenhout's *Voyages aux Îles du Grand Océan*. I again read, with increased interest, Moerenhout's account of his visit to Pitcairn, in January 1829, only four years after Captain Beechey's visit. Thursday October, Fletcher Christian's son and the first-born on the island, was then about thirty-seven years old. Moerenhout says:—

I went first to the house of the old Adams. The paths which lead from one dwelling to another on this island are truly charming; one walks nearly always under coconut palms, breadfruit and other beautiful trees, and from Young's house, where I dined, to that of Adams, I walked continually in the shade, although it was a considerable distance. As I approached this latter dwelling, the son of Adams, aged about twenty-two or twenty-four, and his wife, Polly Young, went before me. This woman is beautiful, but, like most of the others of the island, a little masculine and of a too tall stature, for she measures at least five and one-half feet.

In the house, which is of oblong form and built of wood, like the others of the island, and roofed with pandanus thatch, I found, on the second floor which serves only as a sleeping room, the wife of John Adams. When they told her that I was there she began to speak in her own tongue, but without raising her eyes . . . and her son told me that she had been blind for several years. This poor woman, after a few moments, begged me to give her my hand and kissed it several times, caressing me as a mother would her son, and ending by weeping. It was evident that she was an object of the most tender care, not only on the part of Adams and his family, but on that of all the inhabitants of the island. . . .

Adams's house is situated in a charming spot on a little hill, at the extremity of a pretty lawn, bordered on the side toward the sea by three small houses, one serving as a kitchen, the second as a washhouse, and the third for the making of tapa cloth. . . . I then went to the house of Thursday October Christian, the first-born on the island. His wife died, I believe, several years before my visit, leaving to him several children who are more beautiful than one could imagine. His oldest daughter, whom I found making tapa with some other women, is as white as a European. About seventeen years old, she is a great consolation to her father, taking care of the house and bringing up her sisters and brothers, much younger than she, with the tenderness of a mother. The cleanliness and order of the house would do honor to the best-regulated home in Europe.

Moerenhout visited Pitcairn two months after the arrival of John Hunn Nobbs and his mysterious companion, Bunker. The Pitcairners were quite naturally mystified by the appearance of these two men, and Moerenhout himself was equally so, particularly by Bunker. His opinion of Nobbs bears out the estimate of the man formed at a distance by Sir John Barrow. He tells of sitting down to supper with the Youngs, and he goes on to say:—

Several minutes afterward, Nobbs arrived, who placed himself at the table with

us after having also said his prayer, but with his eyes closed and in lamentable tones in which one could detect something affected and pharisaical. The good Pitcairners think him a saint. Heaven send they be not mistaken!

After the meal I went for a stroll while the women were clearing the tables. The night was cool and serene; the moon, already risen, lighted with its mild rays this happy and hospitable land. Seeing the children playing about me on the lawn, the young people talking and laughing, — all of these folk living at peace with each other and in abundance, — I could not help thinking how happy one could be who, without ambition, good and virtuous like themselves, should decide to live and die in their midst. At this moment Nobbs accosted me, and, as though he had divined my thoughts, 'Is it not true, sir,' he said, 'that many people, if they knew of these brave Pitcairners, would like nothing better than to partake of their happiness?' 'Yes,' I replied, a little brusquely, 'but it would be necessary to understand them well, to have their tastes and their virtues.' I continued, becoming somewhat heated, perhaps, for I had commenced to take a lively interest in my friends of Pitcairn, and I had no very good opinion of this man, nor of his sick comrade.

How I envied Moerenhout his opportunity to see Pitcairn at a time when neither its religion nor its manners had yet been corrupted by Nobbs's influence; but I must forbear from quoting him further, lest I add page after page of his narrative to my own.

There is one more brief quotation, however, concerning Manga Reva, that needs to be set down here. Captain Beechey and the members of the *Blossom's* company are supposed to have been the first white men ever to set foot on any of the Gambier Islands, but Moerenhout, who visited the group in 1834, six months before the arrival of the first Picputian missionaries, says:

The natives speak of a ship which preceded by a long time that of Captain

Beechey. They even show the spot where the vessel was at anchor, and they remember having had a quarrel with the ship's company when several of them were killed. This seems all the more likely because, upon the arrival of the *Blossom*, the inhabitants of the Gambiers knew iron and cultivated watermelons, which are not indigenous to the island.

There is little doubt in my mind that the unknown ship was His Majesty's armed transport, *Bounty*, with Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers on board. Christian was carrying with him not only native products from Tahiti; he also had various kinds of seeds of European trees and food-bearing plants, and, while it cannot be proved, it seems likely that watermelon seeds were among these. Certainly, melons were growing on Pitcairn at the time of Moerenhout's visit. It may very well be that Christian and his men, having sighted the Gambiers, made an attempt to settle there before going on in the proposed search for Pitcairn, and that the attempt ended disastrously, like the one at Tubuai.

Captain Beechey was puzzled to account for the watermelons at Manga Reva. Who else could have left them there if Christian did not? Captain Wilson, who discovered the Gambiers, merely passed them at a distance. He did not even send a boat ashore. It could not have been he.

VI

I have now brought my story down to the present moment: about 9.30 A.M., October 10, 1933. I foresee a sojourn of considerable length on Manga Reva. Its only connection with the outside world is via Tahiti, nine hundred miles away. It is visited by Papeete trading schooners every three or four or five months. Another is not

expected before the end of December. There is no wireless station here, so the loss of the *Pro Patria* cannot be reported. Convenient as such a station would be for us at the moment, I am glad that none exists. The world has been made quite small enough as matters stand — much too small, in my opinion, for humanity's good, to say nothing of that of individuals. What does all our rapid transportation and communication amount to, humanly considered? How much closer has it drawn nations or races in understanding, sympathy, and forbearance? Looking at the matter as clear-sightedly as possible, it seems to me that they are farther apart now than ever they were in the days when each was chiefly concerned with its own affairs. The little that has been gained has been more than offset by the much that has been lost.

And the individual — what of him? Our common ancestors merely tasted of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. We gorge upon it, make an alderman's dinner upon it, half a dozen times a day, and there appears to be so much more evil than good in the fruit. What don't we know concerning the illfare of our millions of near neighbors! We are all forced to become amateur Atlases, and those who lead us, professedly to our good, point proudly to the smallness of the world we must carry. 'And we'll make it smaller still!' they boast. And so they do — smaller as time goes, as space goes, but what a deceitful smallness is that! It would be better for us all if the globe had its old spacious lightness, each man bearing that reasonable part of it he was equipped by nature to carry.

So they still do on Manga Reva; there are no amateur Atlases here, which accounts, perhaps, for the gaiety of the younger folk and the expres-

sions of serenity, of well-being, common to the faces of the older folk. They do not 'look at you and wish you ill' as they pass you on the village street.

I wish, for the moment, that rapid transportation had become so miraculously rapid that the one street of Riketea village might be carried, in the winking of an eye, to New York, and superimposed for an hour on Fifth Avenue, say between Thirty-Second and Forty-Second Streets. Just as it is this morning, without the Manga Revans knowing anything about it, of course, and without my being on it. What an astonishing and thought-provoking experience it would be to some New Yorker stepping into it unexpectedly as he walked uptown beyond Thirty-First Street! I say nothing of the beauty of the scene, with the roadway interlaced with the moving shadows of palm fronds and pandanus trees and the reflected light from the lagoon shimmering against the masses of foliage on the farther side. It is the human aspect that the New Yorker might remember most vividly and regretfully as he stepped out again at Forty-Second Street and turned to descend to the subway at the Grand Central Terminal for the shuttle train to Times Square. And, as he examined the faces of the people seated opposite him in the train, he might reflect that the Manga Revans need not be pitied for their remoteness from the world and for the simplicity of their lives.

On the other hand, the reflection might be: 'Thank God I am again in New York!' Calling to mind New Yorkers I know, I am by no means sure that this thought would not be the one immediately and fervently expressed.

In my own case, I am content to be on Manga Reva. I am not pressed for time and have no important engagements to keep.

It occurs to me that the experience of the *Pro Patria's* company demands, perhaps, a yet closer approximation to that of Captain Bligh and the *Bounty's* company. Should we not proceed to Tahiti in our open boats? The distance is but a quarter of that he covered in the launch. Furthermore, the islands that lie between are known and charted, and their inhabitants friendly; and by taking a selected course we should have but little more than two hundred miles of open sea to cross between any two of them.

At this point I seem to hear Captain Bligh's own voice, and in no uncertain terms: —

'Sir, the man who tempts Fate is a fool! The sea is not to be trifled with — let me tell you that! Chances that must be taken should be taken, in a cheerful and resolute spirit; but he who would seek them, prompted by nothing save the silly spirit of adventure, betrays a lack of consideration for others equaled only by his lack of common sense!'

Bligh would say this, I believe, if the matter could be presented to him for an opinion. The advice has the au-

thentic ring of soundness. Captain B—— of the *Pro Patria* has not made even a tentative suggestion that we should thus proceed, and there is no doubt that we are very well off where we are. It will be best, I believe, to wait for the chances that must be taken. They present themselves often enough in the course of a lifetime.

A sojourn, however long, on Manga Reva, one of the most beautiful as well as the most interesting islands in French Polynesia, can hardly prove tedious, and a vessel of some sort will arrive, eventually, to take us home. The return will, I trust, be uneventful. Fate could not be so ungenerous or Chance so unresourceful as to wreck the already shipwrecked on their homeward passage. Whatever may happen, I have seen Pitcairn, and as my anticipations carried me no farther than that, the first of my proposed voyages may be considered over.

Volume XVIII of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* reminds me that the second is far from over. MED lies well astern, but horizons beyond horizons still stretch between me and MUM.

(To be concluded)

A LAY SERMON

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

IT is with genuine diffidence that I speak in this place,¹ first, because I doubt if I have any acceptable message, and second, because the presentation of my thought in argumentative form here is in itself an apparent contradiction of the very thing for which I am going to plead, the limitation of the church to its religious function. But since I have accepted the cordial invitation to make use of the large freedom of this pulpit, I will waste no more time in apologies.

The phrase 'religious function' may seem to beg the question. There were said to be ten thousand definitions of religion already in 1904, and the science of religion is a flourishing discipline. The two conceptions most applicable to the present purpose are that religion begins in and must always consist of some kind of emotional thrill, and that religion is the conservation of values. The nature of the thrill that a religious service should give the modern man will depend on the kind of values that it is the business of religion to conserve; and with that we begin.

The proper work or function of a thing, Plato says, is that which it alone can do, or it can do best. If, disregarding totems and fetishes and mana and waconda, we look back over the history of the religion of civilized mankind and contemplate the beauty of all

the fanes of we hope not fruitless prayer that the religious spirit has built, it becomes ever clearer that the values which true religion conserves are hope and faith — the hope that we are not merely cunning casts in clay, that life is not merely mechanism, not only dust and a scuttle of ashes in the final retrospect, and the faith in a moral law, in the sovereignty of ethics, in the something not ourselves that makes for righteousness.

To waive all niceties of metaphysics and theology, the indispensable minimum of anything that may be rightly called religion in the modern world is the rejection of materialism and the affirmation of a stable moral law.

We need not be frightened from these assumptions by the challenge to define materialism and the protest that it is only a term of abuse, or by the affirmation that since moral codes are changing every year, and there is a new morality every decade, there is no such thing as an immutable morality. We are not speaking metaphysically but practically, and for practical purposes we all know well enough what materialism is, and need not be baffled by the evasive tactics which modern materialists still borrow from Huxley, who had more excuse for employing them, in that some measure of persecution for heresy still survived in his day.

Materialism is obviously the affirmation that mechanism is all, the denial of

¹ This sermon was delivered at the University of Chicago Chapel. — EDITOR

a mind in the universe, and of a soul not identical with the neurograms in man. And similarly, in spite of the plausibility of the rhetoricians or the journalists who argue that there is not one but many moralities and that they change with the fashion of ladies' hats, we all know well enough what an old-fashioned preacher means when he says that he believes that the Ten Commandments are laws of God and not tribal taboos. We know what Lowell meant when he wrote:—

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

We know Arnold's meaning when he says:—

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow . . .

And hence I am confident that, whether you agree with me or not, you know what I mean when I say that the proper service of a church and of a religious institution is to confirm the hope that there is something more in the universe than mechanism, and to strengthen an active and coercive faith in an abiding moral law. This may not be all, and the religious life of a large portion of mankind may require the expression of these beliefs in the symbolisms of historic creeds and ceremonies; but this is the least that can be properly called religion. And if that is so, certain consequences follow, both for the religious and for the nonreligious, I will not say irreligious, man.

II

Some years ago considerable attention was attracted by an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled 'Should Smith Go to Church?' Well, that is Smith's personal problem. He may

feel that the groves were God's first temples. He may, like Milton, not be uplifted by the sermons that edify his neighbors. He may be a busy man, and Sunday morning may be his only free time to think his own thoughts. He will not be greatly missed. All men have need of gods, and the churches will go on.

A more vital problem is what should be the attitude toward the church of the intellectual, unbelieving Professor Smith, or, let us rather say, Professor X. If he is not himself edified, if he cannot accept the creed, or if he is even a dialectical materialistic atheist, whatever that may be, is it his duty to attack the church, or to join it and undermine it from within the Sunday School, or to preach his materialistic atheism to the students and the world? If he is a Bolshevik who believes all religion opium for the people, he will, of course, think so. But I am not speaking of that extreme, but of a real problem of conduct here and now, on which we might bestow some of the attention which we waste on unreal and fantastic casuistries.

Let us first approach it pragmatically. On what other ground than the practical results of his conduct can a materialist argue this or any other question? I have recently read five books assailing religion. Indeed, we have all read a great deal of this kind of literature of late, much of it learned, scientific, and well meant. And yet the doubt will arise: Would any reasonable educator, whatever his metaphysical or theological opinions, prefer such books for the reading of ingenuous youth, I will not say to Matthew Arnold or the sermons of Dr. Fosdick, but even to the old-fashioned theological, devotional, and apologetic literature which these five books so bitterly assail?

Their only pragmatic justification, then, must be that historical religion is

such a curse that it must be uprooted at any cost, or that the truth is sacred though ugly and must be proclaimed and the facts faced. No reasonable man could maintain that the churches of America to-day, whatever the errors of their fallible human instruments, are on the whole forces for evil; and, since all men have need of God, the historical churches are surely preferable to the alternative superstitions to which the people will flock if they are discredited. But truth, the truth is sacred, cry the materialists, and we possess the truth.

Well, we all pay lip allegiance to the truth. But we may not all mean the same thing. An eminent Harvard physicist (the physicists are our theologians now) is very earnest on the need of letting out a flood of intellectual honesty on the world. But, as we read on, it appears that the one service of what he calls intellectual honesty is to be the disintegration of religion and ethics as men have hitherto known them, in the faint hope of finding something better. It would appear that we do not need a flood of intellectual honesty for anything else. Perhaps he, like so many of our present teachers, was compelled to swallow Jonah's whale literally and forbidden to read anything except Josephus on Sunday afternoons.

So overwhelming is the prestige of the physical sciences in their proper sphere that I believe many sincere and pious preachers are afraid that the materialists may be right after all, and do not dare to challenge them lest they be called obscurantists and fundamentalists. Let them take courage. If they will really study the question and examine the evidence, they will find that the dogmatisms of negation in this matter are pure bluff. The case for materialistic atheism is just what it was when Cicero discussed it two thousand years ago. The progress of

science has merely made it seem more plausible to the half-educated. But the argument is just what it was when men became aware that a blow on the head may suspend consciousness, that the evidence for communication with the world beyond the grave is untrustworthy, and that there may be much eloquence in a cup of tea. A courageous clergyman with a mind disciplined by dialectics and a habit of public speaking should be able, after due preparation, to argue this question to a finish with any psychologist or biologist in any conversation, on any platform, or in print.

I of course do not mean that the clergyman should be a wrangling controversialist. I mean only that he should not be too skeptical or too timid to defend his faith on the proper occasion — otherwise his place is elsewhere than in the pulpit. Even the sober, positivist, scientific mind of John Stuart Mill says, 'The truth that life is short and art is long is . . . one of the most discouraging facts of our condition. This hope [the hope of immortality, that is] admits the possibility that the art employed in improving and beautifying the soul itself may avail for good in some other life even when seemingly useless in this. The beneficent effect of such a hope is far from trifling. . . . It makes life a far greater thing to the feelings . . . it allays the sense of the irony of nature which is so painfully felt.'

And, after Mill, let me remind you of the proclamation issued by forty eminent American men of science a few years ago. That pronouncement has perhaps been unduly exploited on the one side, and has certainly been made the object of a persistent and venomous propaganda of ridicule on the other. And there are doubtless many whose first impression about it will be that it is merely another example of the ex-

pert in one field fancying himself an authority in others. But I do not quote it to prove any metaphysical or theological dogma. I speak of it only in order to argue that if it is still possible for so many distinguished men of science to believe in what we have called the indispensable minimum of religion it ought to be possible for the church to believe it, and to have the courage to affirm it and to base its institutional existence upon that and not upon any substitute or evasion.

III

The mockers may say that I who have no right to do so am affirming, perhaps with my tongue in my cheek, that the church ought to preach the gospel and nothing else. Well, though I have no right to use those particular symbols, that is practically what I do mean, and I never meant anything more seriously. The church is a religious institution or it is nothing, and no evasion will serve. The need of our age for this special service of the church must be apparent to any reflective mind. It is no less obvious that many tendencies in the literature and intellectual life of our time are hostile to religion in the sense that we have adopted. The intellectual ingenuity and the emotional enthusiasm that in the past were so largely enlisted in the service of traditional morality are now chiefly employed in disparaging it, revising it, or seeking for a substitute. I am not going to preach a sermon to denounce or deplore these tendencies, nor can I take much of my limited time to illustrate them by quotations. I will merely remind you of what no candid and thoughtful observer can deny — that ours is what is called an age of enlightenment, and that even more than in other such ages the general tendency of its philosophic reflection,

its science, its literature, and its art is to break up, disintegrate, and abolish in the minds of the younger generation all the standards, the ideals, and the codes of human experience.

There have always been doubters, skeptics, cynics, flouters, revolutionaries, and radicals. Every New England Puritan village had its grocery-store philosopher and village atheist. There have been periods when this temper permeated literature. But never, I think, has it so dominated literature, the higher education, and the entire thought of the self-styled intellectual classes, as to-day. There were eloquent immoralists at Athens. There were festivals in which instincts were unleashed and human nature sought relief from the restraint of conventional moralizing. There were comedies which travestied and made a mock of the gods. But literature as a whole was sane, and the greater classical writers were, as a whole, on the side of the angels. But I think any sober observer would be justified in saying that never in any literature has there been such a carnival of unreason and immoralism as that which disports itself in the print that most of us have been reading in the past twenty or thirty years and in the films that children have been looking at.

I do not know whether the sane 51 per cent of the population are blind to this fact, or whether they lightly regard all literature as being, like crime stories, a form of escape from stodgy and uninteresting reality. But the fact stares us in the face, and the comparatively few exceptions cannot seriously qualify it. A working majority of the population, it is true, still retain an instinctive, if not always a reasoned, belief in the commonplace virtues of honesty, thrift, decency, and the practical necessity of private property, the keeping of contracts, the punishment

of crime, and the maintenance and use of such imperfect human instruments as courts, police, and banks. But it is no exaggeration to say that the prevailing tone of the fiction, the drama, the literary criticism, and the films to which we abandon our minds is one continuous flouting, jibing, travestying sneer at these things.

More serious is the fact that this conscious or unconscious propaganda of the literature of entertainment is derived from and supported by a vast, supposedly higher, nonfictional literature which proclaims itself to be and is confidently accepted as science. The practical effect, perhaps the aim, of much of this literature runs directly counter to the definition of religion which we provisionally assumed. It aims or tends to a disintegration of faith, a disvaluation of all old values, an abandonment of the gold standard, so to speak, in advance of the discovery of any other practically available rule and measure. Its spirit is what, for lack of time, I must briefly but intelligibly designate as immoralist and irrationalist.

This is evidently true also, in a sense, of the vast literature of popular science. We do not read it to learn science. We could acquire more of that from the study of any simple, objective, neutral textbook of physics, chemistry, or biology. We read it sometimes as an escape and a fairy tale — which is harmless enough. But we read it perhaps more often as a form of modernist and sometimes immoralist propaganda. We read it to be told how much wiser and better we are than our forefathers; how inept were all our ideas before the discoveries of Darwin and Karl Marx and Freud and Westermarck; what imperfect and prejudiced instruments of truth are all minds except those of the author of the book and his assenting hearers; how obsolete are all the tra-

ditional moralities; how dark were the souls, how imperfect the digestions, how befogged the consciousness of all authors who wrote before electric lights, canned food, and psychoanalysis.

This is not parody and I am not going to quote, but I challenge any addict of this literature to go through thirty or forty volumes of it, pencil in hand, and note how many pages are devoted to the rhetorical amplification of negative, radical, and denunciatory commonplaces. If he tries to frame a reply, in answer to his own stumbling and perhaps faltering, but real arguments from human experience, will he not again be told that consciousness is simply reflex action or response, that the biochemists have shown that man is an animal or a mechanism like any other, that the behaviorists have failed to discover any such entity as the soul, that the psychoanalysts have discredited the notion of will and responsibility, that the Ten Commandments are the taboos of a primitive tribe, that love and jealousy are only the sense of property, that all punishment and what men call justice is sadistic revenge, that all things flow, that all things are relative, and that there is therefore no presumption that any religion or any morality is truer or better than any other?

But I must not dwell further on details. I am merely trying to remind you of the actual situation which confronts the official mouthpieces of religion, regarded as the conservation of values in an age when all values are questioned and denied or held up to ridicule and contempt.

IV

But, to fulfill its function as a conservator of values, religion must first conserve itself, for religion is itself one of the first values that are disvalued by the spirit of contemporary literature

and thought. And, in order to conserve anything else, it must itself have some other substance than the mere service of conservation. I am not trying to split hairs, but mean something quite simple and obvious to a little reflection. Highly cultivated individuals may choose to call any form of refined and elevated cosmic or æsthetic or social emotion religion, and may, if they are lucky, get through life tolerably on the basis of a few sound instincts inherited from religious grandfathers and a few wholesome habits, with the aid of literature and art, or, in rare cases, philanthropy and social service. All history proves that the majority of mankind cannot. They must have a church fellowship, a form of worship, and the indispensable minimum of a creed. All men have need of God, says Homer, in his simple way cutting short an infinity of profitless discussion.

And so, since we must draw to a rapid conclusion, my point, to put it bluntly again, is that in order to have a religion and a church you must believe in and have the courage to affirm something more than the materialism of a present dominant school of modern science. But you do not have to define that something more, either in terms of a metaphysical system, which is a pure illusion of words, or in terms of a theological creed which you may be personally unable to believe, though you may envy those who can. It is enough that you reject materialism and hope for and believe in something more. That gives you the right to have a church and a church service if they meet your spiritual needs, and enables you to tolerate and respect the theologies which for some are symbols and for others literal truth. But without that indispensable minimum you have no moral and intellectual right to a church and a church service, and without it your church will be a hollow

shell that will not endure in competition with churches of a more robust and courageous faith. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

And so we return to our real subject: What is the essential function of the church and what should a church service be? It should, as I hinted in the beginning, uplift and thrill our religious emotions, and confirm our faith in plain everyday morality by encouraging us to retire from the world for an hour and think on 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

But is not this abandonment to religious emotion a refined form of selfishness? Literature is full of satire and denunciation of religion that is good for only one day in seven. The poets warn us that it is dangerous to divorce the feeling from her mate, the deed. Psychologists tell us that it is relaxing to the moral fibre to come out of church feeling good and exalted unless you put your virtue to the immediate proof by speaking kindly to your aunt. I think these scruples are a little far-fetched and oversubtle. We are not limiting other services and functions of the church as a social organization. We are speaking of what should be the predominant, not necessarily the only, quality of a religious service. Men do not have to go to church to be made uncomfortable by the headlines of the Sunday newspaper, or disunited in spirit by the debating of controversial questions. They go to join in something that all can feel together and so be at peace.

Be thankful thou, for if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here.

I cannot believe that this weekly experience does them any harm, even

if it is not directly and immediately related to practice. I intend no superstitious proscription of the liberty of prophesying. The pulpit may at times become a platform. I only doubt whether that is its chief or best service to humanity. If the church is to be a forum for political and social disputation, and the kind of ethics that raises doubts, a utilitarian brick structure filled with classrooms and lecture halls will serve as well. The men who covered Europe with cathedrals were not Marthas careful over many things, but Marys pouring forth the precious ointment of the spirit in lavish adornment of the highest that they knew. Without this spirit the architecture of the cathedral is a meaningless superfluity, and the spire is pointless if it points to nothing beyond. With all their human deficiencies, to point beyond is what some of the great historic churches have tried to do and what some of the new variations and inventions fail to do.

V

Not to prove anything, then, but in final illustration of what I have been trying to say, I will describe two religious experiences. I was visiting a small but civilized Southern town in what our most piquant critic would designate as the anti-evolution Bible belt. With my hosts I attended the service of a little Presbyterian church. The edifice was a well-kept colonial structure of dazzling whites and vivid greens, with a slender towering spire. The auditorium was of a pleasant homeliness rather than a forbidding austerity in its interior ecclesiastical decoration. The congregation which filled it appeared cheerful, earnest, and at home, but not too much at home in Zion. The hymns — I always supposed that I hated hymns — were judiciously selected, inoffensive, led by an

adequate choir, and sung with zest and enjoyment by the congregation. The sermon, mercifully brief, was a friendly moral homily, relieved by anecdote and practical illustration. There was little technical theology, but there was no half-hearted apology or evasion of the main issue; the grounds of hope were fixed.

The church stood for something. It was not a radical debating club. It was something different for those who wanted something different. And as I issued into the sunlight with the congregation and summed up my impressions, then, as the roistering American bard put it, I had religion. Perhaps it was partly my mood, freed from the preoccupations of my ordinary routine; perhaps it was in part the glad realization that there is another America than that revealed by State Street and Washington Park. Perhaps it was the sense of refuge and escape from Vergil's insane forum and raving politics and economics never at rest in every tag of conversation I overhear on the campus. But at any rate that was one of the rare occasions when I distinctly got religion; and though I, like Thackeray's lover, sometimes hovered outside the sacred gate, I was glad that there are many millions of Americans within it, until somebody can show them a better place. The familiar allegory of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* seemed no longer a Tupperism and a platitude. The *Ancient Mariner* himself was a symbol of the soul of humanity, of normal man, alone on a wide, wide sea, that sea of infinite void space that frightened the universal philosopher Herbert Spencer when he dared to think of it. All men have need of God, said Homer.

To walk together to the kirk
In a goodly company,
To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray.

The other experience would seem to have little in common with this except that it too taught me more of the meaning of religion than I could learn from a wilderness of dissertations on the origins of totemism. I arrived in Pisa about the middle of the forenoon on a hot July morning, and made my way at once to the cool refuge of the cathedral. But instead of the empty spaces I expected, and the few strolling American teachers with red Baedekers, I found myself participant in some magnificent ceremony which for a moment I could almost believe was Mrs. Browning's visualization of a function in the theatre of Dionysus.

Then what golden hours were for us!
 While we sat together there,
 How the white vests of the chorus
 Seemed to wave up a live air!
 How the cothurns trod majestic
 Down the deep iambic lines,
 And the rolling anapaestic
 Curled like vapor over shrines!

It was I forget what anniversary of the Church, and a deputation of great ecclesiastics had come down from Rome to join with the local clergy in the celebration of High Mass. Everything appealed to the historical and the religious imagination — the to me mysterious proceedings and goings to and fro at the bidding of little bells, the priests in gorgeous vestments, the all-pervading incense, the great organ groaning for power and pealing through nave and transept with melodious reverberations, the angelic voices of the boys soaring to heaven in the *Kyrie eleison*, the *Gloria* and the *Qui tollis peccata mundi* of Palestrina, the sonorous and mystical Latin of the Mass, the thought that this had been going on for two thousand years and is still going on in every quarter of the globe. *Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

Could it be only the illusion that the ugly and arid book of Freud proclaimed it? It was beautiful, of course, and wonderful. Could it be meaningless? Or was it another way of pointing to that something beyond without which men cannot endure life? That was what it meant to me who again stood outside the gate.

But only the other day I received a beautiful, a really beautiful French poem on the symbolism of the Mass which helped me to divine what it may mean to those within the gate — 'Ite Missa Est,' by Armand Godoy. I should only spoil it if I tried to quote it in commonplace English verse. But I can best describe it by saying that French religious poetry has here done almost exactly what William Vaughn Moody did with a very different set of symbols in the choruses of his *Fire-Bringer*. And so there too, in the cathedral of Pisa, as in the little Southern church, I experienced the special uplift and imaginative sympathy. I got religion.

Was I too broad-minded? That is the last reproach I expect to hear in my conservative later years. I am not going over to Rome, nor trying to take you there. I am probably not broad-minded enough for many of my hearers, for, though I could get religion from the cathedral and the little Presbyterian church, I lack the breadth of sympathy and the imagination to get it from

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room. . . .
 Pounding on the table . . . hard as they were
 able . . .

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.

Universal sympathy and broad-mindedness constitute a generous ideal, but we have preached it quite sufficiently for the present, and we need a few sermons from the text, 'Whatsoever things are lovely.'

THE MONTILLA OF SEÑOR COBOS

BY ERNST TOLLER

FINE rain is falling on the *campaña*. The yellow waters of the Guadajoz have flooded the clay foothills. A black wing of cloud slides across Córdoba and the Sierras. The wheels of the car sink deep into the morass that is the main road or bounce over an endless line of potholes. We are on our way to Montilla to visit Mr. Cobos Ruiz, who manufactures the famous Montilla sherry in his *grandes bodegas*. My companions are an official secretary of the Social Democratic Party — dressed in well-cut riding clothes, close-fitting gray breeches, brown riding boots, black coat, white stock under a carven wooden profile sporting a pointed waxed moustache — and a former Monarchist deputy, to-day the editor of a church newspaper, whose proletarian clothing and general air of neglect symbolize the new-time compulsory impotence of his class. In localities which have not yet witnessed hot-blooded social encounters, such political enemies can share the *apéritif* hour, belong to the same clubs, remember each other to the same girls. But the moment their principles are challenged, and opposing creeds stand face to face on either side of the barricades, all harmony is at an end and the fight is resumed with personal rancor and malignity.

We pass Fernan Nuñez; grapes and olives are growing in the fields on each side of the road. Ahead of us on the fading horizon, clustered on a hilltop,

is the little town of Montilla, and the gray silhouette of the castle that belongs to the Dukes of Medinaceli. Mr. Cobos welcomes us at the gate and conducts us into his office. We are frozen to the marrow. I, for my part, feel the journey is worth a bottle of the very finest montilla. But of course we must wait for Ilya Ehrenburg, the great Russian writer, who is following in the second car.

We have, however, reckoned without our host. Mr. Cobos loses no time, but calls for three bottles of montilla, fills three glasses to the brim, hands them to me, and invites me to drink them one after the other. I am given only a small piece of bread between glasses, and then Mr. Cobos asks me in a serious voice, with a twinkle in his small fat-embedded eyes: —

‘Which one do you find the best?’

‘This one,’ I decide.

Mr. Cobos gives a satisfied nod, rolls his *puro* from the right- to the left-hand corner of his mouth, calls for three new bottles, rinses the glasses himself, fills them, requests me to drink, and again demands my verdict — only this time without speaking, with a questioning forward thrust of his blue chin.

‘The second glass,’ I say.

Mr. Cobos’s anxiety vanishes. He thumps me vigorously on the back, beams at his Spanish friends, and buttons his coat across his round stomach.

In the meantime Ilya Ehrenburg has arrived, and no sooner arrived than

Mr. Cobos begins to try the wines on him. He watches Ehrenburg like a lynx, marking every detail — how he lifts his glass; whether he swallows the wine at a draft or sips it connoisseur fashion, letting it run slowly along his hollowed tongue; the expression of his eyes, which may either open wide or narrow judiciously. Nothing escapes Mr. Cobos. The 'trial by water' of the Middle Ages by which the will of God was said to manifest itself could not have been more severe than this wine test. No word is spoken until at last Mr. Cobos signifies his satisfaction. He leads us to the sheds where the grape juice is put to ferment, shows us the gigantic vats that hold five and ten thousand litres apiece, and takes us into the bodegas. He opens a bung-hole, inserts a long-handled ladle, and fills our glasses. Sweet and sharp montilla, wine of good vintage years and of bad, some that is five years old and some that is fifty — we taste them all. And each time when we think the ritual must be at an end Mr. Cobos says, 'We're only just beginning,' and leads us to another bodega.

The cellarman brings in plates of smoked spiced ham, yellow paprika sausage, olives, and goat's-milk cheese. The wine begins to mount to our heads, our Spanish friends click their tongues, their eyes twinkle. We drink and drink, and whenever Ehrenburg or I speak they nudge each other and repeat what we have said approvingly, finding us to be fine fellows that understand life and the world. Again, they are beside themselves with admiration of Ehrenburg's wife because she makes a quick mental addition of the contents of two barrels. They cannot curb their amazement. 'What a miracle of intelligence!' they cry in wonder. 'She can reckon in figures! *Hombre*, what a woman!'

Later we find ourselves sitting once

more in Mr. Cobos's office. It is bare save for an old table, a few rickety chairs, a bookcase. Mr. Cobos calls for a box of fat *habanos*, the kind that are sold in every village shop, winds up the gramophone, puts on scratched records of wailing Andalusian dances, followed by a *flamenco*. It is plain to our friends that these Andalusian dances please us, and the Social Democrat and the clerical drink each other's health with a sigh of purest contentment.

'We have n't drunk anything yet,' protests Mr. Cobos, 'nothing at all.'

Some very old and dusty bottles are set upon the table; Mr. Cobos draws the corks himself. Ehrenburg is sitting hunched in his chair, wordless, sunk in gloom; he is a real Russian peasant, drinking, smoking, brooding. Mr. Cobos watches him with a tender eye. An hour passes, perhaps two, then Ehrenburg begins to recite, to declaim with splendid gestures and a voice strong with emotion all the Spanish poems he knows — Citroën and Deterding are forgotten. Mr. Cobos jumps up and thrusts a bottle into his arms. Curious how alike Russians and Spaniards are. The others are singing and laughing. We are sitting in a Spanish bodega; it is the time of Cervantes; in a minute Sancho Panza will come in and demand quarters for the gentle Knight of La Mancha!

Mr. Cobos — Gonzales & Co. What a world of difference! Here the patriarchal capitalist of the old days, a connoisseur of his wares, one who is overjoyed if he finds others who appreciate them, who works year in, year out, never spending his money on costly villas, luxury, fine clothes, freaks of fashion — and there the modern capitalist, impersonal, without love, without feeling for the wares he sells, the figurehead of a Board of Directors and a yearly Balance Sheet.

Before we leave, Mr. Cobos presents us with corkscrew knives made in Germany. The cars are already packed with bottles of montilla.

'Adiós, Señor Cobos,' there are not many men like you left in the world to-day. You like making money as well as any of your neighbors, but you

do not make an idol of it; you remain what you are, and you understand the art of living.

Outside, a group of workmen have gathered. They have heard who we are, and they call out a greeting to us. We awake with a start in the twentieth century.

EPITAPH FOR A SAD GENTLEMAN

BY MARGARET MARKS

HE has been tristful to the last,
He has been pensive unto death;
Now he will never breathe again
Who drew a sigh with every breath.

Do not presume to weep for him
Who wept as you will never weep
And let him lie unmourned who lies
Consummately in mournful sleep.

No sweet celestial smile shall twist
Lips that have been demure so long;
He will walk plaintively in bliss
And praise the Lord with a sad song.

THE MIND OF ASIA

BY SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

I

To the Western mind Asia has always been a source of fascination and perplexity. Disraeli was wont to speak of the 'Asian Mystery'; but now, after more than a century of effective contact, the features on the face of Asia are becoming clearer to us. Our sense of the unknown still remains, but our knowledge has grown, and with knowledge has come the beginning of understanding.

The tide of Western influence first began to rise on Eastern shores in the eighteenth century, though the first waves broke long before that. But even after so long a period the essence of Asia is still intact, especially in culture and religion, these being the most important aspects of life throughout the whole of the East. In politics, of course, the conquest and political control of India by Great Britain, of Indo-China by France, of an Eastern Insular Empire by Holland, and of the Philippine Islands first by Spain and then by America, have set in motion a process of change; and the special régime known as extraterritoriality in China presents another set of political results. It is obvious, too, that the social structure of the Orient has been affected; that the way of life — the importance of the individual, the status of women, the position of the family — has been influenced by the impact of the West. In any effective review of the Eastern scene these things cannot be separated;

but my present purpose is to attempt to make a picture of the Asiatic mind in its reaction and attitude to our influence, and to do so by deserting the political field altogether and giving a visual image of 'Asia,' a kind of dramatization in incident and personal relationship, which otherwise might remain an impersonal generalization without form or life.

It may be suggested at the outset that we are in danger of making a false measurement by applying our standards to the life of Asia, which normally does not conform to them. This is true in an absolute sense, and no Western mind can really understand the Orient unless it approaches the task in an attitude of imaginative detachment from its own preconceptions. None the less, the application of our standards is not wholly inapt, because there are many things in which the East is endeavoring to follow the West, and the success of this experiment must in the end depend on the desire and on the capacity of the East to develop at least some of the qualities by which the West has achieved its best results.

II

The East has been both attracted and repelled by the West, and the repulsion has found its most characteristic expression in the attitude known as antiforeignism. This phenomenon is

clearly something more than that represented by the distance and difference which exist between nations in Europe. It is derived more from race than from language or nationality. It involves color, caste, religion; and it has its origin in the contrast between widely separated criteria of life. Being a racial and instinctive thing, it may be described as the resistance of a normally healthy creature to the intrusion of an essentially alien body. Mixed marriages are perhaps the supreme test; and in the Orient, as in the West, there can be observed a strong distaste for such marriages. Though Mr. George E. Sokolsky has recently endeavored to show, and in his own case has proved, that mixed marriages can succeed, it is none the less true that they are not viewed with favor either in Hindu India or in Confucian China.

Apart from the personal question involved in such marriages, the phenomenon of antipathy may be described as an expression of frustration. Now the experience of frustration is common to all human life. Man forever strives after the unattainable and throughout the world is always conscious of the unending struggle between his own personal power and the great forces of the world and of nature around him. But in Asia frustration is a sharper experience than in the Western world. The Asiatic, awakening to new opportunities presented by the West, found himself in chains of two kinds: first of all, those of his own forging; second, those of foreign domination. Thus, when the peoples of Asia began to see before them the possibilities of a new life, they found themselves checked and controlled by their own heritage from the past, and sometimes actually oppressed by foreign powers.

This sense of frustration has gone

through several stages of development. It is first a state of feeling, wholly instinctive, too vague to be ascribed to one cause; and thus it resembles the onset of a fever in which the limbs ache and the body trembles but there is no definite pain. It then passes to a more acute stage of overmastering emotion in which the victim seems to suffer from a mental and spiritual claustrophobia, marked by a passionate resistance and a fierce desire for release. Then comes a groping for the cause of it, in which the mind is still overclouded and misdirected by the strength of emotional feeling, and the attempt is made to rationalize revolt — the revolt itself being still entirely instinctive.

This groping for causes, reasons, and cures can be seen in both Sun Yat Sen and Gandhi, whose political justification of their national movements always seems to leave something unexplained.

Gandhi is perhaps the more illuminating of the two. He is the embodiment and the voice of the racial instinct of the Hindus raised to so high a power that he becomes a Mahatma, the nearest to a god. Education and long practice in debate have taught him to build for his impulses, his reactions, and his beliefs a structure of alien material in which reason, casuistry, ingenuity, and contradiction jostle one another often to the complete confusion of the listener. His mind is magnetic and does not work by conscious, logical processes, though he has shown himself at times a master of subtle argument. What really speaks in him is the continuous racial memory that has lived on in his people for thousands of years, deeper than any doctrine, for it is rather a posture of mind, a poise of the mental muscles, than a verbal tradition. It speaks in his acts and his gestures more clearly than in his writings.

Every Indian understood him when he stripped himself to his loin cloth lest he should seem to go better clad than the least of the untouchables. Everyone understood him when he revived the ancient practice of non-coöperation. He might build a metaphysical superstructure around it; he might embarrass himself by trying to derive the boycott of Lancashire cotton from the law of love. What really mattered was that his 'dæmon,' his subconscious, his racial memory, had broken at last through the uncomfortable foreign clothes of Western education and democratic rationalism and had rediscovered the natural tactics of a race whose slight muscles do not readily strike out from the shoulder, yet stiffen to immobility in a trial of endurance.

So it is with his ordeal by starvation. From time immemorial a subject whom a rajah had wronged, a creditor whom a powerful debtor had forgotten, would lie down at the great man's door and starve himself to death. This method of spiritual coercion is occasionally practised even in modern India, and often it succeeds, for few will take the risk of being haunted by a ghost that has acquired spiritual power by this final austerity. Mr. Gandhi's conscious mind is by many centuries removed from this primitive world of belief, but who can doubt that it lives on in his subconscious, and inspires his actions, if not his words?

Here again we find frustration, because the temporal power, in the British raj, often refuses to act according to plan, and the Indian sense of infuriation deepens with the failure of the ancient racial method to produce the required result. In the contact between East and West, India is a crucial test, one might almost say a cruel test; for here a proud, sensitive, and cultured race is in close and daily contact with

the powerful and comparatively insensitive English. Meredith Townsend once remarked, 'Each has a contempt for the other; but as the European never has to obey, his contempt is kindly; as the Asiatic always has to yield, his contempt is often vitriolic.' Each believes in his own superiority, and equality is difficult to establish. The well-known Presbyterian missionary, the Reverend Nicol Macnicol, said, 'There is no fact that India's rulers need more to keep in mind than that no people is so sensitive to insult, real or imaginary, as a proud nation fallen to a condition of dependence.'

India is a proud nation and is still convinced of her own superiority, as indeed all Asiatic peoples are when they think of the West; for, whether it be Mr. Jinarajadasa to-day claiming that 'India has a dominating temperament, stronger because more subtle than the British,' or the Emperor Chien Lung declaring to Lord Macartney that his 'dynasty's majestic virtue had penetrated into every country under heaven,' the belief that theirs is a better way of life than ours lies deep in the Oriental mind.

Here we discover the real reason why the revolt against Western domination is so intense. It is the rebellion of races who consider themselves superior against an inexplicable domination by those whom they regard as barbarians. It is strange to us that we should be judged as barbarians. We conceive our civilization to be the creation of as much spiritual inspiration and as great an intellectual effort as anything in the East. And so it is, in origin and in its essential character. But the East has usually seen it in material form and therefore judges it to be of a lower order. Our control of the forces of nature has given us the instruments of material power, and we know that

those instruments could never have been created by a mind that was purely material. This truth has been concealed from the Orient by our imposing display of military strength and commercial organization; and thus, even yet, educated minds in the East can misjudge the essential character of Western civilization.

The war provoked Rabindranath Tagore to say, in a lecture delivered in Japan, that 'the power by which the West thrives is an evil power.' He saw 'the bloodhounds of Satan bred in the kennels of Europe' and heard 'the voice of Western civilization coming to him through the din of war, the shrieks of hatred, the churning up of the unspeakable filth which has been accumulating for ages in the bottom of this civilization.' Little wonder that he turns away to seek salvation once more in the ancient Oriental ideal of calm and contemplation. But the answer to him is that human error is universal; and, if the error of Europe was written in blood by the war, India's error is not condoned or cured thereby. Indeed, when one considers the degradation which lies at the bottom of India's civilization, millions thrust apart, 'women and Sundras born of sin,' and those more contemptible still, the untouchables, can it be said that the killing in Europe was as evil as such a slaying of the soul? But in this address Tagore was stating an extreme case; and we must look at our way of life, not in this extravagant denunciation, but as seen by the eye of Asia in cooler moments.

III

We measure life, events, and achievements in terms of activity. The active will of man, not the decrees of the invisible powers, is in practice our guiding principle. Thus we judge by results,

and our conception of progress demands from us conscious and well-directed effort. The Asiatic as he watches us is divided between admiration for our personal worth and contempt for our delusions, the greatest of which in his eyes is the delusion of progress. Our character may be something on which he can rely in times of trouble, but our activity, and especially our mentality, can only be explained in terms of some affliction of the mind visited upon us by the unseen gods. He finds in our behavior an absence of repose and a lack of dignity. In a word, the whole of our activity is to him a useless protest against the conditions of a world which he knows can never change.

Rudyard Kipling described the conflict between Western restlessness and Eastern immobility in the well-known lines: —

For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles and
he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who
tried to hustle the East.'

Closely related to this contrast in behavior are the contrasted attitudes of East and West toward such conceptions as truth, candor, honesty, loyalty, accuracy, time, definition, and responsibility. Let us take, first, truth in personal relationship: the claim of candor versus courtesy. Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* do not need to be reminded of the distinction drawn in the well-known story between the Lady and the Diplomat; but in recalling it they will have in their minds a yardstick by which to measure the difference in the same matter between East and West.

If one were to put in straight English the Japanese judgment (or, for that matter, the Chinese or the Hindu) of what we call honesty, sincerity, and

candor, one would find it approximate to the saying, 'One can be truthful only with one's equals; with those who have not his whole respect the wise man is merely polite.'

And in this sense how many real equals does a man find in the world? In any controversy, particularly of a personal nature, we are in the habit of saying: 'Let's go and have it out with him; that will clear the air and then we can get down to business.' But this rough-and-ready method of candid exchange finds little or no place in the habits of Asia. One might elaborate the Japanese judgment suggested above as follows:—

'Sir, you have no right to ask me that question so baldly, for you ought to know (or you are no gentleman) that I do not wish to be compelled to say what I really think about that, nor do I think it right or necessary to say it to *you*. You ought to be skillful enough and urbane enough to find a way of guessing my thought without making me undress my mind before you. Moreover, if I change my mind, am I to be judged a two-faced person if I do not immediately say that I now think differently from my thoughts of yesterday?'

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is a social crime in Japan to give, in answer to a question, any reply (however true) which may displease, or to ask for any favor which will make necessary a blunt refusal. Among certain peoples the messenger of evil was rewarded with death; in Japan, unless he conveys his message with suitable circumlocutions, he is likely to be ostracized as a barbarian. Blunt negatives and direct refusals are, in fact, unknown to the code of the Japanese, and in order to convey such notions one must speak circuitously, casting hints of one's meaning here and there, half indicating one thing while osten-

sibly affirming the opposite. Thus the conversation of two Japanese must not be taken at its face value, for each is engaged in suggesting, not deliberately stating his meaning, and in trying to discover the implications of a string of conventional phrases and vague suggestions. Japan is no place for those who pride themselves on 'speaking their mind.'

Nor, for precisely the same reason, is China; and no one, be he merchant or missionary or diplomat, can hope to perform his function in the East, whatever it is, unless he appreciates this conception of form which is the corner stone of Confucian culture. This form, which is only another word for a highly elaborate social courtesy, implying a mutual self-respect between two persons, bears in some degree a resemblance to the unwritten code of the English gentleman; but in China it has an all-pervading influence. It is all-important in social relations, and its proper observance is not unrelated to the matter of face. Face, and the loss of it, are things vital to Chinese experience. It is, of course, impossible accurately to describe what face involves; and perhaps the only way to appreciate what it is lies in the obvious conclusion that you are acutely aware of what it is only when you have lost it. Not until the Western resident in China comes into close and daily contact with the real Chinese does he begin to appreciate the subtle yet profound difference between his own conceptions of behavior and those of the East. And he soon learns to reject the sweeping generalizations he had often made regarding the attitude of the Asiatic to truth and honesty.

IV

There is an obliqueness in the personal touch described above which

seems dishonest, and many Europeans habitually call the Asiatic both untruthful and unreliable. But truth and the lie are just as well known throughout the East as they are anywhere else. Whence, then, does the profound misunderstanding arise? Meredith Townsend asks the question, 'Why does the Hindu or the Chinese always fancy that he can lie to a European without detection, and that if force is eliminated from the struggle he will not only win, but win almost without an effort?'

I believe the answer to be that Asiatics look upon us as we look upon children, and treat us accordingly. From their point of view we lack knowledge of the art of life; we are simple and immature; and, just as we too often evade the truth in our relations with children, so the Asiatic evades the truth with us. But when we come to consider those qualities, such as loyalty, which are closely associated with truth we find that they are just as deeply rooted in the Asiatic mind as they are in our own. The Indian servant and the Chinese merchant are loyal and scrupulous in their discharge of contract. China pays its debts at the New Year with a punctuality as great as our own; and the domestic trade of India was operated for centuries before European methods were introduced on the basis of the *hoondee* system, which implied that buyer and seller alike would honestly discharge their commercial obligations.

In the circumstances of to-day, and particularly in the political field, this question of loyalty assumes a new importance. Family loyalty is the strongest motive both in India and in China. In public life the influence of the family claim leads to nepotism and to corruption. The rice bowl dominates Chinese politics, and the claim of a relative takes precedence over the

claim of the public service. A citizen from a distant province once came to Confucius and told him that in his part of the country morality had risen so high that if a father were arrested for stealing sheep his son would bear witness against him. 'Ah,' said the Sage, 'that is not morality, for where the son bears witness against his father the family is destroyed and society will perish.'

Confucius here illustrates the central problem both in India and in China. There is, as we have seen, a proved capacity for loyalty and a genuine sense of allegiance. But loyalty centres upon the family unit, and until it is transformed and enlarged into a genuine sense of patriotism and citizenship there can be no stable government. The sense of public obligation, which is so large a part of true citizenship, is the mainstay of government by popular sovereignty; and since the peoples of the East have shown some disposition to create new governments based upon popular sovereignty it is clear that their loyalties must undergo a great transfiguration into genuine citizenship before they can succeed. Nationalism, with all its vices and its adolescent faults, is the first step in this growth; and the awakening due to the spread of nationalism, though it is still confined to the politically conscious minority in the East, may perhaps produce the required result.

V

Let us turn, however, to another facet of the same problem. The attitude toward responsibility, both individual and collective, is again sharply contrasted to our own. To appreciate this contrast we must first of all recall our definition of the Western attitude in terms of activity, in which the will of

the individual is directed toward a definite aim. Action is designed to produce results for which the actor assumes, claims, and admits responsibility; and where responsibility is to be determined, as in a court-martial or in a criminal trial, it is done by proof of intention, action, and result. We do things, we make things happen, we achieve results; and our whole judgment of character is inspired by our conviction that the worth of an individual lies in this capacity for fruitful action.

But in the East, on the whole, and despite the evidence of the great men of action such as Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Muhammad, Akbar, the ruling motive is acceptance of what is, because what is must be — a passivity in which the general judgment seeks to know only what has happened. There is a desire to forestall or evade responsibility by preventing things happening, or when they do happen, when results cannot be prevented, and a settlement of accounts becomes inevitable, the middleman is brought in to dissolve the responsibility of the two parties, lest either should be left to bear the consequences of decision.

Therefore, if possible, the Asiatic remains passive and neutral. When some matter must be dealt with, he thinks of the problem as one of adjustment, not of clear-cut responsibility in action. Action is too disturbing; the claims of urbanity and moderation must be observed, and compromise is the highest achievement. Mr. Owen Lattimore has reminded us that 'officials are expected in China to manipulate a difficult situation, not to execute policy in cold-blooded impersonal administrative fashion.' And so, if one were to choose the symbol for this process, it would be the Chinese cup of tea, for many a thorny problem

throughout the ages has been rendered harmless in China by skillful, interminable, amicable, and allusive talk over innumerable cups of the best tea in the world. Read Mr. Okakura's *Book of Tea* and you will see why the tea ceremony in Japan became the very epitome of a refined civilization.

Now if this be the racial attitude rooted in the mind of Orientals from generations back, with what prospect of success do they confront the problem of the future? Their lives and customs have already been disturbed by the impact of the West, and they seem to be driven to the creation of institutions which imply greater activity and a more definite sense of responsibility than they have hitherto been accustomed to employ. In the political field it is hardly too much to say that they have undertaken to create for themselves some alternative to autocracy.

In such an alternative a responsible public opinion is one of the operating factors, if not the major factor. Hence we must assume the possibility that what we call a sense of responsibility, which is a new thing to them, can germinate in their minds, if the opportunity for it is given and the necessity for it is driven home to them. The alternative is obviously the failure of political revolution in the East and the return to the congenial forms of government by authority and not by consent.

This is one of the great questions raised by our impact upon the Eastern world. To it there can be no confident answer. No doubt revolution has produced men in every country from Angora to Nanking who have not feared responsibility. Are they to be regarded only as the traditional autocrats in a new form? Perhaps; but revolution has also created a new class of politically awakened people. They

are in themselves a novel phenomenon which is the direct result of Western teaching. And if they are determined enough they can make any mere restoration of personal rule well-nigh impossible, or at least secure from their rulers concessions in the direction of legality, if not in democracy.

Now the truth is that, despite their tendency to imitate us in many things, the peoples of the East have not made up their minds. Deeply attached to their own way of life, they are perplexed by the problem of borrowing from us what is good and yet retaining their own essential nature. In a word, they have not defined their purpose.

Recent events in the war and the economic depression have seriously shaken the prestige of the West, and throughout the Far East the most evident tendency to-day is to turn the back on Western culture and seek

salvation once more in the true Oriental tradition. Whether this is a passing phase or not, the Oriental world can never resume its ancient seclusion, and therefore it is impossible to believe that Asia can return to her old path unchanged.

When the Gurkha troops from Nepal were first transported overseas to fight on the battlefields of Europe in 1914, their British Commanding Officer asked a grizzled old veteran how he liked the voyage and what he thought of the ocean, which he had seen for the first time.

'Sahib,' said the warrior, pointing to the wake of the ship behind, 'we can see the road by which we have come'; and then, pointing to the wide expanse of heaving water in front of the ship, he said, 'But where is the road before us?'

The old man's words reveal the dilemma of Asia to-day.

ROMANCE AT DUTCH FLAT

BY BILL ADAMS

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

I have for some time been trying to find a moment to write to you; for I am very greatly in your debt. I am, henceforth and forever, your slave. Amen. Selah!

Early last year I sent you a personal letter that was not intended at all for publication. You published it.¹ Editors are queer fish. I am a queer fish. We are all queer fish. Fine!

Early last year, also, I placed on my gate a sign that read, 'Admittance by invitation only.' It was to protect me from the idly curious, to whom a writer is someone who may be intruded upon at any time.

One blazing summer afternoon, shortly after you had published my letter and I had hung the sign on the gate, there was a ring at my bell. In my workroom, its windows darkened by drawn curtains, I sat at the desk, my fingers alternately hitting the keys of my typewriter and tearing my hair. I was concocting a potboiler. 'Gr-r-r-r!' I muttered. 'Now what low-down son of a sea cook can that be?' And with fire in my eyes and rage in my heart I strode to my door. 'I'll give whoever it is a piece of my mind! To the devil with such people!' thought I. 'Don't they know that a poor swab of a writer has to buy beans and bacon?'

Then, with my door flung wide so that the light streamed in, I stood

blinking like a silly old owl in the sunshine, and looked dazedly down on a little gray-haired woman beside whom was a young girl. I remember taking my ancient pipe from my lips, rubbing a puzzled hand across my forehead, and trying to look pleasant in a very great hurry, while the little woman shyly introduced herself. Having done so, she turned to the girl and said, 'This is my daughter, Mary Elizabeth, the fiddler.'

'Come in,' said I, 'the house is yours!' And I led them into my darkened workroom. They had read the letter you published, had realized that I was fighting with my back to the wall, as it were, and had brought gifts to cheer me. They placed on my table a loaf of homemade bread, a roll of homemade butter, a great jar of fresh milk, a basket of fruit.

'Yes,' I tell them, 'I have been feeling a bit crowded of late.' Fighting with my back to the wall is rather an old tale with me, and I like it well; yet there are times when a man grows weary and it seems as though a sailor were forgotten of his God. I laugh as the little woman tells me of their hesitancy at seeing the sign on my gate. 'It was not meant for such as you,' I say, and, smiling, she replies, 'I knew that it was n't.'

My tongue faltering a little on the word 'ladies,' I ask, as in this strange day one has to ask, 'Do you ladies smoke?'

¹ 'A Letter from Dutch Flat,' in the issue of July 1933. — EDITOR

The young fiddler, to whom my question is especially put, replies quietly, 'No, thank you.' At that I exclaim, 'Thank God! It's nice to meet a Lady once in a while.' And then, with the unpleasant preliminaries pleasantly settled, we begin to get acquainted.

The fiddler glances at my walls, which are covered with charts and with pictures of tea clippers, wool clippers, and tall Cape Horners of the days of the grain fleet. 'That is the story of my youth, hanging there on my walls,' I tell her, and I add, 'Once a sailor, always a sailor.' I am the first sailor she has ever met. I fall to talking of my sea; I tell her how I have but to look at my walls to hear the moan of the sea, the rage of the winds of the roaring forties, the scream of the hurricanes about the Diego Ramirez, the clink of the drift ice, the soft eternal murmur of the trades along azure tropic seaways.

I tell her how sometimes, looking at my walls, I hear again the shriek of a comrade fallen overboard in the black midnight; how then, at once, I am in the lifeboat, pulling a long oar; while erect in the stern the mate, peering into the darkness, shouts, 'Ahoy! — Ahoy! — Ahoy!' I tell her how we pull hither and yon, the boat now tossed high to a comber's crest, now deep in a sea trough; the glimmer of the lantern hung in the ship's rigging to direct us homeward seen dimly at intervals — a faint star very far away. And at last we are back aboard, and, with the boat hoisted to her chocks again, we gather beneath the bridgehead.

The captain looks down at us, his face, our faces, pale in the yellow light of the wind-flickered lantern. 'Is there anything more that you want me to do, men?' he asks. There is a long moment of silence. Then slowly, quietly, his old eyes upturned to the captain's face, an aged seaman speaks. 'Nothing more to do, sir.'

The captain speaks again, his accents concise, laconic. No ring to his voice now. 'Square the main yard!' Its blocks creaking in the darkness high above us, the main yard swings round. Sails rustle. The ship is on her course again.

This night there is no laughter as we haul upon the ropes. The voice of the old seaman, crying as we haul, that we may haul together, is as the long wail of some lost, lonely sea fowl: '*Hi-lee-oh!* — *Oh-yo* — *ho* — *oh!* — *Haul-away-oh!*' Soon the mate calls, 'That'll do! Belay! Clear the ropes up!' We clear the ropes in silence, our forms shadowy, the only sound the old eternal moaning of our sea.

Dawn breaks, and all day long the decks are trod by solemn, silent men. But evening comes at last. We gather on the hatch, and now an old song rises. For life is all a chance, and we will sing.

Merry are we! Merry are we!
There's no one on earth like a sailor at sea!

Presently I apologize to my guests for talking so much about this sea of which they know nothing. 'It is a way we have,' I say. 'We cannot help it. Once a sailor, always a sailor. The music of the sea holds us forever thrall'd.' Then I tell the fiddler how I have always loved music, and especially the music of the violin; but I cannot sing at all, nor can I play any instrument. I explain how it was a very bitter trial to me when I was young; how, if ever I tried to sing, my shipmates threw me down and sat upon my head, and I came to feel that I was an outcast, to whom beauty was forbidden by a harsh fate. But I also tell her how, alone in the long night watches, I used to listen happily to the music of the wind and the waters, to the murmurous sway of the universe, and how neither wind, water, nor stars chided me ever.

Speaking to the fiddler, I speak humbly, as one speaks who confesses sin. But the fiddler replies, 'Oh, I don't think you are unmusical. It is only that you are very sensitive, and that you have never had a chance.'

It is the first time in my life that anyone has spoken to me understandingly on this matter of music. So now I speak freely, telling of the varied musics to which I have hearkened — of the roar of the gale, the smite of the sudden squall, the sharp clink of drift ice along a ship's side, the tinkle of a ship's bells when, in a great swell, she rolls till their clappers strike the metal. I try to describe the music made by the reef points that patter incessantly, day and night, upon the out-bellying topsails; the tune made by a rope running swiftly through a brace block; the groan of a straining mast; the long unceasing suck and draw of green and blue sea swirls beneath the stern of a ship running with a hard wind at her heels; the mysterious sound made by whales spouting far away upon a still night of bright moonshine. I say, 'We used to throw scraps to the sea, and the albatross, the cape hens, the mollymauks, wheeled screaming above them. Their screaming is harsh, but there is music in it also. There is music in almost all sound, is there not?' And the fiddler replies, quietly, 'Yes.'

I am sitting here writing one sunny morning three days later when there is a ring at my bell. I have just had a rejection, and am as savage as a clipper captain when a rival has passed him at sea. I am wishing that I were mate of a fine ship again, that an able seaman had been impudent, and that I were giving him a drubbing. The sound of my bell gives me pleasure. I will give this intruder a piece of my mind! Scowling, I stride to the door and throw it wide.

At my door is a girl, who, saying 'Mother sent you these,' holds toward me a loaf of homemade bread and a roll of homemade butter. She is very little. Me, I am six feet three in my bare feet — all good bone and muscle. I stare down at her, and, taking the proffered gifts, ask, 'And who are you?' I have never seen her before. She is a total stranger to me.

'I'm the fiddler,' comes the reply, and instantly I am utterly abashed. It is not the first time in my life that my very bad memory for faces and names has gotten me into a horrible situation; but of all times this is the worst. I go red as a beet, and stutter and stammer my wretched apology. 'I only saw you for a few minutes, and my room was darkened. I've been writing, and my mind is befogged,' I tell her. Halfway down my front steps the fiddler turns and looks laughingly up to me. 'It does n't matter a bit. I like it,' she says. And, while I continue to abase myself, she stands there laughing, with a bed of flowering forget-me-nots behind her, and beside her a tall rosebush on which are many pink blooms. 'It does n't matter a bit. I like it,' she reiterates. Then she is gone; feeling all wiggledy inside, I stand staring after her. In a minute I am back at my desk, the potboiler forgotten, writing her a note of abject apology. And, in my wandering witless way, I begin the note with 'Dear Margaret Elizabeth.'

In a couple of days there comes a reply from the fiddler, and I can read her laughter. Gasping, I stare at the signature, 'Your respectful servant, Mary Elizabeth. Not Margaret.' So then, of course, I sit down and write another apology, more profuse than the former. I tell her that I have a stout piece of rope, that I am an expert at tying knots; she has but to say the word, and I will hang myself upon the great oak that stands by my back door.

When in a few days there comes a reply, it is from far away. The fiddler is gone back to the city, to play her violin. I see her upon the platform, hundreds of pairs of eyes watching her. Her letter speaks of din, of crowds, of rush and hurry. 'There is no one here who would hang himself for me, and that is not at all romantic,' she writes. But that sentence is carefully crossed out. I spend a long time deciphering those crossed-out words. Having at last deciphered them, I close my typewriter and go out and wander for a long time in the silent forest. But after a while I say, 'You have n't any sense,' and come home, and return to my potboiler.

Days pass to weeks, weeks to months. Occasionally the fiddler comes to spend a few days with her mother at their little home surrounded on all sides by the silent thoughtful forest, five miles up the mountain. I visit them there now and then. On an evening when a golden sunset glory tints pine and cedar, fir and spruce, dogwood and maple, the fiddler brings out her violin and plays for me. All the dear visions of my youth come back to me while she plays. But when she lays down her violin all I can say is, 'Thank you.' Common-place, dry little words into which I vainly try to put more meaning than any little words can possibly hold. Sometimes we walk together in the forest. Birds fly hither and yon, and we talk of them. We talk of books, of flowers, of the pollen on the tall incense cedars, of the lights that glorify the edges of the evening clouds above us. But of romance we say never a word.

When again the fiddler is gone back to the city I write to her often. I can say things in letters that I cannot say by word of mouth — putting, or trying to put, between the lines little secret

things that cannot be said openly; hoping always that if she senses those little shy secret things she will not be angry.

I try to find between the lines little similar things, but never can find any. Often I say to myself, 'You're an old fool. You are no one at all to the fiddler. She looks on you as a friend, and that is the whole of it. You've had your day. You're a back number.' I try to turn the feelings in my heart into such feelings as one has for a friend. But one day I write to her, 'I'm going to call together a little company of my forest comrades. I shall call the blue-bird, the gray squirrel, the chipmunk, the raccoon. I shall ask them if they cannot help me to weave some sort of spell whereby you shall live always in the mountains, with us, instead of going away to the city.'

When next she comes to the mountains I seem to feel a something in the air between us. She says nothing of my letter about calling together my little forest comrades; I have a guilty fear that I have offended her and can talk less than before. 'You're a back number. You ought to know better,' I tell myself. And yet, deep down in my heart is a sort of gay urge, a surge of the joy of battle. I say to myself, 'Once a sailor, always a sailor. Without a doubt, the fiddler is loved by some young landsman. Very well. We'll see.' And one day, when she has been playing her violin for me, I say, 'You know, when a sailor came to port he always got the prettiest girl in the port.' But the dogs bark at that moment, so that she does not hear me; and further I dare not go.

Then one day, when once again the fiddler is returning to the city, I say to myself, 'The jig's up. You've been indulging in a lot of pipe dreams. Take your medicine like a man.' And to her I say, 'Good-bye, and God bless you.'

You'll let me be always your friend, won't you? If ever you're lonely, or sad, or any of those things, you'll come and tell me about it, won't you, please?'

Looking demurely into my face, the fiddler replies, 'Thank you very much. Yes, I will.'

And I say, 'Please don't forget that I am always here, yours when you want me.'

So the fiddler goes away to the noisy city, and I, alone in my silent mountains, am very dull indeed. 'She'll never need me,' I tell myself. And now my letters are just plain little letters, telling of the bluebirds and the gray squirrels, of how heavy the pollen hangs on the tall incense cedars. I sit often gazing at the pictures of clippers on my walls, at my charts, and at the pictured faces of the sailor comrades of my youth. The comrades of my youth look back at me. Their eyes shine; the faces of my old chums seem to smile. We sit together on the hatch again, and an old song rises: —

Merry are we! Merry are we!
There's no one on earth like a sailor at sea!

Then one afternoon there comes a soft rap at my door. I open, and there

is the fiddler, who has been gone but a week.

'Ah,' say I, 'you were lonely away down there in the noisy city, were n't you?'

Looking demurely into my face, the fiddler replies softly, 'Yes. I was.'

I place an arm about her shoulder; stooping, I kiss her cheek. A sailor who has had his day, who is become a back number, may give a young girl friendship's kiss, may he not? Yes, I will be, as it were, a father to the little fiddler. The fiddler gasps a little, and a paleness comes to her face.

'What is it?' I ask. 'Tell me what's the matter, little fiddler.'

'I feel ill. I think I'm going to faint,' murmurs the fiddler.

And then, before I know what I am saying, the bluebird, the gray squirrel, the chipmunk, the raccoon, put their seal upon the spell.

'Little fiddler, do you know that I love you?' I ask.

I am vastly much obliged to you for having published a letter that was not at all intended for publication. So also is the fiddler. A sailor, and a sailor's wife, we thank you very much.

Fair winds to you, and a spanking heavy pay day!

CRAZY PASHKA

BY NATALIE B. NOTKIN

I

WITH the directness and cruelty of youth we called him Crazy Pashka, at first among ourselves and later to his face. He did not seem to mind it. In his gentle way he followed us around as a man under a spell might follow his tormentors. Some of our thrusts he did not understand; others he bore for the sake of being near Helen.

'Crazy' was probably the wrong scientific term to describe his mental condition, and an exaggerated one, but it was the only one we could think of at the time. Constantine, the soul and brain of our gang, had once lucidly described him thus: —

'It's not as if Pashka was crazy — really crazy, I mean. It's only sort of as if he was just — well, just crazy.'

We laughed at his failure to find a more appropriate word, but none of us could do any better, and Crazy Pashka remained so to us until the awful solemnity of the outcome of our last practical joke at his expense raised him to the dignity of his real name.

Pashka was mortally afraid of ghosts. Ghosts were, as a matter of fact, the original reason of his mental derangement. A silly nurse, having for years fed him with scary ghost stories, profited by the occasion of his grandmother's death to threaten the child. She warned him that if he did not obey her his grandmother's ghost would get him. Two nights later the boy dis-

obeyed her in some trifling matter, and the woman actually went to the trouble of going into the chilly, severe drawing-room where his grandmother's body had lain, putting a sheet over her head, and pouncing upon Pashka as he ran along the corridor from his mother's room to the nursery. The child gave one terrible shriek and collapsed in the arms of the ghost, who was still struggling with her shroud when the terrified parents arrived on the scene. The nurse was discharged, but it did not mend matters — the boy did not recover.

He was very gentle, extremely, excessively obedient, as though obedience were the one commandment he dared not break; but something vital, something absolutely essential to the workings of a sane human mind, was lacking. There was nothing repulsive or beastlike about him, as is so often the case with the mentally ill. His mind was not deformed; it simply was n't 'all there.' Now, at twenty-two, with a body well built and beautifully proportioned, with a face which would have been good-looking if it had not been for the paleness and a perpetually half-scared, half-vacant look, and which even then had a certain appealing attractiveness, he was at the mercy of a gang of thoughtless, callous children.

Individually we were not so bad. Collectively we constituted that most

unmanageable and lawless combination — the gang! The old estate, its spaciousness still a part of old Russia, its generous body ungrudgingly bearing the burden of new summer houses thrust upon it by the impoverished owner, afforded almost unlimited possibilities for varied and — to our age — thrilling activities. The river wound its dark green, rippling body between the obligingly sloping banks, coming almost to the porch of our house, whispering a promise of coolness, and then running perversely away on to the green lawn beneath the Nelidovs' verandah. The woods across the river were full of berries and mushrooms, and possessed the added attraction of the ever-present danger of running into the owner's dogs. The dusty five-mile road to the town of Koltino was to us the ancient highway over which, perchance, mysterious strangers traveled by night pursued by bold robbers. Our leisure was unlimited, our imagination was allowed to have full play.

Our respective families, having found the haven of rest and peace under the old, benevolent trees, left us pretty much alone, but not one of us was left so coldly, so carelessly alone as poor Crazy Pashka. He was staying with some distant relatives, and the distance was so great that the call of blood was barely audible. His mother had died about three years after the tragedy of his childhood, followed soon after by her husband, who had stayed on this earth just long enough to spend the remainder of his fortune and to leave, in dying, a desolate and penniless boy. Pashka's very defenselessness should have stopped us from teasing him. But it did n't.

II

Now, when I think of all that happened during that summer and of the results of our mercilessness, I cannot

be altogether sorry, but neither can I find any excuse for our conduct. It was the more shameless because Pashka was such easy prey. In the case of Tania, our other victim, the fight was much more even. It is true that we almost drowned her in our effort to get her soaking wet, but at least we got thoroughly drenched ourselves in the process, and on the memorable occasion when we walked her into town with fond hopes of working her to a point of complete exhaustion, she outlasted us easily and came home under full steam, away ahead of our lagging rear guard. Now, in the light of later events, I am inclined to think that she voluntarily underwent some of the trials we inflicted upon her for the sole purpose of distracting our attention from Pashka. At that time we did not go into reasons of things and cheerfully took whatever life offered us in the way of diversion.

Tania was the only human being who stood, or attempted to stand, between Pashka and the world. Her family lived in the house next to Pashka's, her window facing his, so that she was able to keep an eye on his comings and goings to a certain extent. After the affair of the walk, she had gained our reluctant respect by the simple expedient of beating us at our own game, and hers was the only word which kept us from making life entirely unbearable for Pashka. I believe, and such is the irony of things, that if she had not had to go to the city for a week we should never have gone to the extremes we did in the disreputable performance of the raffle.

The ostensible reason for the raffle was, of course, to help Pashka. He had gone to town and bought himself out of his extremely meagre funds a much-needed pair of trousers. Upon his return it developed that the trousers were too small for him. He had no

money to buy himself another pair, nor had any one of us enough to lend or give him the necessary sum, even had we felt the inclination. The outright sale of the trousers would not do, because we had to collect the full price for them if Pashka was to get himself another pair, and no one that we knew of contemplated buying a new pair at the time. I don't remember which one of us hit upon the idea of the lottery. By making tickets very cheap we could talk both the summer people and the chaps from the village into buying them, as those who did not win at least would have purchased the right to come to the lottery and enjoy themselves. The cause was ostensibly a righteous one, and I shall allow our parents the benefit of the doubt by assuming that it was the righteousness, rather than the fun, which made them upon that occasion join forces with us.

The next step was to persuade Pashka to part with the trousers. Frankly, we doubted the outcome of our conversation with him so little that we had sold most of the tickets and made all arrangements before we even broached the subject to him on the very day of the raffle. Unexpectedly, he resisted us. Some latent sense of dignity in him rebelled against the ridiculous part we expected him to play. We wanted him to sit on a specially constructed dais, on a chair vividly and expertly decorated by our best 'artists,' wrapped up in a sheet as an irrefutable sign that he actually lacked the more conventional garment. People, we insisted, were entitled to the proof. They wanted to feel that they were really supplying a crying need, and, moreover, they wanted the show. The dreaded threat of the ghost getting him on the third night seemed to shake his resistance for a moment, but failed to achieve its usual result of complete

submission. Perhaps it was not even a possible understanding of the humiliation as much as acute bashfulness that shrank from a public posing, in whatever guise it might be, that made him so adamant. We could, of course, have overpowered him by sheer force, but that would mean that several boys would have to be holding him on his improvised throne, and where then would be the dramatic appeal for sympathy that we wanted to stage? Constantine craftily shifted from threats to promises.

'Pashka,' he said, 'if you do it, Helen will kiss you. You will, won't you, Helen?'

Helen giggled and said: 'All right. I will.'

Helen, fortunately, was a fool. I say fortunately, because if in addition to her overwhelming beauty and complete heartlessness she had had a brain, she would have been a menace. As matters stood, she simply was a nuisance. Her name was almost symbolic. Helen of Troy must have possessed that fatal combination of superlative beauty which fires men's hearts with indifference that lets them be broken. In an older group, or under different circumstances, she would have created veritable havoc, but in the blessed freedom of the summer fun the wholesomely derisive gang let her tag along mostly because we could use her as bait in our sport with Pashka. Pashka was unable to gauge either her mentality or her emotional standards. To him her divinely perfect face was, as it probably became in her after life for saner and more mature men, the epitome of life's beauty.

He looked at her for a moment, the intensity of his emotion almost obliterating the frightened vacancy of his gaze. His face, deprived of the ordinary control that hides a man's soul from strangers, showed the agony

of his temptation. He repeated Constantine's question slowly:—

'You will, won't you, Helen?'

'Why, of course I will, Pashka. I said I would, and I will.'

'You will kiss me, Helen? You will let me kiss you?'

Helen was becoming annoyed. All this was very silly, and Pashka's slow heavy speech and his solemnity were beginning to irritate her. However, the feeling of gratification at her own importance made her answer once more:—

'Yes, I will, Pashka. I promise I will.'

Pashka covered his face with his hands. He always stood when he talked to us, as if the physical sensation of his height were his only weapon in dealing with us. He was standing now, swaying slightly from left to right, his hands twitching, his breath coming audibly and brokenly. For a moment we were awed into an unwonted silence. If at that moment some sensible, sensitive person had said a few adequate words, I think we would have retreated. But no such person arrived, and, though silent, we stood our ground. At last Pashka uncovered his face. If possible, it was paler than usual. He nodded his consent and walked away.

III

That evening at the lottery our noisy activity was mostly a reaction against the brief interval of subdued quiet of the afternoon. We jumped, and ran around, and shouted, calling everybody's attention to the grotesque figure on the dais. There sat Pashka, arrayed in his sheet, with the historic trousers hanging from a tree near by. Some lanterns remaining from a garden party were donated to us and flickered ineffectively in the long, grayish twilight of a summer evening.

For some reason we were not getting as much fun as we expected from the raffle. None of the summer people laughed, and the guffaws of the village beaus sounded coarse even to our not very sensitive ears. The complete immobility of Pashka on the dais, the tense whiteness of his face above the white sheet, lent a tragic earnestness to the scene which our bustling about could not quite dispel. We were actually glad when the raffle was over and one of the village boys triumphantly carried the loot away, accompanied by his half-envious, half-scornful companions. The grown-ups strolled away, and we were left with a sum of money adequately covering not only another pair of trousers, but even the necessary trip to town, with Pashka still motionless on the dais, and with a feeling that somehow we had missed fire.

Perhaps it was that feeling of dissatisfaction that made Helen behave as she did. I cannot explain otherwise such complete lack of fair sportsmanship, such careless breaking of a promise. Whatever it was, she refused to kiss Pashka. She walked right past him, the perfect oval of her face gleaming in the lantern light. He sat there too stunned to get up and follow her. Finally, goaded into motion by our teasing, he got up, descended from the dais, threw off the sheet, revealing a perfectly conventional though badly worn pair of trousers, walked a few steps, and then a great sob broke from him. He fell down on the damp evening grass and wept bitterly, not as children cry, but as men weep in moments of unbearable anguish.

The thin whistle of the evening train had sounded about half an hour before, and we were not so much surprised as startled when Tania's swift steps crunched on the sandy path. She saw Pashka's sobbing figure on the ground

and ran to him. For a second, before she knelt by his side and lifted his head into her lap, she turned her face toward us, and it was white with rage. She took the picture in at a glance — the dais, the crazily decorated chair, the discarded sheet, and our sullen, shame-faced countenances. But at the moment she had no time to spare for learning the details, her energy bent upon quieting Pashka. She was stroking his head gently, wiping his face with her quickly soaked handkerchief, lifting him into a more comfortable position, until finally he was sitting by her side, his head on her shoulder, his shoulders encircled by her tenderly firm arm.

‘Pashenka, stop crying. Why are you crying so hard, Pasha?’ She was n’t really asking him, nor expecting him to answer her question. She was merely speaking to soothe him, as one might soothe a frightened child with the steady monotone of a familiar voice.

But so recent, so great was his disappointment that he was shocked into coherence: —

‘Helen would not kiss me. She promised me she would if I did, and then she would n’t.’

‘If you did what, Pasha? — One of you boys just come here and tell me what you did to him this time.’

Constantine, nobly carrying the responsibilities as well as the prerogatives of the alleged leader of the gang, stepped closer and explained the matter to Tania. It is true that he dwelt with greater emphasis upon our desire to help Pashka out with the raffle than upon our insistence on the unnecessary humiliation of this evening’s performance. But Tania disregarded our intentions and stuck to facts. Then, after a brief but tremendously expressive ‘You beasts!’ she turned to Helen, whose natural curiosity had prevailed over the

pose of nonchalance acquired so recently, and who had come back to the scene, attracted by the commotion.

Tania’s voice came cold and low, like chunks of ice falling: —

‘Come here, you mean little fool. Come here this minute, I tell you!’ There was something so insistent, almost implacable in her voice that Helen obeyed. She came, reluctantly and sullenly, but she came.

‘Now, kiss him.’

Helen bent her face toward Pashka, bringing her smooth, cool cheek near his still trembling lips. Pashka looked at her out of his tear-swollen eyes. A violent shudder shook his body, then he turned away and hid his face in Tania’s shoulder. To her anxious question, —

‘Why, what’s the matter now, Pasha?’

‘I wanted her to kiss me kindly,’ he whispered.

Tania waved us away, and remained sitting there, with her slender, maidenly, motherly arms around Pashka.

IV

For three days after that we left Pashka alone. Partly it was because the still, small voice, aided by Tania’s whole-hearted contempt, was faintly murmuring within most of us. The other, and perhaps more important, reason was that temporarily our powers of invention had deserted us. It was Helen who for the first time in the history of that eventful summer supplied the brains of the gang. Her suggestion was that we tell Pashka that she was in the vault under the old church, and in danger, and that only Pashka could save her. Then, when he was safely inside, we were to lock him up and leave him there until dark.

At that time it struck us merely as a brilliant idea. Now, when I think it over, I am sure that her main purpose was not to have Pashka locked up in the vault and scared out of his poor remaining wits, but to test her power over him. The vault to him was the most dreadful place on earth, worse even than the cemetery, where at least one had the space and the sky, and from which escape was possible. Whatever it was, she started us on this our last game with Pashka.

We waited until after dinner, conscientiously refraining from adding the physical discomfort of hunger to the mental agony we were preparing to inflict upon poor Pashka. About seven o'clock I ran to him and breathlessly declared that Helen was in the vault and that her salvation depended solely upon Pashka's courage and promptness.

A trick like that could never have been played upon a sane person, as to the most limited mentality it would have been clear that if we knew of Helen's whereabouts, and the supposed danger she was in, there was no earthly reason why we could n't rescue her ourselves, or, if the thing proved to be beyond our power, call upon some of the grown-ups. No such doubts came to Pashka. Helen was in the vault. Helen needed him. Perhaps his very dread of the place made her danger seem more real to him. He ran toward the church.

The old white church and the newer brick one stood on either side of the road, mute reminders of the age of large and costly gestures. Once upon a time the brick church was built spitefully by a neighbor who had quarreled with the builder and donor of the white church. For a while the services were held in both churches by the warring factions. Then peace was reestablished and the newer church hospitably

housed both parties. Gradually the custom was established of opening the stately white building only upon special, more solemn occasions, or when the vault underneath received another of its irrevocably permanent tenants. Even in the daytime the place had the awe-inspiring mysteriousness of abandoned buildings. At night I doubt that any one of us would have ventured inside unfortified by the warm and living presence of his companions. That was the place where we expected Pashka, with his peculiar, sharp terror of the dead, to meet the darkness in solitude.

No knight could have rushed more gallantly to the rescue of his ladylove than this poor afflicted boy ran to Helen's aid. He did not call upon any of us for help. His long legs were carrying him with unwonted rapidity toward the trap, his voice ringing out earnestly, persistently:—

'I am coming, Helen! Don't worry, Helen, I am coming!'

I believe, at least I honestly want to believe, that each one of us, if left to himself, would not have gone through with our noble project. But in a gang the fear of ridicule is one of the strongest emotions, and when Pashka ran through the door obligingly opened for him beforehand, we clanged it to and shot the heavy bolt into its rusty place. For a while Pashka still believed that Helen was somewhere in the vault, and he ran around too deeply anxious on her account to be worried on his own. Gradually the realization of his complete aloneness dawned upon him, and we heard him crying to be let out. The more pitiful, the more terrified his cries became, the more we giggled in our hiding place close to his prison. Really and truly we did not intend to leave him there for a long time. An hour seemed to us a fair period for a joke, but at that time someone called

us from the garden for a vastly important discussion of the next day's picnic.

In the excitement we forgot about Pashka.

V

About eleven o'clock my brother and I were awakened by Tania's voice calling us through the window: —

'Pashka has n't come home yet. Where did you put him?'

We looked at each other in guilty silence. Three minutes later, sketchily though adequately dressed, we were walking toward the church, with Tania grimly leading the way and Constantine, whom we had ruthlessly roused by a rock thrown in his window, bringing up the rear. Tania was carrying a flashlight in her hand. Constantine and I carried the garden lanterns, and altogether I think we must have made a strange procession. At the church door Tania handed the flashlight to me and herself unfastened the bolt. She ran down the musty steps into the dank air of the vault and almost fell over Pashka.

He lay on his back, his arm twisted queerly over his head, as if in falling he had been trying to shield himself from some threatening menace. He must have struck the stone steps with his forehead, and the blood was trickling slowly down his face. His face had always been pale; now, under this thin stream of red, it was the pallor of death. We could see or hear no breath coming, and the immobility of his body was the final motionless surrender of man.

Tania put her hand on his heart. She must have been sorely tempted to punish us for our cruel stupidity, but the sight of our petrified and thoroughly repentant faces moved her into saying, 'He is not dead. Just fainted. Get me some water.'

We flew to do her errands, and in about half an hour we saw the slight twitching of the mouth, the faintest color supplanting the deadly pallor of the cheek. As I think about this midnight adventure I wonder why Tania never asked his relatives for help where Pashka was concerned. Did she feel the vast, perhaps even slightly hostile indifference which they felt toward their unwelcome charge? Anyway, just as she did in every small misunderstanding, in this crisis she was handling the matter herself. She might have lacked experience and technique in dealing with people who have fainted, but her eagerness, her concentration, were immense. She worked silently until Pashka finally opened his eyes and moved his head. Then she stretched herself on the floor and cried.

She was crying in a funny, hurried way, as if she had to get the thing done and over with, and proceed with her work. She was crying openly and audibly, with an ever-increasing intensity.

Pashka looked around. His eyes traveled around the vault, wandered across our bewildered faces, and stayed on Tania's golden head. Our bewilderment was manifest and inevitable. Out of Pashka's eyes a stranger looked at us in the tricky light of the lanterns. Eyes sad, but neither scared nor vacant, were gazing steadily, unfamiliarly, upon the strange scene. Tania, with her face in the hollow of her arm on the floor, had missed the miracle. She did not become aware of it until a voice, a man's voice, low and slightly hesitating, broke the silence.

'Don't cry. I am better.'

She raised her head quickly, and her puzzled glance met his. With a cry she threw her arms around his neck and pressed his head to her breast.

'I knew it! Oh, I always knew it!

I always told them so! Only I thought it was care and kindness that would bring you back. Oh, Pavel, my dear, my poor darling!' Tania had stopped crying and was now bent upon getting us home, above all upon getting Pavel home. In her overwhelming gladness and gratitude she almost forgot that we were not the conscious benefactors, but a crowd of silly boys who, but for the grace of God, would have been the unwitting murderers of the man had she not missed him in time and gone to his rescue.

We were only too willing to forget it with her. We helped Pavel to rise; we even foolishly tried to brush off his clothes with our hands, so hard were we trying to be of service. The cut on his forehead had proved quite superficial, and after Tania had washed the blood off his face it lost its aspect of a deadly wound. He stood unsteadily, one of his arms across Constantine's shoulders, the other supported by the slender, superbly dependable pillar of Tania's young body. Our relief was so great that we looked at each other and sniggered. If we had been older we should have fallen on our knees and thanked God for His goodness!

With our eager help Pavel walked up the steps of the vault, saying nothing after his first sentence, acquainting himself silently with his surroundings, as though he now saw everything for the first time. Once upon the open road, in the sweet night air, though he was obviously not yet completely recovered, his steps became more purposeful. By some mutual unspoken agreement we led him toward our house, instead of his own. My parents, unaware that anything unusual had happened, had quietly gone to bed, and we tiptoed excitedly into the room which my brother and I shared in a state of amicable warfare. We put Pavel in my bed and I crawled in with my

brother. Constantine had reluctantly departed. He would have preferred to stay with us, but in his new rôle of the rescuer he felt in duty bound to see Tania home across the dark stretch of the garden. Pavel fell asleep almost at once. My brother and I whispered long into the night.

VI

Morning came with the hot intensity of July. We awakened early, and saw that Pavel was already awake. He was sitting up in bed, his eyes wandering around the room, a puzzled expression on his face. There was in him the earnestness of a newborn human being who had the whole universe to discover. And miraculously, wonderfully, he had regained his ability to discover it!

We jumped out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and ran to fetch Tania. She was, we felt, the first human being outside of ourselves entitled to see this new creature in the light of day. Moreover, we did not quite know just what to do with him. She came immediately, and we saw by the faint blue hollows under her eyes that she too had not slept much that night. She went over to Pavel and a smile illumined his face. It seemed as though out of the whole strange world her kindness alone reached him in a familiar soothing manner and linked him with himself. She stroked his head in her old way, when suddenly he took her hand into his and pressed his lips to it. It was a gesture of gratitude, of tribute, of allegiance, and faintly even we in our immaturity felt it to be a sign of something else, something greater, more potent than all of those three together.

It is queer how the great and the trivial things of life are mixed inextricably in one solid pattern. This was

perhaps the most important moment in the lives of those two people — a promise, a pledge, an alliance. It was also eight o'clock on a bright summer morning, and none of us had had any breakfast. So we hustled Tania out of the room and helped Pavel to dress, and soon walked out on the cool, airy verandah. Mother was there, and I am still deeply grateful to her for the self-control she displayed on that occasion. Nothing in her expression or manner showed that there was a certain strangeness in Pavel's appearance at our breakfast table. I later learned that she had had a brief preparation for this encounter, as Tania, after leaving Pavel to our ministrations, had gone to her and told her the essential facts of the past night's happenings. She then proceeded to Pavel's home to inform his relations as to his whereabouts and the change in his condition.

'Not that I think they will care,' she rather bitterly remarked, 'but still I think they ought to know.'

She also, upon Mother's advice, sent a wire to a nerve specialist, asking him to come and examine Pavel. The specialist arrived in due time, made his examination, and ordered complete quiet, with a gradual broadening of experience by easy stages. Somehow we felt that just because his eyes first fell on us, upon his awakening in the vault, he in some mysterious way belonged to us. Just as before he had been our victim, so he now became our hero, but anyway he was ours. We tried — and succeeded without a great effort — to have him installed in our room, and constituted ourselves his bodyguard, with the novel and original motto: 'Faithful unto death.' We whispered in corners, and conspired against the world. We granted audiences and rejected visitors. One visitor especially we rejected with venom

which only our amazing forgetfulness of the part we ourselves had played in the recent events could justify. This visitor, needless to say, was Helen. We felt that she above all had failed Pashka in a meaner, more contemptible way than all our teasing. With the gusto of eyewitnesses we told each other how Pashka refused to kiss her. Constantine especially excelled in the accuracy and vividness of his narrative: —

'And then Helen came crawling up and stuck her cheek out for him to kiss. And he would n't! No. He turned his head away and just would n't look at her. And she sat there and cried, and cried, and begged him to kiss her. And he would n't! No, sir. He would n't even look at her!'

Constantine waxed dramatic and showed how Helen groveled and how Pashka turned his head away. But I think that on our part all this was sheer bravado. We were very much afraid to have Pavel see Helen. She seemed to us to menace the new peace of his recently reinstated mind, to jeopardize his recovery, to endanger the beautiful warmth of his feeling for Tania.

Helen, in short, was the serpent in the garden. We could, however, no longer stall off their meeting on the day when Pavel left the confines of our home and went for a walk along the river bank. Helen must have been lying in wait for him, for she ran to him right away. Pavel was walking slowly, with his hand on Tania's arm, his bodyguard behind him. We held our breath. This was the dramatic meeting of our hero with his erstwhile ladylove, for whose sake he had been ready to endure humiliation, to face danger. He took her outstretched hand and stood there awkwardly, holding on to Tania's arm with his other hand. Tania stood still, so still

that her silence had body and weight, the tense silence of fear. Pavel was looking at Helen. No one at any time could help looking at Helen, but on that morning she had the intensity of beauty which had set out to conquer. He looked at her slender white arms and hands, which even then, at sixteen, had the expressiveness, the grace, of a woman's hands. He looked at the faultless contour of her face, with its delicate, perfect coloring, and turned away. He shivered slightly, as a man might who had touched something unexpectedly and repulsively cold.

'If you don't mind, I shall go now,' he said. 'I am not very strong yet.'

'Why, Pasha, don't you care to talk to me? Don't you remember how you wanted to kiss me?' Helen was surprised and offended.

'Did I ever want to kiss you? I don't now. Please, let me go.'

He moved on and we saw the tenseness go out of Tania's body. She relaxed suddenly as if a great weight had been lifted off her shoulders, and laughed. It was the unrestrained, breath-taking laughter of pure joy. She turned her face to Pavel, and the light in it made us feel as if inadvertently we had looked upon the forbidden, the sacred places of the human soul. We stole quietly away. Pavel no longer needed a bodyguard. The danger had remained behind; his garden lay safe and green before him.

People seldom grow up gradually. There are jumps and leaps in their development that come after great crises of life, after shocks, disappointments, discoveries, the sight of death. It has been my great privilege, without any merit on my part, — even, if I may say so, quite the contrary, — to grow up a little by watching a man come to life.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN EDUCATION

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

IN one of his most engaging essays, Ian Hay relates an anecdote about a graduate of a famous British public school whom he asked for a few reminiscences of a former headmaster, — his mannerisms, his prejudices, his hobbies, — in short, his personality.

‘He was a holy terror,’ announced the Old Boy, after a moment’s rumination.

‘Quite so, but in what way?’

‘I can’t remember anything particular about him except that he *was* a holy terror — and the greatest man that ever lived.’

‘But can’t you tell me something personal about him? Did n’t you ever meet him?’

‘Oh, yes, I met him,’ was the reply, with visible emotion. ‘Three or four times. And that reminds me, I *can* tell you something personal about him. The old swine was left-handed! A great man, a very great man.’

In some such unpredictable fashion romantic traditions gather around by-gone schoolmasters. A teacher may have original theories of education and a passionate desire to inspire his pupils; yet all his ‘saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,’ will vanish, leaving only some paltry residuum. What do you and I recall to-day of that Pons Asinorum over which we struggled? How many of Vergil’s smooth hexameters — let’s be honest with ourselves! — could we read before the fire, with-

out a translation, with either pleasure or profit?

What we do remember is only too often some isolated fact upon which the instructor laid no stress. For many years my boys preparing for college had to read the poetry of John Keats. I was accustomed to draw their attention to the melody, the irresistible magic, of the marvelous lines in the noble odes. Yet the one detail which every student retained as an alumnus — a point which I always mentioned casually, without emphasis — was that Keats was born in a livery stable, at the sign of the Swan and Hoop. By what weird cerebral process ‘faery lands forlorn’ should be forgotten while this trivial genealogical accident should be retained in the mind I leave to the psychologist to explain.

Even when we think we remember, we are sometimes mistaken. An old Andoverian was recently eulogizing one of his most stimulating masters. ‘To this day, because of something he said,’ declared the graduate, ‘I have never forgotten the word for “owl” in Latin. Almost two decades later I distinctly recollect it, though in looking it up in my abridged Latin dictionary I find it not even listed. But I shall never forget *hibou*.’

It is understandable why the word in question was not in the lexicon, for the term employed by the Romans was *bubo*, not *hibou*. That such a

blunder should be made reflects no discredit upon either teacher or pupil. The significant matter is that, although the instructor was one of the most gifted in the United States, what one of his students recalled most distinctly was the Latin word for 'owl' — and that inaccurately. From the standpoint of factual knowledge, that course was not an unqualified success.

Considered unphilosophically, such stories should make us skeptical and desperate. But when the worst has been alleged, when it is conceded that, except in vocational and professional schools, facts have a disconcerting habit of vanishing from the memory, there still remains ground for optimism. When knowledge disappears, something more valuable may linger — an enduring curiosity or ambition aroused by the spirit of a great teacher. Someone said of Sanderson of Oundle, 'He did not want to deck-load a boy with knowledge, but rather fit him out as "well-found" and seaworthy for the voyage of life.' The ideal education is that which an immature mind absorbs almost unconsciously from close contact with a more mature one — such relationship as existed between Alexander Hamilton and George Washington, between John Hay and Abraham Lincoln, between Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry Adams. In Hamilton, Hay, and Lodge some fire was kindled by association with a glowing intellect, and the flame was one which the world will not willingly let die.

If we could make each promising youth private secretary to some Roosevelt or Wilson, with an opportunity to observe and imitate, we should be establishing a perfect system of education. Unfortunately this is not always practicable. What can be done is to place boys in schools where they will be touched and stirred by genuine personalities — not pedants, not

cloistered hermits, not specialists, but men.

Even this policy cannot always be followed, for such men and such schools are rare. But it is comforting to know that conditions are better than they were. It is easy to be critical of present-day schools and colleges, and perhaps those of us who have been long associated with them discern their weaknesses too clearly. Only when we investigate the practice of a century ago can we realize how much advancement has been made. Our schools are far from flawless, but they are highly civilized as compared with those of Ichabod Crane's day. Although we have no basis for complacency, a comparison may possibly dissipate our gloom and convince us that, while we have not yet arrived, we are at least definitely on the right path.

II

The curriculum of our grandfathers in both preparatory schools and colleges consisted almost entirely of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. Asked the question how Harvard prepared its class of 1856 for 'this active, bustling, hard-hitting, many-tongued world, caring little for authority and little for the past,' Charles Francis Adams replied that it compelled him and his classmates, directly and indirectly, to devote the best part of their school lives 'to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages.' In 1877, Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, speaking at the inauguration of President Seelye, of Amherst, said, 'It must not be forgotten that the three grand staples of a liberal culture are Mathematics, Greek, and Latin; and in this order.' A theologian who could be so dogmatic upon the subject of education must have been happily free from doubt on every controversial matter. In the

twentieth century we are perhaps a little less confident. The day for experimentation, even for improvement, has not quite gone by.

It seems only yesterday that the course of study in reputable schools included no American history, civics, or economics, very little science, almost no contemporary literature, and only a hint of music and the fine arts. The programme at Andover in the 1860's, like that of other New England academies, consisted of heavy doses of the classics and mathematics, lightened by some public speaking and Bible study. As a schoolboy in Central New York when the new century opened, I read Johnson's *Rasselas* and Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies* — works as little fitted to my childish intelligence as a full dress suit would be to a native Eskimo. In general, it is fair to say that seventy-five years ago virtually no direct attempt was made to train boys — or girls — to adjust themselves to the environment in which, after leaving school, their lot was to be cast.

The methods of instruction were still mediæval, not to say primitive. The universal practice was the recitation, adopted as a convenient opportunity of ascertaining whether or not the student had learned the assigned lesson. There was little discussion in the classroom, the teacher laying down the law from his throne and the pupil submissively accepting it. Independent thinking was neither encouraged nor tolerated. The textbook was, as a rule, the unquestioned source of information. The routine was fixed, and punishments were frequently inflicted. A favorite procedure in the 1820's was the verbatim memorization of Cheever's *Accidence*, a Latin grammar of the period. Very little effort was made to arouse interest in a subject. The master's doctrine was, 'Learn this — if you

don't, I'll make you.' The relationship between him and his students was what Professor George Herbert Palmer called 'an ignoble game of matching wits, in which the teacher is smart if he can catch the boy, and the boy is smart if he can know nothing without being found out.' This indictment may sound too severe, even to those who were sufferers from the system; but it can be sustained by evidence from innumerable sources. Good teachers appeared throughout the century, but they were hampered by tradition, by formalism, and by an unwillingness to defy the custom of the country.

School was looked upon, in general, as a place to be avoided. I have been at some pains to collect quotations from well-known men regarding their school days, and they constitute material for a doctor's thesis on 'The Pessimistic Alumnus.' 'I have often wondered,' wrote Senator Lodge, 'why there is so little real education to be had, and why, as a rule, what passes under that name is so dry and meaningless and sometimes so repulsive.' Henry Adams reckoned his preparatory school training, from ten to sixteen years old, 'as time thrown away.' The attitude of children toward their instructors was one of fear and awe. The great headmasters were both policemen and detectives, lying in wait for possible offenders and spying upon them in their indiscretions. There was no friendliness, no feeling that both teachers and taught were associated together in the pursuit of knowledge.

I have been trying scrupulously not to paint a false picture. But it is difficult not to remember a group of miserable lads huddled together before dawn on a January Monday to write down the headings of a yesterday's sermon on Justification by Faith; a bevy of full-blooded youngsters on a June afternoon mumbling in unison

a list of deponent verbs, while their thoughts were out under the warm sky; or a slow-minded but sensitive child literally writhing under the caustic comments of a pedagogical bully. Those who survived best were the callous, the rugged, the sophisticated. All were put through the same ritual, like 'rookies' in the army, for each one of whom the standardized routine was considered to be equally efficacious. The shy and the impudent, the reticent and the garrulous, the sluggish and the clever, had identical treatment. Education was tacitly viewed as a process by which information was driven into a resisting cranium. From this experience, the victim was supposed to emerge with a sounder character because of the ordeal which he had endured.

Gradually, and not without resistance to reforms, education has become more intelligent and efficient. Herbert Spencer, in his epoch-making articles of the 1850's, expounded a liberal doctrine: 'Education of whatever kind has for its proximate end to prepare a child for the business of life'; 'Throughout youth, as in early childhood and in maturity, the process of education should be one of self-instruction'; 'The efficiency of tuition will, other things being equal, be proportionate to the gratification with which tasks are performed.' These ideas, though not new, were stated with exceptional vigor and gained recognition from the public. Progressive Education was organized as a movement and slowly adopted as a creed. No one familiar with educational gatherings to-day can deny that there has been an astounding change in the attitude of the teacher toward his pupils. He regards them now as individuals, not as a dozen or a hundred similar units, and treats them not only with firmness but also with sympathy.

Among the specific improvements, the curriculum has been modernized and enriched for the benefit of the students. The excessive amount of foreign languages and of mathematics is being reduced, and will be still further diminished. History has at last been assigned a prominent position in the course of study, and increased attention is being paid to science and the fine arts. Hobbies of various kinds are permitted and encouraged. In order to ascertain what fields of knowledge a boy should enter, he is subjected to a battery of tests, calculated to reveal aptitudes and tendencies. In the better schools, public and private, the masters look upon themselves as physicians of the mind, whose duty it is to discover differences in personality and make allowances for them. Obviously the point may be reached beyond which no sensible school wishes to go. The morons, the hopelessly stubborn, the neurotic, and the congenitally diseased cannot be handled like normal boys. But even in a group of those who are plainly to become average citizens, the deviations from type are sufficiently numerous to require tact. The policy of beating every delinquent until he does his task is antiquated. No doubt there are some bull-necked youths for whom a sound caning is advantageous, but ninety-nine out of a hundred flourish under kindness, like flowers in the sun.

III

If these remarks seem platitudinous, I am glad, for their truth must then be incontrovertible. The proper procedure with a boy who is deficient in his French or his biology is first to find out why he is failing — not to drop him out of school or crush him with restrictions. In justice to him he should be examined with the same care which a doctor employs in a case of mumps. Distorted

glands, enlarged tonsils, a poor physical inheritance, a nerve-racking family history, even a recent bereavement — any one of these may be responsible; and it is the business of a good school to seek the cause before applying a remedy. Almost by accident I discovered that a fine sturdy young fellow who did not seem to be doing well needed an oculist; and the specialist reported that the lad was afflicted with 'mirror vision,' probably congenital, which had made reading for him a tedious, almost a painful operation. No wonder that he did not make progress!

So far as methods are concerned, education has undergone in three generations almost a complete revolution. It used to be axiomatic that the power of a master's will or the swish of his cane could counteract the most sinful propensities of boy nature. To some extent this could be done, especially with pupils of better than average intelligence, whose minds could be forced to function even in subjects which they instinctively detested. Many of this type have battled with required mathematics and passed examinations creditably, only to abandon figures forever as soon as they escaped from compulsion. It was Herbert Spencer who said, very wisely, 'As long as the acquisition of knowledge is rendered habitually repugnant, so long will there be a prevailing tendency to discontinue it when free from the coercion of parents and masters.'

If we believe that education is an unceasing, continuous process from the cradle to the grave, and not just a list of courses or a succession of unrelated and jerky movements of a zigzag variety, we must create intellectual curiosity and not kill it. Doubtless the patience required for battling with an incorrigible antipathy contributes to the building of character, in spite of the

allegation of modern psychologists that such a transfer of power does not exist. But we may pay too heavy a price for the iron which is supposed to enter the soul through incessant drill in case endings. Iron is a resistant metal, and may become rusty. The boy trained by the pounding system may please his teacher for the moment, but the ultimate result may be that indicated by Bishop William Lawrence in his delightful *Memories of a Happy Life*: 'We studied our Latin and Greek grammar, learned interminable lists of exceptions to rules, and in spite, no doubt, of the best teaching of that time, those of us who were of only average ability got a distaste for the classical authors for whose enjoyment we had struggled through the grammar.' I have in mind a bright-looking youth who had 'taken' first-year Latin five times. 'Say, I don't believe I know as much about it now as I did when I had had it three months,' he confessed the other day. Certainly nature did not intend him to be a classicist.

Not long ago a relative of mine who had suffered from inexplicable attacks of illness consulted a specialist who, after a rapid and picturesque investigation, announced that his patient was peculiarly susceptible to eggs in any form or disguise. Eggs were eliminated from her diet, and she shortly recovered health and happiness. I can understand how a boy may undergo tortures from chronic grammar poisoning and develop a kind of permanent mental ailment. But I was told that my aunt, if her case had been treated judiciously, could have acquired an immunity to the obnoxious eggs. The method, however, was all-important. So, too, a shrewd teacher can overcome a pupil's initial aversion to such a subject as physics. If you beat a dog for refusing to enter the water, he usually will either growl or cringe, depending

on his disposition; but I have often watched a wise master gradually urge a puppy toward a stream and finally persuade him to swim across it. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn once said, in connection with a similar problem, 'I admit that you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. I admit you cannot make a student drink, but I believe you can make him thirsty.' This principle is, I am sure, fundamental in education.

Some of our modern classrooms would shock a teacher of half a century ago because of their informality. Boys no longer sit in rigid positions at uncomfortable desks, making recitations by coming forward to the platform and standing awkwardly in front of their mates. In some schools they gather around a table, talking and discussing in an easy, natural manner. There is order, — discipline, if you wish to call it so, — but it is not the constant supervision of the old days. There is less imposition of authority on the part of the instructor, and less docility on the part of the student. The more brilliant boys are allowed greater freedom for development and self-instruction. The plodders are guided more slowly and watchfully over the same path. When school days have been left behind, the graduates look back at them without shuddering and even with a feeling that the pursuit of knowledge is not altogether an ordeal.

IV

That the modern school is a friendly, somewhat intimate place — not a penitentiary — is due largely to the influence of the teacher. The old-time pedagogue was likely to be remote, inaccessible, and austere, convinced that his function was chiefly punitive. His twentieth-century successor is more amiable, more coöperative, per-

haps more worldly. It must be admitted that there were even a century ago some wise and stimulating teachers, with the ability to arouse younger disciples. But with even the best of them the relationship was that between a drill sergeant and his squad of privates, and the idea of compulsion was seldom absent. The modern technique has given real teachers a chance.

We have learned to-day that each boy, no matter where he goes to school, really educates himself; that is, his inherited inclinations, his temperament, his subconscious urges and animosities, determine the direction in which his curiosity will turn. It would have been useless to try to mould Macaulay into a mathematician or Burbank into a poet. Some remote, uncharted ancestor may be responsible for a lad's adventures in astronomy or his hatred for linguistic study; and his personality, complex and often contradictory in its elements, is the blending of factors which science is only just beginning to discern and define. Furthermore, it changes with the process of growth so that a bent which has been inconspicuous until adolescence will suddenly become a dominant motive in a boy's conduct. Unerringly each pupil in a class is selecting the material which excites him most; and his success will be largely determined by the strength and permanence of his interest.

Practical minds will immediately ask whether there is not an irreducible minimum of knowledge with which every child, whether he likes it or not, must be acquainted. This cannot be disputed. A future American citizen should know how to speak and read and write his own language, how to carry through simple processes in arithmetic, how to adjust himself to his neighbors. He should be acquainted with the history of his country, with its form and methods of government, with its

geography, with its famous men and women; he should be exposed to the assumptions and conclusions of science; and he should be taught some appreciation of music and the other fine arts.

These things are, I think, essential. Beyond these, at a stage not yet accurately determined, differentiation should begin. It is pitiful to watch a lad without an ear for harmony forced by an adoring but foolish mother to spend hours in pounding the keys of a piano; and it is equally sad to observe a boy with a passion for snakes and bugs having his ardor quenched by a pail of pedagogical ice water.

The responsibility rests ultimately with the teacher, who, after the statistics have been compiled and the graphs prepared, must administer the appropriate treatment — encouragement to the timid, warning to the indolent, even reproof to the refractory. The recent movement for smaller classes has justification, for it enables a master to bestow more personal attention upon his pupils. But, above all, the relationship between them and him must be cordial. When I first became a headmaster, I found that every boy summoned to my office entered trembling with apprehension. Having ascertained that one of the ablest seniors was without a good suit of clothes for Commencement, I sent for him to offer him twenty-five dollars from a fund at my disposal. He walked in visibly frightened and, as he sat down, asked with a forced smile, 'What have I done, sir?' I hastened to reassure him, and the tears came into his eyes. We were soon on friendly terms and his embarrassment vanished. But the incident taught me a very salutary lesson.

Every faculty member should treat his students as if they were to become his equals, perhaps his superiors. He

will do well to reflect on the case of a certain Samuel Johnson, once a schoolmaster, who had as a student a quick-witted lad named David Garrick. After the school failed for lack of patronage, the two went together to London, where the younger man forged rapidly ahead of his senior. While the future Great Lexicographer was struggling obscurely in Grub Street, the actor was accumulating a fortune at Drury Lane. The clumsy, slow-moving Johnson was temporarily outstripped in the race of life by a youngster who only a short time before had been reciting to him a list of Latin prepositions taking the ablative. No teacher can tell what Wilson, what Pershing, what Robert Frost, may be occupying that third seat from the left in the back row. Professor Garman at Amherst taught within a few years Dwight W. Morrow, Justice Harlan F. Stone, Congressman Bertrand H. Snell, and Calvin Coolidge.

V

It has been intimated that conditions in our schools are better now than they were. What has been called the Progressive Education Movement has done much to alter the situation. The Progressive Educators, like all enthusiasts, have sometimes gone too far. Among them have been fanatics, emotionalists, charlatans, contemptuous of traditions, aiming chiefly to criticize and destroy. But it is largely because of the sanity, the courage, and the persistence of their leaders that education in the United States is more effective under Franklin Roosevelt than it was under Andrew Jackson.

It would not be amiss if teachers took a day off once a month to meditate on what it is all about — what their function is and how it can best be fulfilled. We can dispense a certain amount of essential information, such as de-

tails about case endings and algebraic formulas, the names of important artists, the dates of the Norman Conquest and the Battle of Bunker Hill, the facts regarding the Manchester School, the Binomial Theorem, and the arresting of diabetes. We can give a boy power by teaching him how to speak and write convincingly, how to budget his time, how to distinguish between a Velasquez and a chromo. We can even build his character, by developing through precept and example a fondness for truth and a recognition of the meaning of *noblesse oblige*; for, in spite of contrary opinion, we cannot in our schools ignore the basic principles of morality, of civic responsibility, of unselfishness, of individual subordination to the common good. Finally we can so interest him in his mental and spiritual progress that he will toil unceasingly to expand and intensify his powers. 'My education,' wrote Calvin

Coolidge, 'began with a set of blocks which had on them the Roman numerals and the letters of the alphabet. It is not yet finished.' For a man who amounts to anything education is limitless, and is being acquired at sixty as well as at sixteen.

What can a teacher accomplish? He can encourage logic, arouse intellectual curiosity, inculcate the habit of weighing evidence, and foster a hatred for prejudice and bigotry. This the right kind of schoolmaster can do. And ultimately, in every discussion of this topic, we return, not to equipment or curriculums or policies, but to the personality of the teacher. If he himself has sympathy, fairness, tact, intelligence, tolerance, and a sense of humor, he can become a guide to life and leave his stamp upon a younger generation. In the hands of such a leader, education becomes what it ought to be — not just a job, but a fine art.

WITCHCRAFT, NEW STYLE

BY JOSHUA JEWETT

I

OVER the protests of my wife, who acts for me in matters religious and charitable, I resolutely declined to attend a sermon on 'A Sane Mind in a Crazy World' by America's most affluent preacher. As one who has lost fourteen friends from suicide in four years, I feel like doing my own moralizing on whatever madnesses there be.

Insanity, I read, is irrationality evidenced by antisocial behavior. A thrifty peasant, picking up bits of string, was judged mad by his neighbors, and under the pressure of public opinion became so, since he was a social being and could not stand alone. Yet those same neighbors would have judged him equally mad if he had refused to salvage usable lengths or balls of string. The difference between sanity and madness appears to be merely one of degree, and dependent upon the scale of values obtaining in one's immediate environment. Between collecting bits of string and old bottles there is surely no great gulf, yet a Gullah Negro who did not salvage bottles with which to decorate the graves of his departed kindred would be esteemed crazy by his folk, and some pleasant dilettantes spend their days searching for old bottles to add to their already expensive collections.

Recently I concluded that an excellent way for an indigent man to find lasting aid and comfort would be for him to take a sack of stones from one

bank to another and attempt to deposit them at the teller's window. He could say, in all innocence, that his pretty pebbles were more durable and in themselves more valuable than green-printed slips of paper. Of course he would be shown out by the guards; but if he kept at it, going from one bank to another, he would soon become a nuisance, be jailed, and adjudged a harmless lunatic; after which his economic problem would be at an end, since the State will take better care of him insane than it will of him sane. From which one could deduce that it is insane for the jobless poor to remain sane in a society which has arrived at so irrational a system.

II

There was a time when estimable white persons, sane by all canons of their time, persecuted to the death insane individuals whom they called witches and wizards. In so doing they passed irretrievable judgment upon beings whose behavior was incomprehensible to themselves; instead of taking the long and painful course toward comprehension of these oddities, they took the short cut toward the gallows and ducking pond, their warrant being an idea of right behavior so fixed that it never occurred to them to question its righteousness.

The human brain is the curliest,

most convoluted thing in nature, and likewise the trickiest in its manifestations, such logical powers as it possesses being ever at the mercy of tradition, superstition, and mob opinion. Thus it is comparatively easy to teach individuals the most compelling absurdities, so that Indian widows immolate themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands, maidens go blissfully to feed the sacred crocodile with their tender flesh, planters destroy their cotton, and unemployed men endure hunger in the midst of plenty, all of them convinced that their absurd behavior is somehow noble and acceptable to the gods they have been taught to worship.

Progress seems to be a process of exchanging old witchcrafts for new. In the central shrine of one of the most expensive modern witchcrafts, brisk acolytes in white suits write numbers in chalk on a blackboard, under certain sets of cabalistic letters which, like the hieroglyphs of Egyptian priests, make no sense to the masses. Instantly, by the modern magic of electricity, these numbers are transferred to Detroit or San Francisco and are there chalked on similar boards. Observing the figures, men go forth in ecstasy or gloom, sometimes even to destroy themselves, because, forsooth, values are falling amid discouraging plenty. A little while, and posterity will see that we, too, like the witch-hunting Puritans of old, live in the grip of delusions. We set up a Moloch with all modern conveniences to whom zealots sacrifice themselves rather than confess failure in the money rites of our economic religion.

From physics to politics, from the stars to the clods, it seems clear that ideas are the basis of our uncertain values and the roots of our shaky systems. This table under my hand is not a hard-surfaced three-dimensioned entity; no indeed, it is a whirling mass of molecules, atoms, electrons, protons,

deutrons, neutrons, X-rays, Gamma rays, and God knows what else, all dancing in mad confusion in four dimensions — perhaps more. My dull fingers feel not those eternal vibrations; but that is merely because my sensory powers are so restricted. The table is a delusion acceptable to me as a hard, dependable fact of life only because I am a clumsy, three-dimension mortal.

I am reasonably successful in ordering my life with relation to my table; but by no means all the idea-values which circumstance me are equally dependable. The table delusion is not likely to floor me, but the gold delusion, which is of a piece with it, has floored many of my friends and may end by flooring me to the point where I shall not have a relatively dependable table to my name. But obviously the gold delusion cannot down me to the point of confining, as long as I comprehend that it is a delusion and that all the other idea-values by which I live are also likely to be found out as frauds in the end.

III

Gold is a neat example of an idea-value to which men cling desperately against heavy odds. In a day when gold is not as popular in the arts as it was in Queen Vic's time, when even gold teeth are no longer considered the height of fashion, when platinum rules the mode in both jewelry and hair, the benighted sovereignties of this earth, which are themselves idea-values of recent origin as history runs, pay more for the relatively useless yellow metal than ever before. This they are doing at the expense of their citizen taxpayers, who are nevertheless denied the pleasure of handling gold, if there be pleasure in metallic contacts. Why this sovereign absurdity? Ah, my friends, because gold is the one thing

of 'ours' that 'others' want more than they want all else. And what can the others do with this gold when they get it? Put it in storage, of course.

The ancients were more sensible. At least they put gold on display, for such delight as man could get in that dingy time. Civilization produces more absurd delusions than barbarism; the more complex thought becomes, the more and grosser errors it perpetuates. Even in America, late comer among the nations, our pioneers were too smart to hire folks, in one and the same year, to plough up cotton in one part of the country and plant trees in another. This absurdity remained to be consummated in the same age which had discovered how to make boards from cotton and rayon cloth from wood. Our very cleverness in substitutions defeats us in due course and time, pushing us into activities which negative one another. We are a frustrated people, splashing greatly as we drown in the sea of plenty because our moral lungs were developed for survival in scarcity. Old virtues have become vices, old realities have become myths, old delights have become crimes.

At least the ancient had a visiting acquaintance with the golden calf, and the dancing girl wore her golden bangles, not only because they represented her fortune, but also because they gave her delight. She antedated by centuries the sovereign state, the gold standard, and the national hoard; yet human delight in gold is the source of man's universal want for it; and so, to complete the absurdity of letting a pleasant vanity brake the wheels of trade, it is now arranged to keep gold from the public, hoarding it in cellars where it lies cased in humble wooden boxes between trips under the decks of ships. If this be not wizard-work, what is it?

IV

Our preacher of the day saith, drawing his warrant from another idea-value somewhat outmoded, that the world is 'crazy.' By definition, it is too large an order. Obviously the world cannot be crazy, since it makes its own rules as to what constitutes correct social behavior and calls mad those who do not abide by its rules. The preacher himself is mad, and I likewise. While the shreds of a sense of humor still cling to me, I intend to visit this good man in his study and propose that we form a League for the Promotion of Insanity, the object being to swamp the government with the expense of taking care of so many of the population in asylums that it will not have the means to take care of so many others in what are naïvely called 'self-liquidating projects,' which, if successful, can be so only by increasing production at a time when increased production is a burden.

China, Egypt, and Rome discovered long since that dynasties were better preserved by building tombs than by freeing slaves. Hence the pyramids. A tomb is perhaps the only work of man's hands which does not enter into future production.

Our insane league has certain prime, practical advantages. There is nothing like such fierce opposition to building hospitals as there is to clearing away slums, unless the latter can be done with federal money, in which case even landlords cheer progress. Those who occupy hospitals are mostly ultimate consumers, contributing next to nothing to the overloaded markets of the world. Under this plan, whenever more than half the population had been incarcerated, it would be in order for legislators to vote the insane out of the hospitals and the sane in, whereupon the world would wag on about as before.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

LAMENT FOR ANONYMITY

SLOWLY but surely there has been rising in my breast during recent years a resentment against being told who is responsible for every line I read, every gown and pair of boots in every play, the casting, directing, photography, and continuity of all the movies. This distaste was brought to the point of protest by a few lines in a newspaper some weeks ago. A fifty-dollar-a-week scenario writer out in movieland was reported as having taken up the cudgels against his landlord because the latter would not put the illustrious author's name in electric lights over the door of his house.

'Is there no pride in the job for its own sake any more?' I groaned. 'Is no cog in the machinery of production in the arts — so called — small enough to be satisfied with obscurity and the knowledge that his work is done right and therefore helps to sustain the whole structure?' We have depended for so long on publicity to bring rewards out of proportion to the quality of our work that it takes a very brave man indeed to stay in the background and be content to trust to the honesty of his execution to bring him his just deserts.

Great as is my annoyance at seeing programmes and endless feet of film covered with the names of those whose performance should be taken for granted, it is as nothing to my sense of disappointment in seeing anonymity steadily decrease in literature. That is one field in which there should be many things to say that lose in value when the personality of the author is obtruded. In order to establish his markets, John Smith may have to disclose his identity when he makes his first sale to the *Red Review*, so as to be recognized by the editor of the *Blue Quarterly*, to whom he sends his next offering. But surely there must be authors beyond the need of advertising, who enjoy, now and then, expressing things

that they would not publicly father. They must realize that, as E. M. Forster says, 'Anonymous statements have a universal air about them. Absolute truth, the collected wisdom of the universe, seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man.'

The departments for unsigned contributions are fast disappearing from the magazines. Undoubtedly these periodicals have well-considered reasons for bringing their contributors out into the open, but in doing so they have robbed both writers and readers of certain qualities that flourish only in obscurity. Did Pepys secretly hope that some day his original system of shorthand would be deciphered, presenting him to the world as an author, or was it his belief in his impregnable privacy that gave his diary the naïveté that has made it a perennial joy? I incline to the latter belief and feel sure that only the assurance of anonymity can give us the best flowering of some men's minds.

In the days when more space was given to anonymous opinion I used to find my interest greatly intensified by not knowing the writers' names. There was always the guessing game as to whether some well-known author was masquerading or whether some mute, inglorious Milton had become articulate because he could keep hidden. It is true that there are not many persons left who shrink from expressing, under their own names, their most intimate views on any subject. Reticence is in the discard and personality looms larger than it ever has before. Yet it is often only a personality assumed for commercial purposes that shows through signed writing.

There are certain emotional depths that some natures are unwilling to parade. The Anglo-Saxons' instinctive aversion to expressing religious feeling is so generally recognized that almost any of them can appreciate the attitude of the woman who said, 'Yes, I still pray, but I'd rather be

caught stealing than doing it.' I remember reading in that secret society, the Contributors' Club, a brief essay called — if I remember rightly — 'Awareness.' It was by a woman who told of the way in which, in the midst of her humdrum tasks, she would suddenly become aware of the immanence of God. There was one time of day when the sense of this enveloping Presence was sure to come to her, and that was when she went to the garbage pail behind the house to throw away the refuse. Her little paper was full of a lovely feeling that has stayed with me to this day, and I am sure it was a feeling that would have gone unexpressed except for the guarantee of anonymity. Few souls would have had the hardihood to confess publicly to finding God on the way to the garbage pail!

Examination of anthologies of modern verse shows a falling-off of unsigned poems as compared with older collections — which is quite in accord with the trend of the times. Certain types of writing would carry no conviction if they were not signed. The scientific, political, or technical would have no weight unless an authoritative name went with it. But in the realm of personal experience and poetry I suspect that many a lovely thing is lost because there are so few clearing houses for the thoughts of that small handful who are still reticent enough to want to remain nameless. Perhaps I am deceiving myself in thinking that this species is not yet wholly extinct. But if that handful does remain, and their anonymity is encouraged, we might occasionally find something so full of depth and unselfconscious beauty that we should realize that 'while the author wrote he forgot his name, while we read him we forget both his name and our own.'

MADAM X LEARNS TO DRIVE A CAR AT SIXTY-FIVE

LEARNING anything that requires muscular skill and judgment of the eye is difficult at the age of sixty-five. Youth and early middle age are the periods when one should undertake these experiments. Circumstances, however, often change one's scheme of life.

When Madam X suddenly lost her indulgent husband, she found it necessary to revamp her programme of living. At the time when motor cars replaced horse-drawn carriages, she had experienced the thrill of owning one of the first automobiles. Each year a newer and more up-to-date car was to be found in her garage. And in later years two, and even three, new models were on hand at all times.

The experienced chauffeur Gus, who joined the domestic staff when the first car was purchased, became a permanent and loyal retainer. He was a giant-like Swede whose knowledge and skill in mechanics were supplemented by a kindly interest in the family. He had the faculty of being useful in many ways, and he became a self-appointed mentor to the children.

The country home of this family was some twenty-five miles from the large city where they lived during the winter, and it was in this remote place that Gus was called upon to exert his talents. He cut the children's hair, pulled their little teeth, and at times manicured some of the twenty-seven coal-oil lamps in use in that large old house.

His fast but skillful driving brought the town house and the country place much closer together. In a word, the faithful Gus made motoring a pleasant and unruffled experience for Madam X and her large family. Twenty years with Gus at the wheel obviated the possibility of Madam X ever showing any ambition to drive a car. Her youngest son, on various occasions, had ventured the erroneous opinion that she could never learn to drive, owing to the fact that such an achievement called for unusual coördination of the head, feet, and hands. This questionable pleasantry always occasioned a laugh in the family circle, as there was neither desire nor need, on the part of Madam X, to put the matter to the test.

When, however, the passing of the head of the family brought to a close this life of ease and luxury, it meant doing without a car, and this seemed an unthinkable deprivation.

If the period of life's lengthening shadows does not lend itself to the easy acquisition of new accomplishments, neither does it

make palatable the thought of accustoming one's self to vital economies, one of them being the use of street cars. Nor can taxicab travel be enjoyed when one's eye is on the meter and one's mind is focused on the expense budget.

At the time Madam X sold her cars at a staggeringly low price, the scant residue was husbanded with the thought of future needs. Some kind friend suggested that she might drive a car if she were a younger woman, but at sixty-five this was not to be thought of. Other and similar observations, supplied from time to time, set up a slow and certain ferment in the pride of this determined woman. Before she realized it, she found herself mentally holding a steering wheel and guiding an imaginary motor through traffic. The younger son was consulted. He reversed his position as to his mother's ability to learn, and now encouraged her to try. He built up her morale and helped her to frame in figures the financial angles that had to be considered in view of the small budget at her disposal.

Another son stepped in with concrete support by swelling the inadequate sum derived from the sale of the cars.

The salesman who brought the new car to the house indulged in many blandishments to encourage a white-haired pupil, saying he felt sure that her long experience in driving spirited horses would enable her to gauge distances. One lesson from this man convinced Madam X that she had undertaken the impossible, and she longed to give up the attempt. But a certain pride came to her rescue, fortified by her teacher's encouraging assurance that if she persevered she would be a pioneer in the field of achievement for elderly women. Madam X resolved to conquer an oncoming weakness which beset her in moments of relaxation, when she pictured the possible disasters that her less heroic friends had predicted.

The first week her former chauffeur drove with her. His great respect for her prompted him to withhold the necessary criticisms and corrections, which was a handicap. It is better to be treated rough and have the agony over and done with. There were times when Madam X had an impulse to

throw her feet and hands out the window simultaneously. There were occasions when her foot should have been on the brake instead of the gas, and an awful moment when a reckless driver seemed to be rushing at her.

After the first ten days she drove alone in a private place where there was little traffic. She learned to back, and the frequent rounding of corners taught her the value of the brake. The third week found Madam X driving in traffic, using a steady hand in steering, always following the lights, feeling safe in the thought that other motorists must observe the same signals. The Fire Department had nothing on her. She gave ample warning to hesitating motorists who haltingly threaded their way through traffic. She knew that tooting the horn signified faulty ethics of the road, but she was determined to avoid the first accident; and, moreover, these ethics meant nothing to her in her firm determination to learn to drive, and drive well.

One night a speeding motorist nosed into her path. She, feeling she had as much right to the road as he, refused to turn out. Finally, in an impatient rage, he jerked his car to one side, shouting as he passed, 'Why don't you learn to drive that buggy?' This was the nearest approach to an insult that came her way during those agitating days.

She now drives in the rain, in the dark, on country roads, and often tours considerable distances. She finds courage in the thought that 'what one woman can do, another can do also.' She adopted this as her slogan and applied it to many activities, thus opening avenues to many occupations, all of which helped her to place her newly adjusted life in a new frame.

In making known her experiences, she hopes they may stimulate other women on the shady side of fifty to learn to drive a car. It is better to follow this constructive line than to ride a useless hobby that usually has room in the saddle for only one.

This excursion into the activities of the more youthful circle of life will give pleasure to numerous friends, and it may save many from that monotonous and uncomfortable seat on the shelf where women pass

sixty often find themselves ensconced. No woman who drives a car need be a victim of loneliness.

THE SALVATIONIST

A MAN has to know that there is a Hand to hold to, Something beyond himself. Yes, sir! I remember how it was in England, and I remember the man I called the Salvationist.

Things were slow in London. Millions of people everywhere one went, trains and buses packed and the stifling heat of summer, and everybody but oneself seemed to have business or work to go to. There I was — walking, walking, asking here and there, and getting the same answer: Nobody wanted. I tried to realize that there were thousands like myself, but I could n't. I seemed out of place and alone. It seemed to me it was my fault.

At the close of day I would return home to Maggie. She was so ready with encouragement that it bothered me. She would look in my face before I had said a word, and then begin encouraging me. Things were very bad with us. How to get a loaf of bread with no money? How to get tea dust and milk with no pence?

It was the same with Harry, my friend, except that he seemed happier about things, somehow. He got me to join the Salvation Army. He said it would make me happy. In a way, it did. After the midweek meeting I could hang around with Harry and not go home to Maggie for a long time. Harry would tell me about the 'luv o' Gawd.' It sounded fine the way he told it. Besides, I did n't think so much when I was listening.

Then, when we parted, he'd ask, 'Jack, where yer going ter-morrer?' And then we'd plan to start early for a fifteen- or twenty-mile walk to find work. It never sounded bad to hear Harry plan it. So, when I'd get home to Maggie, I'd tell her what Harry said, and we'd both feel comforted.

Sometimes, though, I'd wake in the night and wish I had the feeling Harry had so deep and true. But when the morning would come I'd be eager to be off with him.

I remember the time we walked to Saffron Walden. We had found out there was some work going ahead there, and it was only forty miles away. I remember, as we drew near Epping, Harry was humming and singing the marches that we'd learned in the 'Band.' I was silent and tired. He looked at me sharply and said, 'Come on, now, strike up a tune yerself!'

I did n't want to, but he was so insistent that after a time I had to fall in with the idea, and on we went, singing some old favorite. I fancied my voice in those days. It gave me a kind of pleasure to hear it ringing out above Harry's there on the road. I remember we sang 'Rock of Ages,' because we both knew it.

All of a sudden I saw that, while I got happiness out of singing, Harry was happy because he believed what we sang. I wished I could feel that way. His face was shining and his eyes were bright. It was as if he knew where he was going and liked it. It made me feel poor.

Then he'd laugh and look up at the sky and take a deep breath and shout, 'It's free, Jack! Free as ever was!' and breathe again. So we would walk on. When it would get hard to walk much more, Harry would stop and look about him, like a man seeing the place for the first time.

'Jack, don't yer think we should pray and give thanks?' he'd say. 'Let's step over this stile and kneel in them rich meadows and thank Gawd!'

I could not find words to speak, but I would kneel with him, and when we'd get up I'd be rested. Maybe it was listening to him. You see, he believed that Christ walked with him. I could see that he honestly believed that. In a way of speaking, I took my faith secondhand. I trusted Harry. Anybody would, seeing him so happy in the face of things.

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me!'" he'd shout. 'Go on, now, Jack, sing up, old fellow!' And so I would. "'Let me hide myself in Thee!'"

Harry believed, and I could see that he did hide himself in God. He never said so, but I knew that he wanted me in the same refuge, the same hiding place.

Then we came to Saffron Walden. Sure enough, there was work for us. I thought,

'Harry will certainly be a happy man now. His faith has proved itself.' I remember how surprised I was when I saw that he was n't any more pleased than he had been during the walk there.

'Wat did I tell yer?' he laughed, when I explained my surprise. 'Gawd was good afore we started just the same as now. Difference is, I knowed it then!'

That's when I started calling him the Salvationist. He was born one.

TOOLS

'Tool-fashioning is at present used as the criterion for man. If the creature makes tools, he is a man.' — NOTICE IN MUSEUM

THE polar ice protruded, and the chill subarctic heath
Was full of wild and woolly beasts with large, efficient teeth,
When one more character appeared to join the varied show,
Who hit upon a novel way to make his business go.

He was innocent and hairy, and he squatted on his hams,
And he took a piece of fish's spine to help him open clams;
He had (some say) a flattish brow and ill-developed chin,
But he chipped a lump of flint stone and he scraped a bison-skin.

His progeny were numerous; their eyes and wits were keen;
They loved their nimble fingers; they adored a new machine;
They pried, and tried, and measured; they excogitated rules;
They covered all the face of earth with multitudes of tools.

They felled the forest monsters, and they made a pulp, and treated it;
They washed it, and refined it, and they dried it, and they sheeted it;

They built a massive printing press with complicated rolls;
And Little Orphan Annie moved a million tender souls.

They noosed the waves of wandering light, and yoked with waves of sound
To make a speaking likeness of the universe around;
And used this intricate device to show the human face
In a giant reproduction of an amorous embrace.

They ploughed the fields, and planted, and put chemicals on top;
They dosed the soil with tonics till they got a trebled crop;
And when the ripened fruits were heaped, and granaries bursting doors,
They set a lot of hungry folk to burn the surplus stores.

But fireworks were their specialty: they played their vigorous games
With bombs, and mines, and stifling gas, and gushing liquid flames;
And ever-more-explosive shells they fashioned with delight,
Till they blew themselves to atoms in a glorious final fight.

When the whirr of wheels was silent through the once resounding lands,
And earth no longer troubled by those busy, grasping hands,
The imps that watched the spectacle enjoyed a little laugh,
But a philosophic angel wrote a gentle epitaph: —

'Hic jacet Homo Sapiens, lamented by his friends.

He fitted most ingenious means to most peculiar ends.

The courts in which he gloried, and his temples, and his schools,

The lion and the lizard keep, who have no use for tools.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To any daughter of Bryn Mawr, to any remote connection, the name Carey spells the beginning of wisdom. **Margaret Carey Madeira** never attended the college presided over by her father's cousin, M. Carey Thomas, but her education has been as distinguished in the pragmatic genre secretly envied by many college women as Miss Thomas's has been academically. Her activities range from the first presidency of Baltimore's Junior League, in her débutante days, to constructive work with the Public Charities Association and the State Welfare Commission of Pennsylvania after her marriage to Percy C. Madeira, Jr., of Philadelphia. Her paper, 'Our Burden of Choice,' reveals the flexibility and integrity of her mind. **Max Ascoli** ('Notes on Roosevelt's America'), whose article on Fascism in our November issue analyzed the political processes alienating him from his native Italy, is now associated with eminent refugees from Germany as Professor of Political Philosophy at the recently established University in Exile in New York. Δ The education of **Pringle Barret** has been of a still different kind. A graduate of Wellesley, she claims title to knowledge of masculine 'superiority' chiefly as a daughter of the South and as the wife of a doctor in a Northern city whose patients constitute a cross section of society. She pleads for 'The Emancipation of Men.'

In the last year or two, **Philip Curtiss** has become a familiar friend of *Atlantic* readers. 'Lost: The Gentle Reader' is his latest essay, but we are hoping that some, at least, of the lost he will find. **Charles Adam Jones** knew life on a robust plane as a notable representative of the vanishing American Pioneer 'On the Last Frontier.' His memories reach back to Sherman's troops marching through Georgia, cover cattle ranching and silver mining in Colorado, cover business adventures with the Armour Packing Company in Kansas City and with the Swensons in Texas, with whom he rose to become vice president and general manager of the Freeport Sulphur

Company, a position from which he retired in 1927. Δ It is always a pleasure to introduce new writers, and, if they are young as well, it is also a point of pride. **Gladys L. Schmitt** 'was born of a middle-class German family in the city of Pittsburgh twenty-five years ago.' She has published once or twice in the small magazines, but 'Saturday' is her first appearance before a larger public. Δ Last month we published the extraordinary interview which the German Emperor granted to William Bayard Hale in July 1908, which was suppressed on the eve of publication, and which **William Harlan Hale**, the son, unearthed from its hiding place. That it might easily have altered the course of European events is indicated by the furor caused by a less sensational interview published in the London *Daily Telegraph* of October 28, 1908, and equally by the fact that the Hale interview, even after twenty-six years, became first-page news when it was made public in April. 'Adventures of a Document' recounts the astonishing sequel to the Kaiser's indiscretion. **John A. Holmes** is a young writer whose 'Address to the Living' will be the title poem of a book to appear shortly.

What reader, gentle or no, has yet to meet **James Norman Hall** for the first time? If such there be, almost we envy him; but we suggest that he beg, borrow, or steal copies of the last three *Atlantics* and follow Hall on his latest adventure from his home in Tahiti to Pitcairn Island, to the uninhabited coral island called Timoe, where 'Castaway' picks up the story. Δ 'A Lay Sermon,' **Paul Shorey's** first pronouncement in the Chapel at the University of Chicago, where he was Professor of Greek through four decades, was also his last public utterance. The world lost a great scholar and classicist when he died on April 24. Δ Those who have read **Ernst Toller's** *I Was a German* will remember his intense, serious face in the picture taken at Emil Ludwig's home in Switzerland with Count Metternich, Thomas Mann, Erich

Maria Remarque, and the Ludwigs, father and son. They will remember, too, the description on the placard offering 10,000 marks reward for his arrest on a charge of treason: 'Toller is of slight build . . . has a thin, pale face, clean shaven; large brown eyes, sharp glance, closes his eyes when thinking.' They will be the more relieved, then, to find that, as in 'The Montilla of Señor Cobos,' he has happier and lighter moments. An English friend writes of him: 'He is brave, humorous, unself-pitying, with a passion to relieve the sufferings of his fellow men. We in London are very grateful to the Nazis for sending Ernst Toller to live here.' Δ Both our stories and both poems this month are by writers under thirty. 'Epitaph for a Sad Gentleman' is by **Margaret Marks**, who graduated from Barnard in 1929 and has written a number of poems, most of them, she says, unpublished, some published in *Poetry*. **Sir Frederick Whyte** ('The Mind of Asia') served as a young man a not inconspicuous term in Parliament. Distinguished for his concern with imperial problems, he was sent to India as President of the Indian Assembly. In later years he has served as adviser to the government of China, and is known throughout America as an illuminating lecturer on world affairs. **Bill Adams** is another *Atlantic* familiar. His friends will rejoice to learn that 'Romance at Dutch Flat'—sequel to his 'Letter' published last July—is the true story of his new happiness. **Natalie B. Notkin** writes as follows: "'Crazy Pashka" is my first story to be published and also the first I have tried to get published, with the exception of one terrible thing of awkward length and no literary or any other value which I sent out once.' Δ 'The New Spirit in Education' is distilled from concentrated experience; **Claude M. Fuess** has been long associated with Phillips Academy at Andover, and is now Headmaster. **Joshua Jewett** is a writer who sometimes, as in 'Witchcraft, New Style,' amuses himself with historical parallels and economic paradoxes.

✓ ✓ ✓

Descendant of a mutineer.

Dear Atlantic, —

In James Norman Hall's story in the March issue I searched for the name McCoy, and at last read that the mutineer of that name, in a fit of delirium tremens, had thrown himself from the rocks into the sea and been drowned. This was peculiarly interesting to me because about

eighteen years ago I met a descendant of McCoy's, in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

It was in June 1916, to be exact. I had gone home from a local hospital with my two-weeks-old son, and, needing help in the care of the infant and of one older child, I had telephoned the nurses' registry for a trained nurse. A woman appeared, saying she had been sent by the registry, and in the uncertain light of that early summer evening I first took her for a Negress. She was a large woman, tall and heavily built, with black curly hair and a very dark skin. I gazed at her in astonishment for a moment, for I had never happened to see a trained nurse who was also a colored person; but, on turning up the light, I saw that she was not a Negress; that her hair, though curly, was not kinky; and when she told me that her name was McCoy, she spoke with a pronounced Scotch accent.

She was a Seventh-day Adventist, and deeply religious. If her duties interfered with churchgoing on Saturdays, she would read her Bible quietly by herself. I can see her now, sitting in a rocking-chair in the nursery with her Bible on her knees, looking up with a wide smile that disclosed gold fillings. She would read a little, and rock a little, and sing hymns, in worship as sincere as any I ever saw in church.

While she was living with us, some feature writer got hold of Miss McCoy's story, came to Bridgeport, and interviewed her — and she, in her naiveté, answered all questions. The result bore witness to the reporter's genius for stretching an inch of fact into an ell of sensation. A full page in the Sunday Supplements carried this heading: 'Bachelors Take Notice. The Queen of Pitcairn Island lives in Bridgeport, and when she returns home she might be induced to take a consort with her.'

It was the opening words that brought in the letters. They began to arrive by the hundred — all from bachelors who had taken notice. They were from old men and young men, fat men and thin men, cripples and athletes, dentists and business men — all of them apparently eager to return with her to Pitcairn. Many enclosed snapshots, others contented themselves with descriptions of their hair, eyes, weight, and disposition. Some telephoned, many telegraphed, and every one who wrote enclosed a stamp for a reply.

This mail, hundreds and hundreds of letters, all came to Miss McCoy at the nurses' registry. When too much of it had accumulated, somebody from there would telephone, and she would go down with a handbag and bring it back full. Then she would sit on the side of my bed, and together we would read the letters, going into shouts of laughter at some, feeling rather sorry at others.

After a time I left Bridgeport and saw nothing of Miss McCoy for a number of years, though I still heard of her now and then. For a while she ran a small home for orphans who were too young

WANTED---

Junior Safety Volunteers!



WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going—especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

More than a thousand children a month are killed by accident in our country and more than a hundred thousand are hurt—many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.



The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 634-T
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to help prevent accidents. Please send my copy of "The Junior Safety Volunteer."

Name _____ (Print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

for big institutions. I was told that she had adopted two of the children, and that sounded just like the sort of thing she would do. Then I heard that there had been an epidemic (I think it was diphtheria) and that several of the orphans had died, including both of her own.

It is now many years since I had any news of her. She may have returned to the South Seas, which was always her intention, or she may still be living in Connecticut. Wherever she is, I wish her well, for I feel sure she is doing her duty, living her life simply and honorably. The old mutineer McCoy may have been a scoundrel, but his blood now flows in the veins of one person who is the exact opposite of what that word implies.

MARIAN COREY WHITE
Carleton Place, Ontario, Canada

The very best 'hammer.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Among my recent fan letters has come one from a tot aged eight. Perhaps you have not known that the *Atlantic* reached an audience so tender: for proof of it I enclose the letter.

GLANVILLE SMITH
Cold Spring, Minnesota

Dear Glanville Smith, —

My family likes the *Atlantic* eamencely. I have just started to enjoy it and I hope that all the stories will have as much hummer as yours.

I liked most how you took your bath and the captains hot water. Will you please send me your pitchure and autograph.

YOUR ADMIRER BETSY CADWELL
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

P. S. I am 8, years old.

Business judgment vs. sentiment.

Dear Atlantic, —

On a basis of a thoroughly satisfactory experience with student loans, even during the depression, I felt as I read Mrs. Ripperger's article, 'The Kept Student,' a bit as Stevenson must have felt when reading the attack on Father Damien. Of course many students have defaulted or have been exceedingly slow with repayments to college loan funds, especially during the depression, but might there be a chance that many of these loans, like many of our foreign loans to which Mrs. Ripperger refers, should never have been made?

Our experience with the Harvard Business School Loan Fund established in 1910 is exactly opposite to the conclusions in this article. Admittedly, our loans are to graduate students going into business, a group Mrs. Ripperger eliminates from the specific statements in her article, though not from her implications. Our Loan Fund has lent over \$700,000 in almost a

quarter of a century to about 1600 men, or over one fourth of our total alumni body, and our total losses plus our estimated losses reveal about a 2 per cent loss on total loans. Interest payments in any year have always exceeded losses.

Our loans are made only to students in good scholastic standing after a personal interview and after the student has submitted a budget of income and outgo. Business judgment, rather than sentiment, is the basis for granting these loans.

Like Mrs. Ripperger, I know of loan funds which failed to operate as hoped for in recent years, but still I have great confidence in carefully made, strictly administered loans where students at all times are kept alive to the moral and business implications of their commitments. For these reasons it seems to me that the incidence of such an article as 'The Kept Student' should bear more heavily on the administration phase of student aid rather than on the lack of character and responsibility of students.

JOHN C. BAKER, Assistant Dean
Graduate School of Business Administration
Harvard University

The 'Soldier of God against Mammon.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Thank you from my heart for your tribute to my friend Chapman. I marched with him in his last 'crusade,' and learned to know him well enough to appreciate and to delight in every word of Mr. Wister's flawless biography. We shall miss Chapman's vehement and incisive strokes when the battle begins again.

TALCOTT MINER BANKS
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Note on Stavisky.

At our request the author of 'The Stavisky Scandal' in the March issue has made every effort to establish the truth of Stavisky's racial origin. From France he reports: —

'The statement that Stavisky was a Jew was made in an account of his early life which came into my hands. I think it was true, and so does everyone I have consulted. It is quite true that there is a cross on the grave of his parents in Paris, and Stavisky himself may well have been "born into the Christian faith," but I am thinking of race, not religion. I cannot now definitely affirm that Stavisky was a Jew, or prove it, because I cannot get access to conclusive evidence. Naturalization papers, and so forth, are confidential documents, and I have been refused access to them by the Ministry of Justice. Now that the whole affair is *sub judice*, the relevant *dossier* is not accessible.

'In any event I had no intention of reflecting unfavorably on the Jewish community as a whole, and sincerely regret that my article should have given rise to that impression.'